700 YEARS AFTER: The Relevance of Dante, By John Ciardi

# Saturday Review

May 15, 1965 25¢

SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Alice Dalgliesh

## EDUCATION AND POVERTY

Articles by Vernon R. Alden, Robert Coles, Peter Schrag, and John Tebbel

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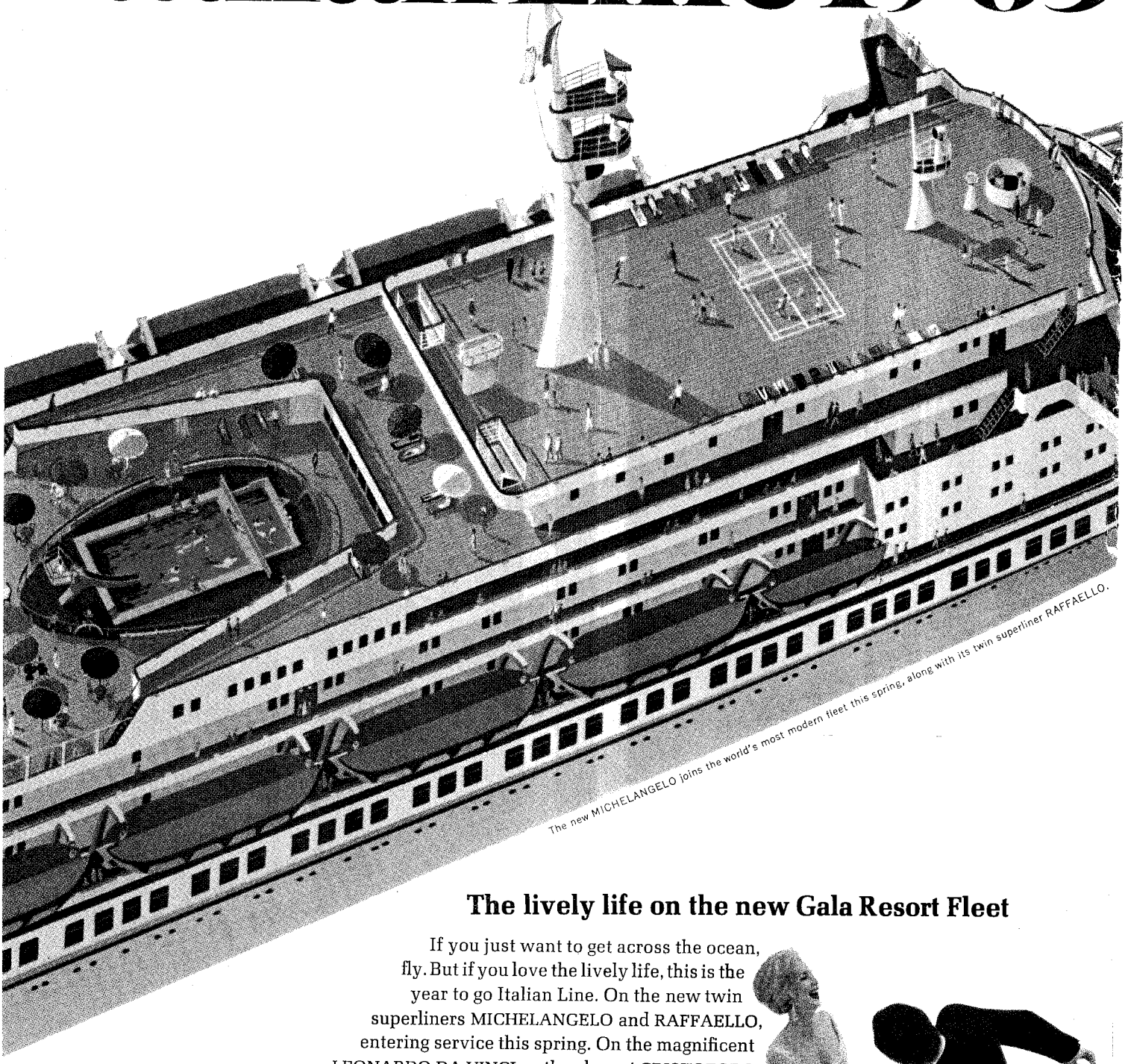
# Italian Line 1965



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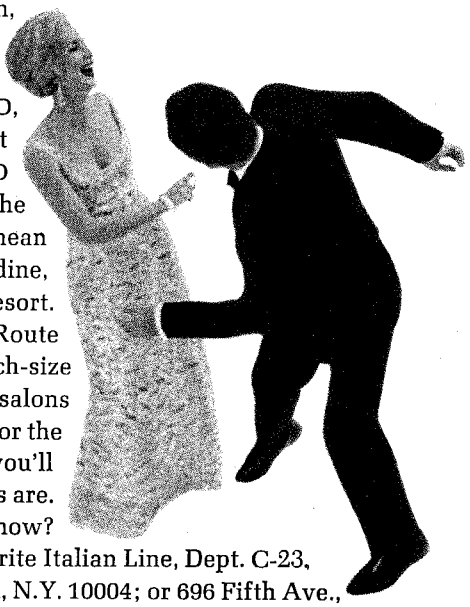

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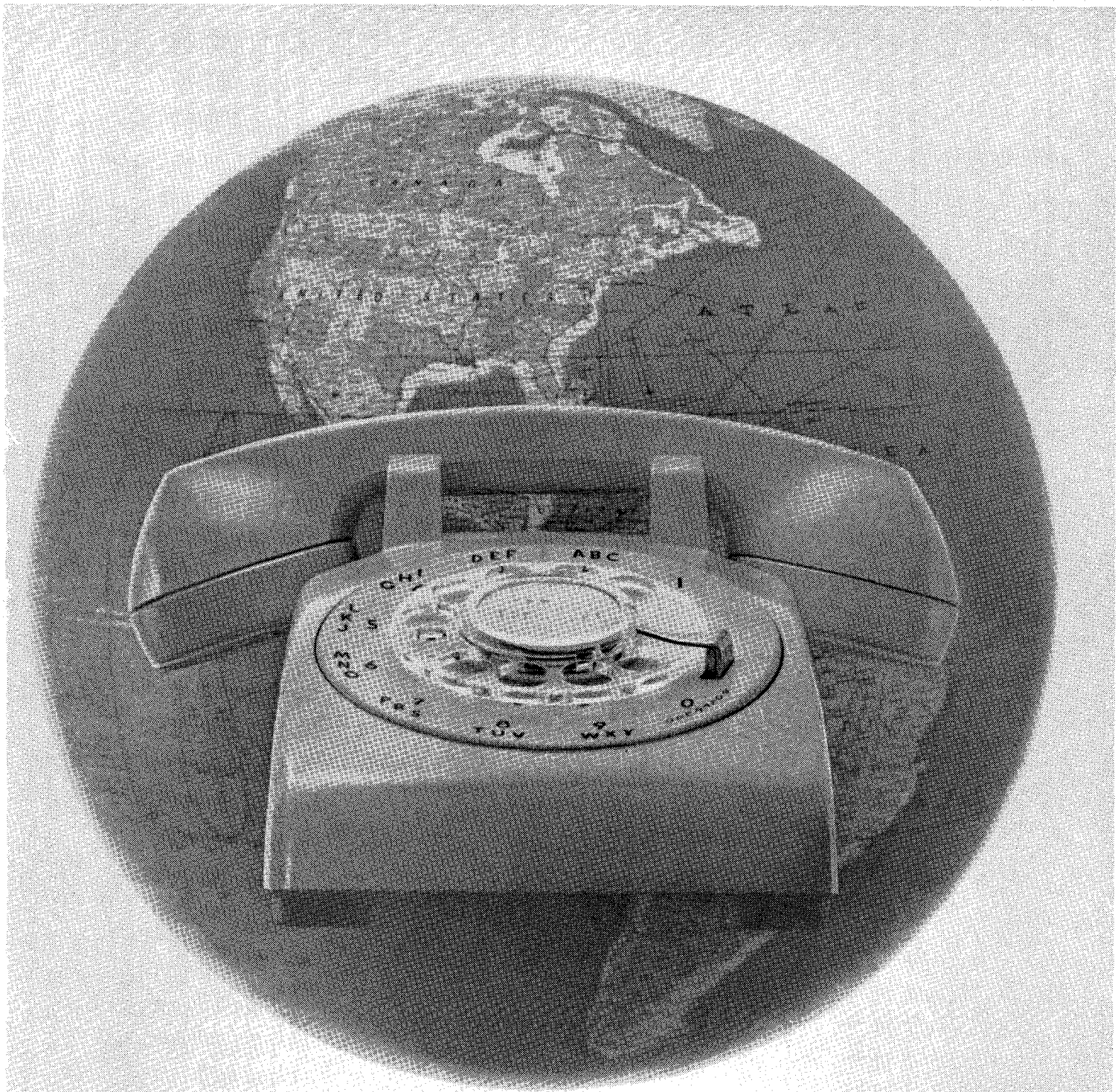

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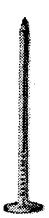

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*Saturday Review*

**May 15, 1965**

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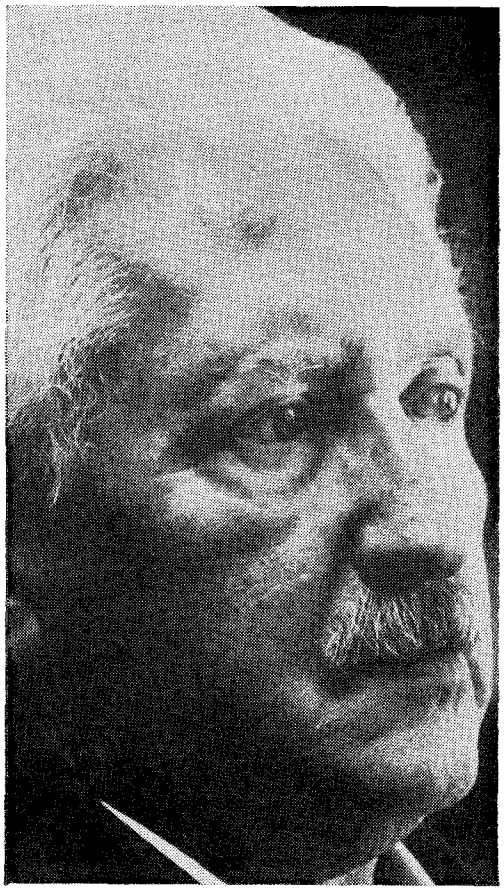

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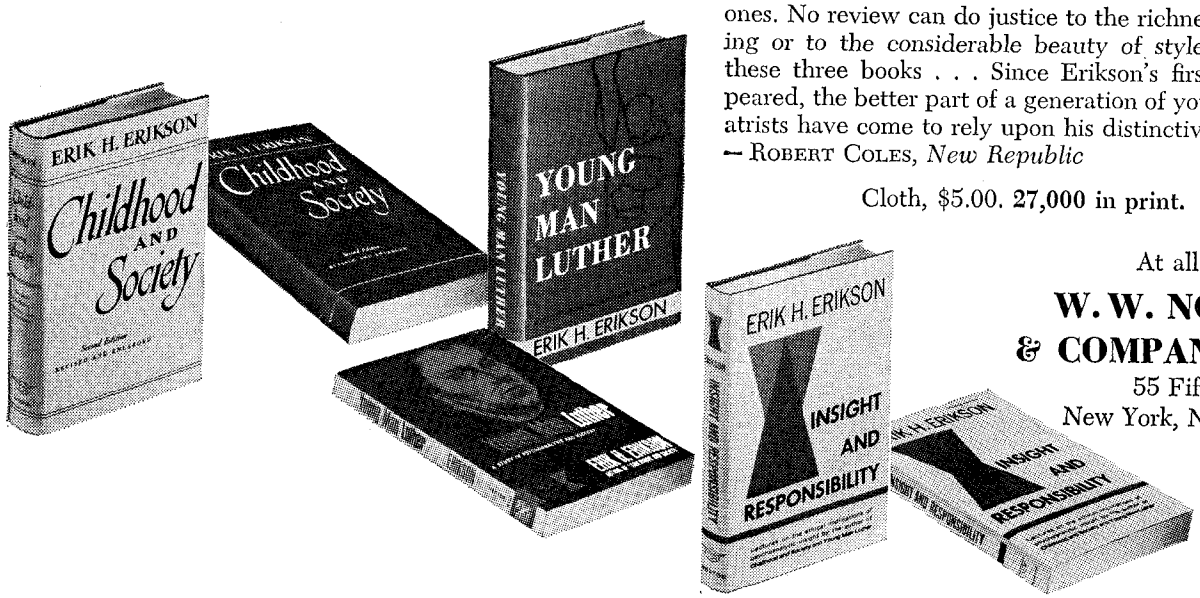


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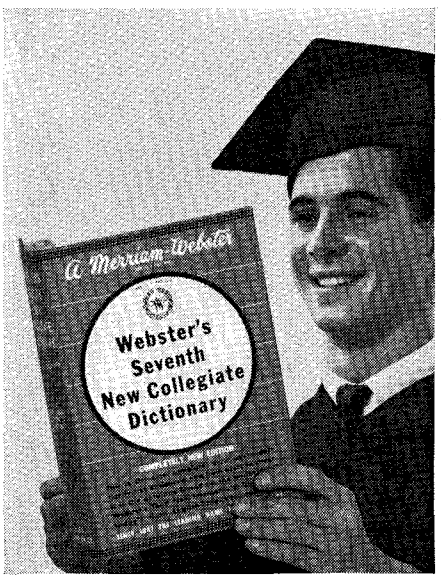


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### Nightcap

Drink deep, old friend, and deeply drown your sorrows,
Perhaps you'll be the first of humankind
For whom they'll not through many turbid morrows
Rise bloated to the surface of the mind. —Ogden Nash.

### Accidental You, Fully Covered Me

I BEGAN to think about personal liability insurance the morning Mrs. Ehrlich, our cleaning woman, suddenly screamed down to me from her perch on the windowsill: "Mr. J., come help! I got another one of those dizzy spells!"

I had asked Mrs. Ehrlich time and again to stop climbing around on the windowsills. I had also asked her not to run so fast while carrying the big plate-glass top of the coffee table across the waxed floors, and to try not to pour quite so much water into the electrical outlets. These restrictions may seem harsh, but I don't think I am what you could call a tyrannical employer. I've left her plenty of room for fringe-benefit fun. I've said nothing about blowing out the pilot light, sticking her fingers into the vacuum cleaner's turbo-jet engine, or tossing all the naphthalene, paint cans, and oil-soaked rags she pleases into the incinerator.

The first thing I did, after lifting Mrs. Ehrlich down and lecturing her on Safety First, was to call Mr. Bronson, my insurance agent.

"How about one of those whadayoucallits?" I asked.

"You mean a Personal Liability Policy," said Bronson, who is able through long experience to anticipate his clients' future requirements. (He also has a secret chart, which I glimpsed one time, showing when every last one of us is going to die.)

"Yes, I—I guess so," I said weakly. (I had begun to tremble, realizing that had Mrs. Ehrlich toppled from the windowsill it would have been I who would be forced to pay to have her put back together again, and she's just the type who'd go completely to pieces.)

"I don't sell those," said Bronson, "but I'll give you the name of a fellow who does."

The name was, appropriately enough as it turned out, Cross. I called Cross and told him what I wanted. "Okay," he said, "I'll fix you up with a couple hundred thousand to start. You're covered the minute we hang up."

"But wait," I said, "you haven't even told me how much it will cost, and—aren't you going to come over some evening during dinner and explain everything to me?"

"We don't do biniss that way," he snarled. "We're brokers. You want the policy you say so and I'll see you get it. You're covered the minute we hang up."

I hung up.

"Well," I said turning a big smile on Mrs. Ehrlich, "I'm fully covered. On with your act!" I quickly found a recording of "Orchids in the Moonlight," put it on the hi-fi, and stood, neck bent back, admiring my employee's supple grace as, gaily waving a dustcloth, she shinnied toward the ceiling on the flimsy cords of the Venetian blind.

In a few days the policy arrived, and I wish you could see it. It's off-white with matching riders, gray trim, Chanel-tiered paragraphs, crimson headlines, and black exclusions. It has been assembled with a verve and playfulness one would never expect from a group of staid old New Englanders up in Hartford. One piece of it is whimsically called "Declarations," and the instructions on Page 3 say to "Insert Declarations page here so that top edge butts against fold of Contract, and permits policy number to appear through window." In a way it reminds me of the old paper-and-scissors games that used to be described in *St. Nicholas*, and I've been tempted to say "Peekaboo" to the policy number. Also, some day when I have a few minutes I'm going to try taking a pencil and connecting all the periods in the Declarations. If I do it right I'm sure I'll end up with a picture of a polar bear, an Easter bunny, or a grumpy broker.

As I see it, the policy permits Mrs Ehrlich to have all the fun, while I, the insured, am allowed nothing in the way of amusement devices or equipment. I can have "no watercraft powered in whole or in part by an undeclared outboard motor." I cannot have a "swimming or wading pool capable of being filled to a depth of more than thirty inches at any point." I cannot unload any "farm machinery or semi-trailers." I cannot have any "inclinators or escalators at the premises."

I may be misreading the policy, but so far as I can see the only things re-

### Open Window Policy



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# On a note of understanding

FAR MORE ELOQUENTLY THAN WORDS, MUSIC CREATES A BRIDGE BETWEEN PEOPLE OF DIVERGENT TONGUES AND CULTURES. ITS LANGUAGE, UNIVERSALLY UNDERSTOOD, SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO THE HEART. THIS WEEK, WITH "INTERNATIONAL HOUR: FESTIVAL OF MUSIC," THE FIVE CBS OWNED TELEVISION STATIONS–CHANNEL 2 IN NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, CHICAGO; CHANNEL 4 IN ST. LOUIS AND CHANNEL 10 IN PHILADELPHIA – INAUGURATE THE FIFTH ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL PROGRAM EXCHANGE. THE OPENING PROGRAM (CONSULT YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND DATE) WAS PRODUCED ESPECIALLY FOR THE EXCHANGE BY KMOX-TV ST. LOUIS, AND FEATURES MUSIC FROM THE AMERICAS–AARON COPLAND, GEORGE GERSHWIN, CARLOS CHAVEZ, PETER MENNIN, ERNEST GOLD, JEROME KERN AND LEONARD BERNSTEIN – PERFORMED BY AMERICAN BORN BARITONE ROBERT MERRILL, THE FAMOUS PIANO TEAM OF FERRANTE AND TEICHER AND THE ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, THE SECOND-OLDEST SYMPHONIC ORGANIZATION IN THE UNITED STATES, UNDER THE BATON OF BRAZILIAN CONDUCTOR ELEAZAR DE CARVALHO. IN FOLLOWING WEEKS, THE FIVE STATIONS WILL BRING THEIR VAST AUDIENCES MUSIC AND DANCE PROGRAMS PRODUCED IN SUCH FAR-OFF PLACES AS AUSTRALIA, JAPAN, MALAYSIA AND VENEZUELA. IN TURN, AS IN YEARS PAST, ALL INTERNATIONAL HOUR PROGRAMS WILL BE FREELY EXCHANGED AMONG ALL PARTICIPATING NATIONS–A POTENTIAL OVERSEAS AUDIENCE NUMBERING IN THE MILLIONS. (BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE FIVE CBS OWNED STATIONS, THE SERIES WILL ALSO BE SEEN ON 14 STATIONS OF THE EASTERN EDUCATIONAL NETWORK IN SUCH MAJOR CITIES AS WASHINGTON, D.C., BOSTON, PITTSBURGH AND BUFFALO.) ON THIS WEEK'S SEASONAL PREMIERE, THE DOWNBEAT WILL ORIGINATE IN ST. LOUIS. BUT THANKS TO THIS UNIQUE ADVENTURE IN GLOBAL TELEVISION, THE MUSIC WILL ECHO THE WORLD OVER...EACH NOTE SERVING TO STRENGTHEN FURTHER THE VITAL BOND OF UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN COUNTRIES AND THEIR PEOPLE. **CBS TELEVISION STATIONS** ◉ A DIVISION OF COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC., OPERATING WCBS-TV NEW YORK, KNXT LOS ANGELES, WBBM-TV CHICAGO, WCAU-TV PHILADELPHIA, KMOX-TV ST. LOUIS.

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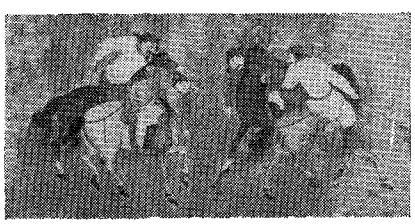

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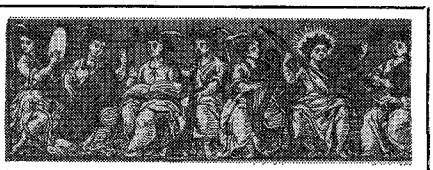

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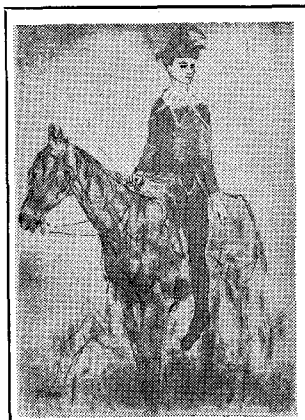

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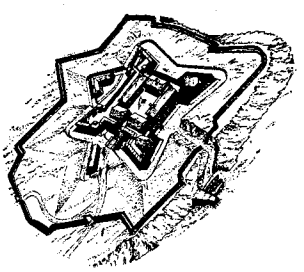
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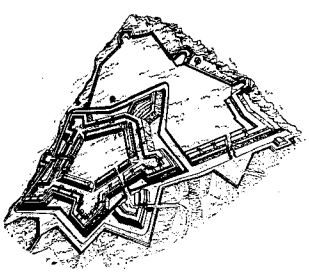
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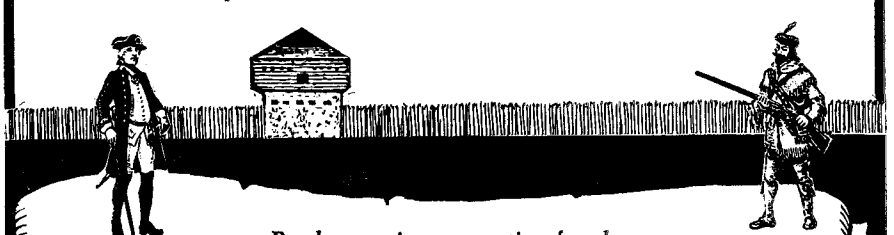

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quired of Mrs. Ehrlich are that she be "over the age of twelve years," have "no sickness or disease" without writing to Hartford for approval, and promise "not to engage in the maintenance of aircraft." Meanwhile, any time you want to drop over to my "principal residence," slip on a scatter rug and break your neck, the old latchstring is out.

—HAYES B. JACOBS.

### New York Confidential ! ! !
### Nearly True ! ! !
### Almost Correct ! ! !

[We promised a two part summary of . . . Tom Wolfe's two part series on the . . . *New Yorker*!!! Rashly, it now seems. All of the big, BIG, BIG disclosures were in the first installment!!! But since *SR* may have, for all we know, featured this piece on the cover (Well, why *not*?) and commissioned a drawing of Clay Felker in a twin casket (*Clay Felker*!!!) with Esky, the puppet, we must not disappoint. So—armed with rake, shovel, and World War II gas mask, we extracted the . . . facts, from Mr. Wolfe's second 5,000-word eulogy.]

1. A lot of *New Yorker* staffers are *short* people!!!
2. *New Yorker* messengers are old men!!! They walk . . . *slow*!!!
3. The *New Yorker* is infiltrated with . . . *relatives*, like "Michael Arlen, Jr." (usually known as M. J. Arlen) and Susan Lardner, "niece of Ring Lardner" (usually known as Ring Lardner's granddaughter).

(Second of a two-part series.)

—M.L.

### Speech for a Pigeon Attack!

Oh I approached and bowed.
She turned away. I ran around
in front of her and bowed.
She ran away. I ran behind
her, bowed; she turned away.
I ran around in front
of her again and bowed.
She dropped and sighed.
Then Bam! Bam! Bam!
I got her where she lived
and nearly died! I'm free,
God love, again to be
whatever else I am.

—ALAN DUGAN.

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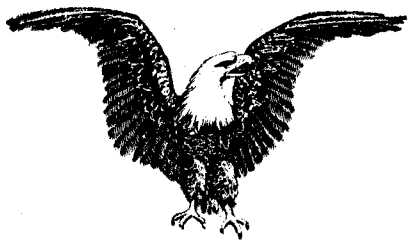

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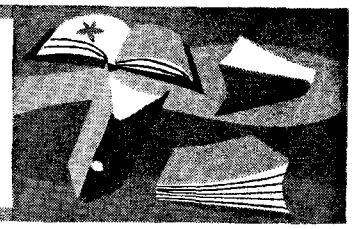
# Trade Winds



**Never let it** be said that Nelson Algren is afraid to speak his mind. As an old and formerly close acquaintance of Simone de Beauvoir, he was persuaded by *Harper's* magazine to review her forthcoming book, *Force of Circumstance,* which Putnam's will publish on May 18. It is not likely that the review will settle comfortably on Mme. de Beauvoir's literary shoulders, but for sheer readability it shouldn't be missed.

"No chronicler of our lives since Theodore Dreiser," writes Mr. Algren, "has combined so steadfast a passion for human justice with a dullness so asphyxiating as Mme. de Beauvoir. Her humanitarianism would be irrefutable if it weren't for men and women getting in the way," he continues, adding that her early determination to write sacrificial essays in which the author strips himself bare without excuses has been employed with "such earnestness and skill that practically everybody has now been sacrificed excepting herself."

Judging by the review, it may be safe to say that Mr. Algren is no longer carrying Mme. de Beauvoir's books home from school. A final hint of this comes from his last paragraph: *"Will she ever quit talking?"*

The italics are Mr. Algren's.

**Fortunately for authors,** the words of a critic sting but seldom bite. However, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, in his annual *City Lights Journal* (City Lights Bookstore, San Francisco, $2.50), brings new light to a case in which the critic's bite is considerably worse than his sting. In this instance, the reviewer happens to be La Brigade Mondaine, a segment of the Paris police department. On the basis of fragmentary translations by this erudite vice squad, Paris publisher Maurice Girodias, founder of the Olympia Press, was sentenced to one year in jail, fined $80,000, and suspended from all publishing activity for eighty years. All this for publishing six "obscene" titles in English, none hardly likely to find much circulation in France.

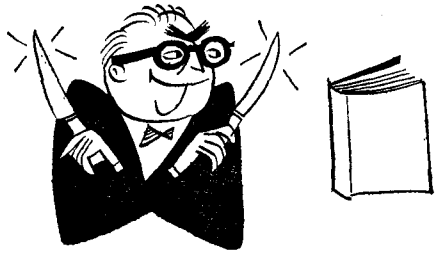
"French and American book publishers have been strangely silent about the whole affair," Ferlinghetti tells us, "and I happen to know that some American editors who are acquainted with Girodias consider him a bit too much of an 'operator.' Just the same, the French government's action represents a very flagrant case of prior censorship, since he is forbidden to publish for years in advance."

Among the writers fostered by Mr. Girodias are Lawrence Durrell, Samuel Beckett, Vladimir Nabokov, Jean Genet, and Henry Miller. Among the writers who rose to his defense are Stephen Spender, Bertrand Russell, William Styron, Herbert Gold, Richard Wright, Graham Greene, and Arthur Miller.

As a critical force, the Paris police department is facing some formidable opposition.

**Some critics** are as unsure of their ground as the Paris police, even when they're friendly. Some years ago, when José Ferrer played the part of Cyrano, an enthusiastic matron cornered him and said: "I just want you to know how much I enjoyed your performance as Pinocchio!"

Other reviewers sharpen up a full set of throwing knives when they attack. Lester Ziffren sends along a clipping from a Communist weekly published in Santiago, Chile, which seems to indicate that the Communists are not among James Bond's greatest supporters. A picture caption reads: "Agente 007 James Bond, Neofascist hero of western civilization. Masculinity and sadism, secret Reactionary fiction of the cold war."



**Ratings and critics** aside, there must have been some raised eyebrows several weeks ago when the printer dropped a line of type and inserted another in the program listings and descriptions in *TV Guide,* as sent to us by Eleanor Pierce. Under the 10 P.M. schedule, the copy read: "NBC NEWS SPECIAL: NBC Rome corre-Gurley Brown, author of 'Sex and



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the Pope and the Vatican.' For details, see the Close-up opposite. (60 min.)"

**Whenever you're** on the lookout for critics, you can always depend on housewives. When the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency completed a survey of 600 homemakers for the National Book Committee, some interesting facts emerged. One-fifth of the respondents read no books at all last year. Thirty-nine per cent accounted for 82 per cent of all the books read by women. The typical woman reader read four hardback and three paperback books during the year surveyed. Ten per cent of the respondents read more than fifty-one books during the year. Commercial libraries seem unpopular—only 3 per cent

borrowed from this source. *The Carpetbaggers* won the popularity poll hands down, with twenty-nine mentions. And *A Choice Not an Echo* (seven mentions) was nosed out by *Fanny Hill*, which had eight.

**Housewives also** have had their say when it comes to how one bakery is going to market its bread from now on. Benson & Benson, a consumer research organization, made a grass-roots study of why a certain brand of bread was not selling in spite of a hefty advertising campaign. Although the bread was promoted as a bread "just like mother used to make," sales showed no improvement at all.

The findings of the survey were tragic for sentimentalists: "Homemade" bread didn't mean a thing to most of the housewives interviewed. Except for the older age groups, their mothers had never baked a loaf of bread in their lives. —John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1622)

Paul Siple:
*Ninety Degrees South*

The aurora was often two or three hundred miles high. On one of these journeys, the temperature fell to about minus seventy degrees F., and the party lost all enthusiasm for the gorgeous draperies of light arranged in tier after tier.


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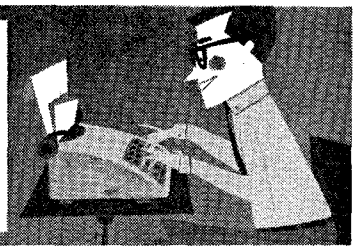
# Top of My Head



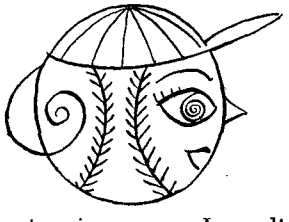
## Personal, But Not Too

THESE ARE the evenings when a lot of wives lose their husbands to a baseball game on radio or TV. In my home it's different. My roommate is the baseball fanatic. I like baseball as well as the next woman, but I can lie there quietly enjoying the game over the edge of a book I'm trying to read —or I could if it weren't for the noisy fan in our bleacher who tenses over the set and shouts: "Come on, get a hit, Yogi, darling." And you know he hasn't been called that in years by anyone except Mrs. Berra.

She is not exactly a baseball fan. She's a Yankee fan. She had a box at the stadium and never missed a game. Until one day, during a world series game with Milwaukee, a Mr. Hank Aaron lined a foul ball into our box. I wasn't able to attend that day but she had with her three men, each eight feet tall, who rose to catch the ball, accurately deflecting it under her left eye.

Seven stitches later she swore off going to the stadium. Since then she has been watching all the ball games on television. And she doesn't even sit too close to the set, in case a ball is fouled off. But her enthusiasm continues, as they say, unabated. And, I might add, unsolicited.

We are sitting at dinner after the Yankees have tried unsuccessfully all



afternoon to win a game. I am discussing South Vietnam and whether or not we ought to get out of there.

"We ought to get out of Kansas City, that's where we ought to get out of," she replied. "Imagine those bums, a last-place team, beating us with a home run in the ninth, and a .219 hitter at that!"

Or I can say: "Dean Rusk says it looks like we're going to have a lot of trouble with Cambodia."

"You call that trouble? Look at the trouble Dean Chance is giving us with the Los Angeles Angels!"

Or: "I see where in Japan they're starting to holler 'Yankees Go Home.'"

"Yankees go home! We can't even get to third base!"

No matter which national problem I bring up during the baseball season, she seems to correlate it to our national pastime. Whether she has something there —whether we're playing in too many ballparks—I leave it to the experts to decide.

But it wasn't ever thus. I recall the first ball game I took her to see. Each team had scored one run in the first inning. For the next three innings they were held scoreless. I asked her if she was enjoying the game. She was. I asked her if she understood it? She did. I asked her what the score was. She said: "1,000 to 1.000." As I remember this was in the days of the lively ball.

This is the woman who today can tell you the batting averages of every player in each league and who now calls every baseball player a bum except Tom Tresh, Bobby Richardson, Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle, Elston Howard, Tony Kubek, Joe Pepitone, Clete Boyer and even the whole pitching staff except when one is chased to the shower. And even then she leans over the set and murmurs: "Go rest, darling, you'll feel better next time out, you darling bum you."

At one time she had a box at the Polo Grounds. It wasn't that she loved the Giants but she hated the Dodgers and used the box only when the Giants played the Dodgers so she could root against them. It was the year the Giants and the Dodgers had that playoff for the National League pennant—the year Bobby Thomson made baseball history with his home run. Every game had been crucial, but this was the final and deciding game. I was away on business in Paris. I called her from Paris. No sooner had I said hello than I heard, from 3,000 miles away: "We win. The bases are loaded. Bobby steps up and hits a home run. We win!" She was shouting hysterically in the historical present.

This from a woman who, when I took her to her second ball game, thought it horrible sportsmanship when the umpires walked out on the field at the start of a game and the fans rose and the band played "Oh say can you see?" Of course, now that she knows all the refinements of the game, she recognizes umpires for what they are—"Robbers!"

—Goodman Ace.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# *SR*'s Check List of the Week's New Books

### *Art*

ART GUIDE/NEW YORK. By A. L. Chanin. Horizon. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.95.

A BOOK OF DRAWINGS. By Jesse Reichek. New Directions. Paperback, $1.60.

### *Current Affairs*

AFTER TWENTY YEARS: Alternatives to the Cold War in Europe. By Richard J. Barnet and Marcus G. Raskin. Random House. $5.95.

DARK GHETTO: Dilemmas of Social Power. By Kenneth B. Clark. Harper & Row. $4.95.

EMERGENT AFRICA. By Scipio. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE PUERTO RICANS. By Clarence Senior. Quandrangle. $3.50.

THE RELUCTANT SPACE-FARERS: A Study in the Politics of Discovery. By Frank Gibney and George J. Feldman. New American Library. $4.95.

THE ROAD TO NUMBER 10. By Anthony Howard and Richard West. Macmillan. $5.95.

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO? By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. $5.95.

WORLD POPULATION: Past Growth and Present Trends. By A. M. Carr-Saunders. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

### *Fiction*

THE ADVENTURERS. By Jane Aiken Hodge. Doubleday. $4.95.

DIALOGUES WITH LEUCÒ. By Cesare Pavese. Translated by William Arrowsmith and D. S. Carne-Ross. Univ. of Michigan Press. $5.

THE DIRTY DOZEN. By E. M. Nathanson. Random House. $5.95.

THE ENCLAVES. By Felix Bastian. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE FLAG. By Robert Shaw. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

THE GIANT DWARFS. By Gisela Elsner. Grove. $5.95.

THE INLAND SEA. By Morton M. Hunt. Doubleday. $3.95.

LADIES OF THE RACHMANINOFF EYES. By Henry Van Dyke. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

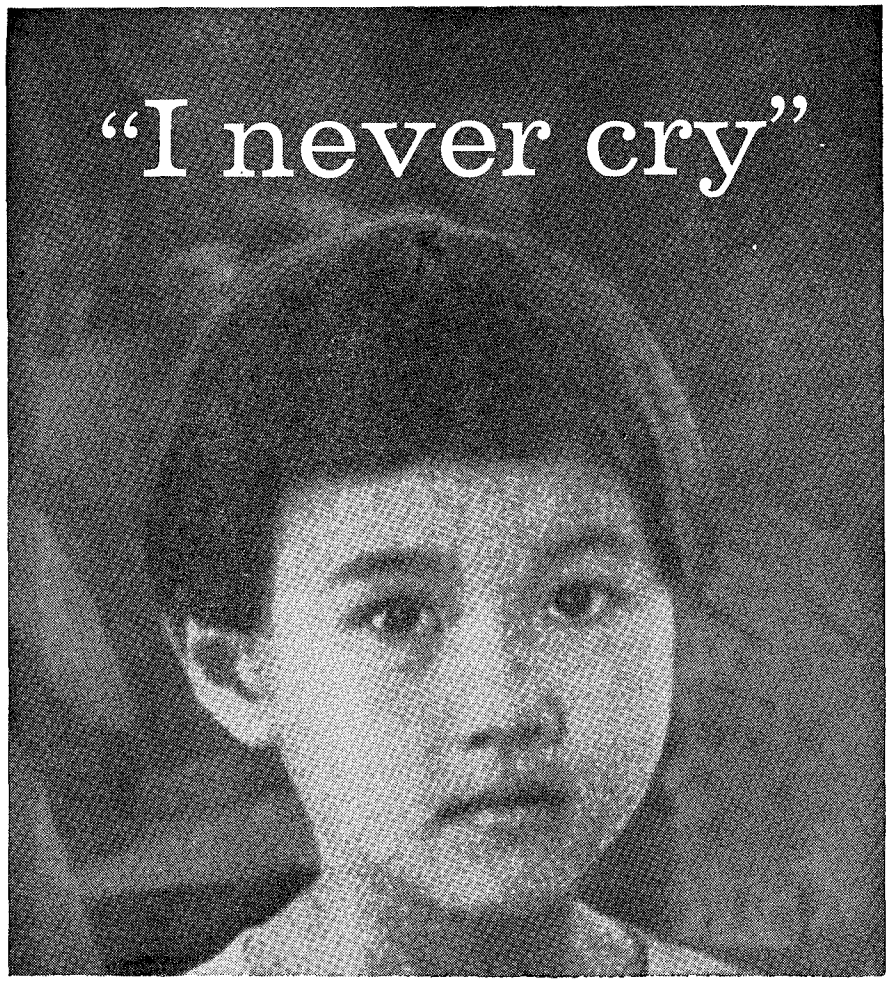
THE LONG DAY WANES: A Malayan Trilogy. (Reissue.) By Anthony Burgess. Norton. $6.95.

OVER THE GATE. By Miss Read. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

THE SPRING VOYAGE. By R. J. Mitchell. Clarkson N. Potter. $4.

THE TREE OF DREAMS AND OTHER STORIES. By Mika Waltari. Putnam. $4.95.

(*Continued on page* 55)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*Saturday Review*
May 15, 1965

# 700 YEARS AFTER: *The Relevance Of Dante*

—Bettman Archive.
**"Dante," by Luca Signorelli in the Orvieto Cathedral.**

By JOHN CIARDI

FOR THE LAST eighteen years, though with many interruptions, I have been at work on an English version of *The Divine Comedy*. That work has not been a scholar's but a poet's work. I am not a Dantean scholar and I must not let myself be betrayed into speaking as one. I am a thief of other men's scholarship, gratefully stealing whatever I can use to make my English version understanding and understandable. Let me believe that scholarship has no better purpose than to make itself available for useful taking.

Around the shores of Dante's Purgatory grow the reeds of humility. To those shores, by command of Cato of Utica, Virgil leads Dante, and there the master plucks a reed and ties it around his pupil's waist, whereupon Dante observes a miracle:

> There, as it pleased another, he girded me.
> Wonder of wonders! when he plucked a reed
> another took its place there instantly,
> arising from the humble stalk he tore,
> so that it grew exactly as before.

Let me think of scholarship as that miraculous garden from which any man may pluck what he needs without diminishing the total. So may I be absolved of having taken away from any man the good that has made me richer. Then, if I have managed to make a reasonably accurate experience of Dante available to those who cannot read the original, I may say I have returned good for good while wronging no man. I have, to be sure, made passing acknowledgment of my many thefts, but only in a lump-sum sort of way. Bibliography is not poet's work.

A fair question follows: Why should a twentieth-century American poet spend many years working on an American-English version of a fourteenth-century Florentine allegory? By what relevance to himself can he justify such a work?

Long after the fact, I am able to show that my sense of Dante's relevance is shared by many. The paperback edition of my *Inferno* was published in August of 1954. Since then it has sold almost 1,000,000 copies and it shows every sign of continuing to sell at an increasing rate. Even with every allowance made for the fact that undergraduates have the *Inferno* forced upon them as assigned reading, I remain astonished by the evidence of these many-zeroed totals. *The Inferno* has become a best-seller.

As noted, however, this evidence is after the fact. The original question would have remained the same had no copies been sold. Were a Roman Catholic to undertake such a work, his reasons might seen self-evident. Certainly Dante expresses his arduous and ardent vision of Catholicism in the most monumental metaphoric structure to be found in all European literature. But Catholicism is no more a prerequisite to the reading than a belief in the gods of Olympus is a prerequisite to the reading of Homer. The good reader of Dante does need some information about Catholicism in order to understand the poem, but the poem itself, along with the indispensable footnotes, will give him all he really needs on that score. And inevitably, then, the poem's structure of Catholic doctrine becomes the metaphor of another communication in just the way the structure of Greek mythology is the metaphor of a communication we receive as true to us with no need to believe in the literal truth of the metaphor.

THE Catholic reader who takes Dante literally, accepting the poetic details as stated creed rather than as metaphors, would, in fact, be confusing his own doctrine in the act of misunderstanding the poem. Nor could Dante have believed himself to be a source of doctrinal revelation on the detailed nature of the afterlife. The details are there not as revealed truth but as a guide to truth. They are the mask truth must put on in order to be partly visible to the feeble understanding of mankind. But the same mask that makes truth partly visible must also partly obscure it.

It is in just this metaphoric way that the souls of Paradise reveal themselves to Dante on the various spheres through which he ascends. All the souls Dante meets on the lower levels are, in fact, in the highest heaven, where they are subsumed into the body and essence of God. But Dante's mortal understanding cannot grasp that essence. He does not

© 1965 by John Ciardi. This is the first of a two-part article. It was originally prepared for a symposium on Dante that was presented May 1 by the Library of Congress. For Robert J. Clements's comment on the Dante anniversary year, see page 26.



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see the souls as they are. Rather, as an act of heavenly *caritas*, the souls manifest themselves to Dante *as if* they were on the various spheres. They manifest themselves at the level on which Dante is able to grasp them, though only imperfectly with his imperfect understanding. Once he has received the final revelation of the blessed, Dante lets us understand, he will grasp the true essence. In the meantime he is offered sublime metaphors as a clue to sublimer truths.

So for all of the many details of *The Divine Comedy*. They are not creed but metaphoric manifestations offered at a level that human understanding may aspire to. The Catholic seeking his creed must understand that only final revelation will bring him to the truth these metaphors intend. The non-Catholic, seeking an esthetic experience, must understand the details of Dante's metaphoric structure not as doctrine but as vast metaphoric perceptions of the human condition. In this way many readers can share a doctrinal faith with Dante, but all can share with him a view of the nature of man.

Were an antiquarian or historian to undertake such a work of many years, his reasons, too, might seem self-evident. And certainly Dante does illuminate his own age to modern readers. He does so, however, only when the reader has learned to be cautious about accepting every local detail of Dante's poem as whole truth. Equally self-evident reasons might be allowed a prosodist, or a historian of poetic form, or a philologist. Dante does have a way of giving to every reader what is most urgently his own. Yet no literal reason is sufficient to encompass a master of metaphor. It is Dante's virtue, by the power of personal genius and by the power of language itself, to speak in particulars that instantly strike toward universals. An antiquarian interest is only a collateral reason for reading Dante. I do not read him because he is of the fourteenth century but because I am of the twentieth.

And the one enduring reason for reading Dante, I must believe, is for the experience of his vehicle. An artist's vehicle is the structure of his esthetic perception. Any good actor would sooner play Hamlet than Uncle Tom, and when a better role than Hamlet appears, good actors will be eager to measure up to the challenge of that role. The basic source of Dante's power and of his enduring relevance to us is certainly in the fact that he achieved what we must believe to be a vehicle of total esthetic possibility. The structure of that vehicle imposes a series of demands that only the highest genius could meet. Our joy as readers is in our experience of how abundantly those demands are met. Language is made to achieve what could not have seemed possible without the demonstration of genius. The metaphoric structure entraps perceptions that could not otherwise have been so much as glimpsed. The dramatic development requires something like a total empathy with every condition of being. And the conceptual structure interrelates and evaluates the total nature of mankind. This vehicle is no stage for the imagination but a universe for it to populate.

It is, to cite a simple example, a standard professor's game, once *The Inferno* has been read, to ask the class if there is any sort of sin that Dante has not included in his infernal categories. I have myself played that game, with no intention but to prove to students that Dante has out-imagined them. So invited, the class always makes more or less the same hopefully hopeless casts. One student will suggest "dope addiction," another "alcoholism," and both will nod blankly when asked if these are not subdivisions of gluttony.

One ingenious student did suggest "driving to endanger." And he might have scored were it not for Filippo Argenti, who was, in fact, one of the Adimari family and who was nicknamed Argenti because he shod his horses with silver before riding them at a gallop through the narrow and crowded alleys of Florence. He is punished among the wrathful, and certainly part of his sin was expressed by his contempt for the safety of others; he was, in effect, a horseback hot-rodder.

THE student to whom I give the highest honors in this game—though not quite a winning score—cited "racial bigotry." Dante did see himself as a chosen descendant of the Romans (and, therefore, of Aeneas). So chosen, he was forever ready to scorn Pisans, Fiesolans, Aretines, guzzling Germans, and such unwashed and unsaved dissidents as Mohammed and Ali. Were one to read only *The Inferno*, Dante might well appear to be so narrowly parochial and so ethnically self-righteous as to be a bigot and blind to his bigotry. But bigotry is, of course, a sin of pride. And when, in *The Purgatorio*, Dante reaches the ledge on which the proud are crushed into the dust under enormous weights, he leaves no doubt of his inner feelings. Here is a sin for which he knows he must himself answer. He has achieved a recognition of his failing and he has begun his soul's expiation in dread of the greater expiation he must endure when his soul returns to that painful ledge after death.

Pedagogical games aside, and whether the reader prefers to think in terms of sin or of self-destructive behavior, there is nothing of either that Dante has not encompassed in his hell. It is because of this all-inclusiveness of concept—as elevated by the genius of language, drama, and total structure—that the reading of *The Divine Comedy* is so massive an experience. We are left with a sure sense that the author has invented and contained a total universe and that he has totally populated it. No sort of character has been left out: he has given body to a whole mankind and brought all of its parts to form and consequence, which is to say, he has framed all the parts of his enormous perception within a total relationship of values and within a total dramatization of reality.

Obviously this order of communication cannot be set forth in essay form: only a great vehicle can make it possible. Except in particulars and by the way, it is not Dante's purpose to make statements but to awaken perception. The zeal of the sentient man must be for a total experience. Over and over in the descent through Hell Dante's way is blocked by opposing fiends. And on every such occasion but one Virgil opens the way again with a single explanation. "That this man may experience all," says Virgil, "he has been sent." And, with that one exception, Virgil's explanation is always sufficient.

The one exception, of course, occurs at the Iron Gate of the City of Dis, which is the entrance into the lower Hell and which is guarded by the Rebellious Angels who warred against God Himself, by the Three Infernal Furies, and by the snake-headed Medusa, the sight of whom is enough to change any man to stone. Against such forces even Virgil is powerless to go on unassisted. He can only cover Dante's eyes to protect the man from the sight of Medusa while master and pupil await the arrival of a greater power.

And only when an angel descends from Heaven to help them is the way cleared for the poets. The moral is obvious: against absolute evil man is



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powerless except with the direct aid of Heaven.

Yet at the very bottom of Hell, when Dante has descended to the central point of gravity and must turn himself around in order to begin the ascent, he must pass through that center clinging to Virgil while the master grapples with the shaggy sides of Satan himself, and no heavenly messenger is needed.

Certainly these two incidents are like themes in music, one responding to the other. The Medusa guards the entrance to the lower Hell: Satan is frozen into the ice at the exit from Hell: each is a turning point in the encounter with evil. Yet it must seem odd that the Medusa is presented as a more terrifying creature than Satan himself. How can Dante and Virgil be utterly blocked by the lesser fiend, yet grapple unassisted with the greater?

The answer is one more development of the theme of total experience. Sin is powerful only upon those who do not recognize its real nature. By the time Dante meets the Medusa, he has achieved only the recognition of the sins of incontinence; by the time he encounters Satan he has come to a total recognition of the nature of sin. He has come to such a recognition of evil that he is able to grapple with the devil himself: his soul has grown.

But, the moral aside, it is the magnificence of the metaphoric invention that thrills. The metaphor, besides being powerful in itself, is a powerful thematic response not only to the entire experience of Hell but to the earlier encounter with the Medusa. A true musical resolution not only puts to rest but transfigures all that has gone before. It is exactly such a resolution of his theme of zealous experience that Dante achieves in his description of how he clings to Virgil in that terrible passage:

> Then, as he bade, I clasped his neck, and he,
> watching for a moment when the wings
> were opened wide, reached over dextrously
>
> and seized the shaggy coat of the king demon;
> then grappling matted hair and frozen crusts
> from one tuft to another, clambered down.
>
> When we had reached the joint where the great thigh
> merges into the swelling of the haunch,
> my Guide and Master, straining terribly,
>
> turned his head to where his feet had been
> and began to grip the hair as if he were climbing;
> so that I thought we moved toward Hell again.
>
> "Hold fast!" my Guide said, and his breath came shrill
> with labor and exhaustion.
> "There is no way
> but by such stairs to rise above such evil."

And whether or not we can accept the abstract proposition that all doors will open to the ardor that seeks total experience, we are left in no doubt that *The Divine Comedy* is the metaphoric, the allegorical, and the musical structure of one man's search not for itemizations from total meaning but for a living esthetic experience of that total.

Similarly, whether or not we agree that reason is only the handmaiden of faith and that a second and vaster mind must take over before a total experience can be achieved, we cannot doubt that

Dante's epic journey is supremely the journey of intellect. For the simple soul —and Dante honors its existence—there is a simpler way. Beatrice herself may reasonably be taken as the type of that simple soul, born with no impulse but to the good and, therefore, free of the inner perplexity of sorting good from evil.

Dante himself achieves that simpler way at the top of the Mount of Purgatory when he reaches that state of purification in which he is free to follow his soul's every prompting, knowing that no source of evil remains within it. It is at this point that Virgil releases Dante. The first guide has no more to teach the pure and perfect man. "Lord of yourself I crown and mitre you," says Virgil. And those are his last words. Dante has much to learn yet, but all impulse toward evil has been refined from him and he need never again search his motives for fear that they may prompt him to a bad action.

But if the simple soul, the Beatrice soul, may conceivably find itself in this condition of natural purity, that course is not possible for the man of intellect, not at least to begin with. Mind must be responsible for itself; a man of mind must purify his own attention.

In our day Simone Weil has said, "Absolute attention is absolute prayer." I shall not pretend to know what an absolute of either attention or prayer may be, except, perhaps, as semantic pointers to some unidentified state of intense being. Certainly, however, Dante worked to achieve some such absolute. The whole of *The Divine Comedy* is the account of one man's ascent from *acedia* (which, for Dante, meant the state of intellectual confusion and lassitude) to that zeal that drives for absolute being.

Yet, if I wrench Simone Weil out of context, I think I can identify one way in which Dante is relevant to any effort to shape one's attention and imagination. For note that she does not specify to what that absolute attention ought to be paid. Absolute attention to anything? Not exactly. Not everything is capable of attracting such intensity; not everything is worth it. For Dante, of course, it is upon God that one's absolute attention must be fixed. But everything, as Dante labors to make clear, exists in some relationship to God. It follows that one must weigh and value everything in relation to the total.

What we sense in Dante, as an act of something like the absolute power of mind in its creative imagination, is that everything to which he turns his attention seems to be worth exactly the attention he pays it. Nor need the fact that Dante does let in a few heavy-handed stylistic flourishes, affectations, and didactic discourses seriously damage the generalization.

What he turns his mind to has weight, and it seems either to be worth the absolute attention to which he is striving, or to be worth exactly the attention—the weight—he assigns to it in passage. To read Dante is to experience mind in the way that is most specific to poetry: in the poet's ability to weigh experience in the balance of art and to assign to each element of the experience, and to its total, exactly the emotional weight we agree should be assigned to it. What we experience in this process is not only rightness but a surprising rightness. That surprise is not the result of self-seeking novelty, but of felicitous discoveries that refresh what is usual by absorbing it into a finer perception than we could have brought to it and enhancing it by a more vital utterance than we could have achieved. We had not realized before the poet's act of creation that our feelings could be brought to such precise equivalence.

The experience of that equivalence is infallibly an enhancement of our sense of ourselves. Dante requires us to discipline ourselves, for what he writes demands the strictest attention. But in

(*Continued on page* 64)



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# Don Quixote

By KENNETH REXROTH

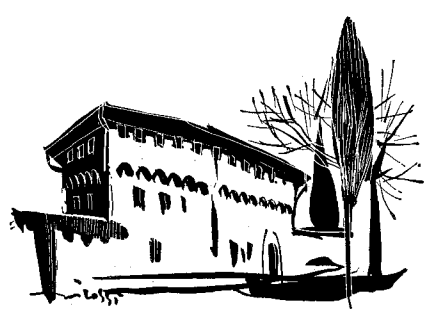
MANY PEOPLE, not all of them Spanish, are on record as believing that *Don Quixote* is the greatest prose fiction ever produced in the Western world. Certainly it is one of the few books a genuinely international critic would dare to group with *The Dream of the Red Chamber* or the *Tale of Genji* or *The Mahabharata*. It epitomizes the spiritual world of European man at mid-career as the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* do at his beginnings and as *The Brothers Karamazov* does in his decline. It is so vast, so ecumenical, that it serves only inadequately as the epic of Spain, a role better played by the more national *Poem of the Cid*. *Don Quixote* represents only a part of Spain, but a part far greater than the whole.

Much is made in schoolbooks of Cervantes's intention to satirize and destroy the popular romances of chivalry. What he did in fact was to transubstantiate them. *Don Quixote* is the Quest romance of the Middle Ages raised in power and elevated to an entirely new plane of being. The Mediterranean countries never took kindly to the legend of the Grail, a myth spiritually closer to northern paganism than to Christianity. For all its pseudo-sacramentalism, the Grail legend is also far more Protestant than Catholic. The doctrine of the body and blood of Christ shared by all the Grail romances has nothing whatever to do with the Catholic dogmas of the Blessed Sacrament. The Quest of northern romance was a Quest of the Utterly Other —true from the *Mabinogion* to Kafka.

Don Quixote starts on his quest with his head full of phantasm. What he finds is his own identity, but he finds it in communion with others. He discovers what Don Quixote is really like by discovering that other people are like himself and that he is like them. The mystery that is slowly unveiled in the course of his complicated adventures is the mystery of the facts of life. His encounters are the opposite of Gnostic trials and questions of the soul. In the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, the ghost of the dead man must answer the riddles of The Mystery with formulas of The Incomprehensible. In *Don Quixote* the living man advances, stage by stage, toward reality through the puzzles of fact. Sancho Panza and the facts themselves share the skepticism and ingenuity of Ulysses. These Sirens and Cyclops are the subjective corruptions in Don Quixote's head. In both epics the same Mediterranean man of many devices seeks the same redemption. What is that redemption? It is merely life lived.

The comic delusions of *Don Quixote* —the sheep and the windmills—fall away as the narrative progresses, but they are far from mere foolishness. As we read we learn that they are not delusions at all, or, if so, merely delusions of reference. They are misreadings of intent, misunderstandings of the powerful *mana*, the secret force with which windmills and sheep and the commonplace life of the country inns and farmhouses of the Spanish highlands are surcharged. Sancho Panza always undercuts this mystery, as Don Quixote overshoots it. For Sancho the common is only commonplace; for Don Quixote it is continuously revealed as being its own transcendence.

POSSIBLY all great fictions deal with self-realization, with the integration of the personality. This is, in a special way, the subject of *Don Quixote*. Even more than in the wise reveries of Montaigne, Cervantes in this golden book gives us the purest expression of humanism—not just its message but its special wisdom that can be found only in adventure in the manifold, inexhaustibly eventful ways of men. Such humane wisdom is hardly the Spanish temper we associate with San Juan de la Cruz, El Greco, Unamuno, or Garcia Lorca. Black Spain, the Spain of blood and sand, the dark night of the soul, the equation of love and death, is often attributed to the heritage of Islam. Nothing could be less true. The notion of life itself as a kind of *auto-da-fé* arose in specific reaction against the sensuous humanism of the Caliphate of Cordoba. Fully as much as *The Song of Roland*, *The Poem of the Cid*, or the Byzantine romance of *Digenes Akrites*, *Don Quixote* is a Border Epic, an artistic resolution of the culture clash of Islam and Christianity. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza go on their way through the windy barrens of La Mancha as Christ and his Apostles wandered through a very similar landscape, snapping the heads of wheat and chewing the green grain on a Sabbath morning, the Don learning, as they say, "the hard way" that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. This is a moral that half of Spanish culture has consistently and bloodily refused to accept, most surely a vision of real splendors surpassing any imagined ones, and, says Cervantes, accessible only to the nobility of a fool, the most noble fool in literature.



How urbane it all is, although Don Quixote's adventures are set among peasants and castles, squalor and brocade. The intelligence operating on this material is the intelligence of a citizen of no mean city—that universal Mediterranean republic that goes back to Stone Age Jericho with its sandswept streets, its efficient sewers, its adobe houses closed around their garden courts, its forums where men came to hear and talk about every new thing, its life of decency and order. Iberia answers the Visigoths.

Nothing shows better the all-encompassing humanity of *Don Quixote* than the immense literature to which it has given birth. There are as many interpretations of Cervantes's hero as there are of man himself. Theosophists, Christian Scientists, Baptists, Roman Catholics, and the apostles of Service-with-a-Smile —all find themselves in the Bible and so, too, can they in *Don Quixote*. There are as many interpretations as interpreters and most interpretations are very antagonistic indeed to my own. It is this universality that makes the problem of the translator close to insoluble. The standard classic translations in English of Motteux and Shelton were done in the English Renaissance and to contemporary readers overflavor the narrative with grotesquerie. Modern translations, on the other hand, seem too commonplace. The best writing, grotesque or no, is still Motteux's.

There are any number of editions of *Don Quixote* in paperback and hardcover. If the newcomer to the novel had time and patience enough, he would be well advised to read and compare more than one translation, classic and modern.

There are, incidentally, a number of anthologies of the critical literature on *Don Quixote* that make fascinating reading, not least for their amazing disparity of interpretation. Were it not that my interpretation would then seem unduly flattering to myself, I would say that every man is bound to find himself in *Don Quixote*, as Don Quixote finds himself in his adventures and as Sancho Panza is never lost.



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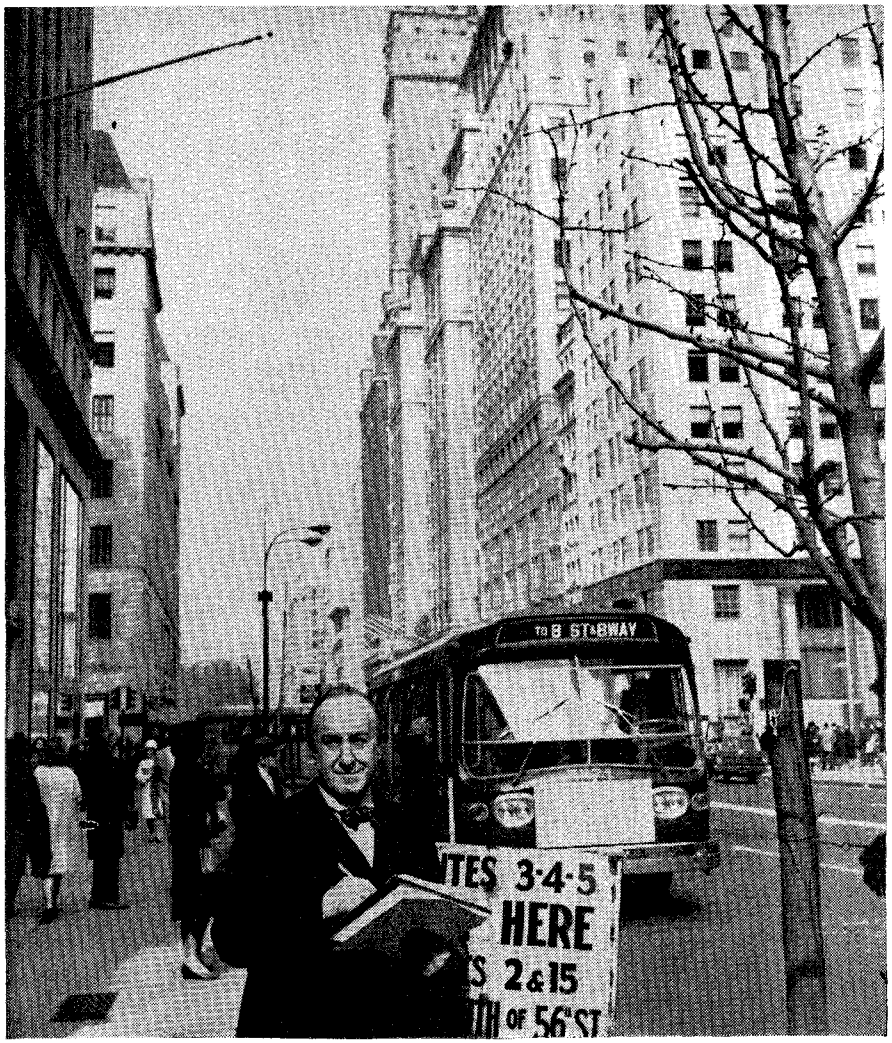


**Topolski sketching on New York's Fifth Avenue.**

# TOPOLSKI:

## Contemporary Chronicler

FREE ASSOCIATION had a field day at the most recent exhibit in New York's Hallmark Gallery. Boswell . . . Daumier . . . Hogarth . . . hand press . . . coffeehouse—these came quickly to mind as one viewed the first American showing of *Topolski's Chronicle,* a visual diary of round-the-world impressions captured in lean, swift line on rough brown broadsheets.

It was just a dozen years ago that Feliks Topolski launched this unique "butcher paper" publishing venture—one that should generate envy in all those engaged in the complexities of print and electronic communications. For his is a one-man system of pictorial journalism, based on the traditionally simple formula of "I see—I sketch—I print—you see."

In the South Bank area where Hungerford Bridge casts its arched shadow, his London studio serves both as *atelier* and press room. Here the on-the-spot sketches and brief commentary that spring from Topolski's roving pen are transformed singlehandedly into issues destined for 1,500 select subscribers. Circulation may not be deep, but it is wide—worldwide—from the Isle of Jersey to Jordan and Japan.

Published "at irregular intervals" twenty-four times a year, the *Chronicle* has provided Topolski with a format "for containing the flow of my drawings without pruning them down to the rigidity of a book. . . . I try to face life in all its aspects and record it. The brown paper, the size and format are all part of that desire. I use the modern techniques of the line block and the photo-litho because I feel they are the counterpart of the original copper plates and wood blocks. Through these techniques I am able to 'coarsen' my drawings and give them the character and strength found in early printed broadsheets."

To date, 276 issues of the *Chronicle* have appeared, with coverage ranging from Elvis Presley to Pope Paul's journey to the Holy Land, from Ghana's garden party for Queen Elizabeth to Harlem race riots, from Buddhism to bowler hats. There were impressions, too, of Gandhi, Churchill, Kennedy, Khrushchev; of Hollywood, Hong Kong, Indochina, Israel, Cuba; of county horse shows, Paris fashions, winter sports, nuclear disarmament, war in space.

Sheet after sheet shows concern with character rather than caricature, but there is always enough caustic additive on tap to deal with vanity and veneer. One issue on antiques and old masters, for instance, pierces "the deadpan gravity of auctions and the pretense at the well-in-hand business of riotous prices. It is not a market but a fantasia such as of the gambling world . . . a perfect sport for the competition of vanity spurred by pride-greed, exclusiveness, culture-snobbery, fashion stampedes. . . ."

"My technique is fed best by the bombastic or the beatnik," Topolski maintains, "by clashes of two opposing parties or powers, by the amassment of crowds in conflict, and by human vanity that grows larger with the defeats of age and creative decline."

It is perhaps not without significance that the BBC series *Face to Face* opened and closed each telecast with a Topolski portrait of the featured guest. The aim of the program was to reveal "the elusive private face behind the public face." Feliks Topolski was well equipped to do this. That's what he has been doing in his *Chronicle* all along.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

**G. B. S.**



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Nos. 22-24, Volume X, of *Topolski's Chronicle* was devoted to sketches of contemporary English writers. As with most of the *Chronicle* material, these represented the first stage of a larger work—basic research for a group of twenty portraits commissioned by the University of Texas.

Evelyn Waugh

Edith Sitwell

Stephen Spender

C. P. Snow



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# Saturday Review

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# The President and Vietnam

SEVERAL TIMES in this space recently, we have expressed disagreement with the decision of the U.S. to expand military operations in Vietnam. We should now like to make clear the context of that disagreement.

First, we differ sharply with those critics who contend that the President lacks knowledge or background in the field of foreign policy. Few men have arrived at the White House with a longer or stronger record of participation in the vital decisions concerning America's relationship to the rest of the world.

Second, there is nothing impulsive or haphazard in the President's manner of making policy. He has a profound respect for careful, analytical thought and scholarship. He is rigorous in his examination of recommendations. He does not shun homework.

Third, the President is no swashbuckler or military adventurer. Of all the criticisms of the President's foreign policy decisions, whether with respect to Vietnam or anywhere else, none is more inaccurate or unfair than to say the President has no passion for peace. A point on which there need be no ambiguity has to do with the President's convictions on the subject of peace. His greatest single personal goal is to achieve specific progress toward the abolition of war.

Finally, the President did not make the decisions that first brought the United States into Indochina. Both the U.S. commitment to and presence in the area had been fixed by previous Administrations.

We are convinced the President arrived at his decision to bomb Vietnam honestly and conscientiously. We are certain he will welcome disagreement that is no less honest and conscientious.

In continuing to oppose present U.S. policy in Vietnam, what seems to us most striking about that policy is that it confirms the President's own warnings of only a few months earlier about the consequences of our bombing of North Vietnam and the folly of seeking a military solution. We recognize, of course, that the situation in South Vietnam was fast deteriorating and that the United States, despite all its brawn, was being faced with the possibility of humiliating failure. Even so, it is difficult to understand how even such stark developments invalidated the President's original analysis concerning the dangers of enlargement and escalation.

It is clear enough that the intention in dropping bombs on Vietnam was not to widen the conflict but to apply the crusher to the point where North Vietnam had no choice but to negotiate or call off the Vietcong, or both. We give full credit to the intention but do not see that this action leads to the desired effect. The bombing, both North and South, has been unrelenting for three months. North Vietnam, far from being scared off, has sought increased aid from the Soviet Union and Communist China, something the United States wanted to avoid. The bombings have not only stiffened resistance but have intensified the popular opposition and hostility to the United States in both North and South. The Vietcong has grown in popular strength. Arrayed against the U.S. today are not only Communists but a broad cross-section of the people. The United States points to the principle of self-determination as a basic element in its foreign policy, but our own officials on the spot do not doubt that if this principle were applied today in Vietnam the decision would go against the United States.

THERE are no easy answers on Vietnam. There are only some things that are worse than others. The loss of American prestige through failure to contain the Vietcong is serious, but even more serious is the loss of our prestige and standing throughout the world as the result of the air attacks. In some three dozen countries, public opinion has actively protested American actions. The Communists have been heavily involved in these protests, but what is significant here is that they now have an issue that is not difficult for them to exploit. For the hard and tragic fact about the American position in Vietnam is that we lack a moral base.

Meanwhile, our actions in Vietnam threaten to make a shambles of our total foreign policy. By spurning a United Nations role in Vietnam, including the use of the good offices of the U.N. in arranging effective negotiations, we have tended to undermine the one agency which, in the words of the President, represents the world's best hope of peace. We have weakened the validity of our own stand against the Soviet Union and France for their failure to support the peace-keeping operations of the U.N. We have run counter to the efforts of four Presidents, including President Johnson, to keep the two Communist giants from coming together in a vast military, economic, and ideological coalition. All movement in the field of arms control has ground to a halt.

President Johnson's Johns Hopkins speech of April 7 on Vietnam was constructive, affirmative, morally imaginative. It is conceivable that his proposals for the development of the Lower Mekong River Valley, had they been put into full effect some time ago, would have produced an entirely different situation in Vietnam today. Even now, there is hope that such an approach can help to save and sustain the area; but the continued use of raw force unhinges the entire concept.

We are profoundly uneasy about the course of events in Vietnam, but we take at least some modest hope in the fact that the United States has not exhausted all options. We believe that the President is pondering these options and will find some way of making visible and dramatic his deep convictions about the possibilities of safety and sanity on this earth in our time. —N.C.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## The Right to Reason Why

N.C.'s EDITORIAL "How to Lose the World" [*SR*, Apr. 10] offers the suggestion that public opinion must be the means for holding in check those misuses of public power which are immoral, irresponsible, or prejudicial to the national welfare.

It would seem that these misuses of power are only a form of a greater problem, the presence of irrationality in public affairs. The sabotage by agents of the U.S. Government of sugar being shipped to the Soviet Union can only be viewed as a complete lack of understanding of the nature of the conflict between ourselves and the Russians, of what national interests are in opposition, and of the means by which the conflict of interests can be resolved. The misuse of power is an irrationality in the use of means to achieve ends that are not clearly conceived. It is the same kind of irrationality that would imagine a nuclear engagement as a possible solution to the problem of international conflicts of interest.

The problem of irrationality in public affairs is not a problem that is uniquely our own. Rioting and attacks on our embassies, burning of USIA facilities, or acts by foreign governments that reduce the dialogue between governments are irrational in that they do not serve the interests of the people.

Perhaps the problem of irrationality has always been and always will be the greatest threat to civilization. Civilization can combat this problem by laws that define the bounds beyond which irrationality cannot extend and that create methods by which conflicts of interest can be resolved in an equitable way. Unfortunately, these laws are not yet strong enough or sufficiently well defined to cover most cases of international conflict of interest.

We do not need simply a vocal public that expresses its outrage at specific abuses of power. We need a sensitive and informed public that demands consistent policies at home and abroad, that demands government policies that pursue world interests continually and not just national interests in repeated crisis situations. The way in which public power is used is a reflection of the quality of public opinion; until the latter achieves a broader perspective the former will be abused.

WILLIAM JOINER.

Laurel, Md.

THANK YOU for the editorial "How to Lose the World." Articles concerning "undercover operations" in the United States Government are seen too rarely. Too many writers shy away from such subjects for fear of being called anti-American. I feel, however, that only those people who have a deep love of their country take time to delve below the surface, to see what is actually happening, and to speak out either for or against it.

MARY DAVETTE MYERS.

Tucson, Ariz.

IS IT NOT TIME to *do* something about the horrible debacle in Vietnam? I have written letter upon letter to officials in our government and know that most of them never reach their destination but are filed as either "in favor of" or "not in favor of."

Frankly I am at my wit's end as to how I can be effective, for the hour grows later and later. And I look to intellects far greater than mine to point the course of immediate action that will penetrate the military curtain. Something is wrong. Why has not the voice of the people been heard? Or has not the real voice of the people spoken?

If N.C. and Walter Lippmann and others like you cannot make a dent in the military curtain, is it not possible to penetrate it in some manner, so that this fiasco in Vietnam may come to an immediate halt?

SCOTT D. KITTREDGE.

Wiscasset, Me.

*"By George, Matson, when they programed you they threw away the tape."*

## India's View of Kashmir

IT IS NOT in my official capacity as Governor of Jammu and Kashmir State but as a regular reader of *SR* that I am writing this letter. For several years I have followed with keen interest the intelligent and progressive articles carried by your journal. It was therefore more in sorrow than anger that I just read an article in your March 6 issue (it takes over a month for *SR* to reach me here) entitled "Kashmir: Dilemma of a People Adrift" by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot. It is indeed unfortunate that such a patently biased and unfair account should have found its way into the pages of *SR*.

It is not my intention here to enter into a detailed rebuttal of the numerous inaccuracies and falsehoods that Mr. Tourtellot thought fit to include in his article. At the moment I would merely like to point out a few of the most glaring inaccuracies and distortions:—

1. The genesis of the whole trouble in Kashmir was the brutal and unprovoked aggression on the state organized and abetted by Pakistan. The hordes of tribesmen who swept down into the valley from Pakistan a few short months after independence in August 1947, indulging in an orgy of pillage, rapine, and murder, included large numbers of Pakistani army men and officers without their uniforms. In fact, Pakistan later admitted herself that her army was engaged in the Kashmir operations, a policy that constituted a clear breach of international law. The author's bias is clear right from the beginning when he describes the area under the control of the Muzaffarabad Government as "that part of Kashmir . . . not occupied by the Indian army." It would be more accurate to describe it as that part occupied by the Pakistan army.

2. The statement regarding the accession of the state to India that "the cession was made as a condition of the Maharaja's receiving military aid to put down an insurrection of his subjects against his clan's wholesale extermination of Moslem natives" is a complete travesty. In fact, in the troubled days preceding and immediately after partition, Jammu and Kashmir was an oasis of communal harmony in North India, and there is no record of a single Kashmiri Moslem having been killed in any communal disturbance. It was repeated attacks on the Jammu border from Pakistan, as well as the full-fledged invasion of the valley, that caused communal tension. It need hardly be



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added that wherever the "liberators" came all non-Moslems—and many Moslems also—were butchered.

3. The legal and constitutional validity of the Maharaja's accession can hardly be questioned, particularly as Pakistan herself was emphatic that the rulers of Indian states were fully entitled to decide their states' future. The events following the accession have also been grossly distorted by the author. It was India that went to the United Nations complaining against Pakistani aggression, because she hoped thereby to avert a major conflict between the two newly independent states. The accession itself was unconditional—the Indian Constitution has no provision for a conditional accession—and the political decision that the wishes of the people would be ascertained was purely a matter between the Government of India and the people of Jammu and Kashmir. It is worthwhile pointing out that three general elections have been held in the state since 1947, the most important of which were the elections to the Constituent Assembly held under the auspices of Sheikh Abdullah. The fact that this very Assembly fully endorsed and ratified the accession has been conveniently neglected.

4. The idea of the plebiscite was subject to certain pre-conditions, which were not fulfilled. It was not possible for India to keep the whole matter pending indefinitely, as this would militate against the interests of people of Jammu and Kashmir who today occupy the honored place as full and free citizens of the Indian Republic. The state has successfully completed three five-year plans, and a fourth plan of 1,300 million rupees will begin in 1966. Under these measures Jammu and Kashmir is making substantial economic progress, and has also solid achievements to its credit in the sphere of social services and education. Our reports regarding political and economic conditions in "Azad" Kashmir are not very glowing, and an impartial comparison would reveal interesting results.

5. The author seems to have swallowed the utterly spurious argument that because of the Hindu caste system there is something inherently undemocratic about the Indian polity. He has failed to mention the most important single political fact in Asia, that it is India (with its predominantly Hindu population) that almost alone today stands as a full-fledged parliamentary democracy based upon a completely democratic constitution with adult suffrage and fundamental rights assured to all citizens regardless of religion, caste, or creed. It is not for me to comment on the "basic democracy" system of Pakistan, but no fair student of political science could really equate the two systems.

6. The importance that we attach in India to building up a secular nonreligious polity does not seem to be at all appreciated or understood by the author. India is firmly committed to a policy whereby all its citizens enjoy equal rights, and religious or theological arguments have no place so far as our constitutional structure is concerned. The whole assumption of the article, therefore—that because Jammu and Kashmir happens to be a state with a Moslem majority it must necessarily go to Pakistan—is false and untenable. Kashmiri Moslems

(*Continued on page* 90)

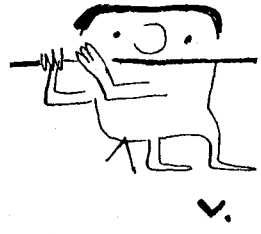
## BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

### 'Ello, Tommy!

LIKE MANY an old-fashioned musical comedy, the story of *Half a Sixpence* is not much more than a plausible excuse for its songs, dances, and slightly corny jokes. But, very fortunately, the new British import is also an excuse for presenting Tommy Steele. This infectiously charming and delightfully versatile young cockney is the best song-and-dance entertainer Britain has sent us since Anthony Newley made his American debut in *Cranks* nine seasons ago. While both he and Mr. Newley use the music-hall traditions, Mr. Steele seems somewhat less cerebral, a sort of younger-generation Ray Bolger, totally anxious to please and, happily, adroit enough to do so in any number of ways.

In *Half a Sixpence,* which is based upon H. G. Wells's 1905 novel *Kipps,* Mr. Steele portrays an oppressed draper's clerk, who when he is suddenly left a fortune finds it difficult to resist jumping up the social ladder to join the class which snobbishly and arrogantly lives off income from inherited wealth. He becomes engaged to a highly refined young lady who teaches him cruelty to servants and not to drop his "h's." She even goes so far as to admonish him, "*Do* try not to perspire when you dance." This young lady is fetchingly played by Carrie Nye, certainly the most perfect blasé actress on the American stage today. However, things come right in the end, with Kipps discovering that he is happier with a middle-class existence than with the strain of behaving like the idle rich. And there is an extra fillip in the colorfully ebullient young playwright, who first tells Kipps about the bequest, portrayed most entertainingly by James Grout. In the fairy-tale spirit of old musicals it is quite appropriate that Kipps's grateful but unpromising investment in the playwright's first work should turn out well, although one suspects that the script he backed was probably closer to *Never Too Late* than it was to *Tiny Alice.*

David Heneker's songs are middlingly pleasant, too. Most of them are sung engagingly by Mr. Steele and serve more to decorate the musical's moods than to give us insights into its events. For instance, the title song doesn't really require our knowing that it has to do with Kipps's sawing a coin in half and giving it to his sweetheart as a love token. It is simply a catchy and singable "cheer up" sort of number, just as "If the Rain's Got to Fall" would fit into almost any musical as a song to be sung before a lovers' tryst.



There is a sense of style in Loudon Sainthill's re-creation of the Victorian town of Folkestone, which is echoed in his splendid *à nouveau* costumes under Jane Greenwood's supervision. To ensure that the show will satisfy those accustomed to Broadway musicals, Onna White has stepped up the voltage of the dance numbers from the more perfunctory sort of thing Londoners accepted during the show's two-year run there. But she has devised the dances to capitalize on the style of Mr. Steele's dancing, which includes struts, shuffles, and leaps, not as showy feats but as easygoing effusions of high spirits. Finally, director Gene Saks has added a sprinkling of "camp" to take the pressure off humor that might otherwise have seemed strained. Thus this monumentally unimportant work is transformed into a sunny and carefree evening that brightens the current season.

DESPITE the efforts of director Michael Cacoyannis and star Eileen Heckart, Terrence McNally's *And Things That Go Bump in the Night* dropped on Broadway with an empty thud. While this dissolute outpouring of nightmarish ectoplasm, made even more exasperating by its capricious detours into cuteness, does not deserve a much better fate, the play is not unprovocative. For Mr. McNally has a talent for imagery and an ambitiousness of purpose, which he frequently displays in his parable about modern society and the atom bomb. It is a promising notion to represent this society by a sadistic family that lives in an underground bomb shelter and is nightly faced with the alternative of humiliating a guest or being vicious to each other. And it is savagely dramatic to watch the torture of a Christlike homosexual visitor, whose eventual electric crucifixion does not deter these selfish people in their determination to survive the holocaust we hear exploding outside at the final curtain. However, in his debut Mr. McNally appears to lack the discipline or skill necessary to achieve his devastatingly large intention.

—HENRY HEWES.



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# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## They Also Serve Who Write Well

PRECOCIOUS and prolific, John Updike, born in 1932, has just published his eighth book, *Assorted Prose* (Knopf, $5.95). "In the ten years that I have written for a living," he states, "I have published a certain amount of nonfictional prose; this book collects all of it that I thought anyone might like to read."

At an early age Updike began writing for *The New Yorker*, and between August 1955 and March 1957 he was one of the bright young men in that magazine's office. During that period he contributed many pieces to "The Talk of the Town" and "Notes and Comment," and he has continued to write from time to time for these departments. Early in his career he managed to achieve the right tone, and in the pieces he has preserved we hear the true *New Yorker* voice. (He calls this section "First Person Plural.")

The variety of subjects is impressive: Russia's first moon shot, a dinosaur egg, style in sports writing, the quiz show scandal, the assassination of President Kennedy. There are also obituary notes on John P. Marquand, Grandma Moses, and T. S. Eliot. Two longer pieces, one on pigeons and one on Antarctica, show how well Updike could handle a *New Yorker* research job.

Among his other apprentice works were several parodies. "My first literary idols," he notes, "were Thurber and Benchley and Gibbs; these few *feuilletons* are what remains of my ambition to emulate them." In his review of Dwight Macdonald's anthology of parodies, Updike writes, "If great parodists are not great writers, great writers, conversely, are not great parodists." Whether or not Updike is, or someday may be, a great writer, he is not a great parodist. Although the parodies were pleasant enough to read as they appeared in the magazine, most of them—the principal exception is the parody of Harry Truman—scarcely seem worth republication.

Of greater interest are several longer pieces, especially "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu," an account of Ted Williams's final game in Boston. Updike, a true enthusiast, wrote about the great day *con amore*. Although I am sure that the article would delight any baseball fan, it is interesting to me as a piece of writing. It begins, "Fenway Park, in Boston, is a lyric little bandbox of a ballpark. Everything is painted green and seems in curiously sharp focus, like the inside of an old-fashioned peeping-type Easter egg." Updike proceeds by outlining Williams's career, and then describes the ceremonies that took place on this occasion and the game itself. Finally, in the eighth inning, came what everyone was waiting for – Ted Williams's last home run. "From my angle, behind third base, the ball seemed less an object in flight than the tip of a towering, motionless construct, like the Eiffel Tower or the Tappan Zee Bridge. It was in the books while it was still in the sky."

Of the more or less autobiographical pieces, the most interesting is "The Dogwood Tree," which was written for a volume called *Five Boyhoods*. Updike speaks of it disparagingly, but I find it fascinating, not merely as a vivid reminiscence but also as a commentary on his fiction. Here are the settings of *The Poorhouse Fair, Rabbit, Run, The Centaur*, and many of the short stories. The youthful John Updike, as he presents himself here, is readily identified with boys we have met in his fiction.

Then there are the book reviews. Updike is not, and does not pretend to be, a great critic, but he is a consistently interesting literary journalist. He has reviewed a variety of books for *The New Yorker* and other magazines, and he appears to have approached each of them with the liveliest kind of curiosity. He can write an incisive note on a novel by Richard Hughes, or he can write a long and considered discussion of a theological treatise by Karl Barth. (He says in the foreword that "Barth's theology, at one point in my life, seemed alone to be supporting it.") He writes about Alan Sillitoe, J. D. Salinger, Muriel Spark, Vladimir Nabokov, and others, and he always has something to say.

The reviews are also interesting because they suggest some of Updike's values as a writer of fiction. Sillitoe's stories, he remarks, show "enviable assurance and abundance in the writer"—qualities that Updike surely possesses. He says that Sillitoe is "well-armed with intelligence, humor, and (my guess is) stamina." He describes Muriel Spark as "one of the few writers of the language on either side of the Atlantic with enough resources, daring, and stamina to be altering, as well as feeding, the fiction machine."

Updike's versatility is as obvious as his mastery of the language. But, some people ask, isn't he spreading himself too thin? Has he written anything that is worthy of his talents? Isn't it time he wrote a Great Book?

Updike himself has something to say on this general theme in his review of Salinger's *Franny and Zooey*: "When all reservations have been entered, in the correctly unctuous and apprehensive

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tone, about the direction he has taken, it remains to acknowledge that it *is* a direction and that the refusal to rest content, the willingness to risk excess on behalf of one's obsessions, is what distinguishes artists from entertainers, and what makes some artists adventurers on behalf of us all."

But, the opposition inquires, what risks has Updike taken, and is he driven by obsessions of any sort? So far as the use of language is concerned, he is extremely bold and extremely effective, but how often does one feel a sense of urgency in his fiction?

These are reasonable questions, but I should be sorry if Updike were to pay much attention to them. Certainly we want him to write a great book, but we don't want him to feel that he *must* do something great or be a failure. In a wise comment on James Agee, Updike says: "A fever of self-importance is upon American writing. Popular expectations of what literature should provide have risen so high that failure is the only possible success, and pained incapacity the only acceptable proof of sincerity." If, he goes on, Agee had justly estimated what he had done, instead of weeping over what he had wanted to do, he would not have taken so unhappy a view of his career. In the same way, it might be a good thing for critics to contemplate what Updike has accomplished in a decade—two excellent novels and many first-rate stories—and not to spend so much time worrying about the books he hasn't yet even attempted.

—Granville Hicks.

**FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1136**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1136 will be found in the next issue.*

NHBBQX LZKLOB ECLASZB

DLBESC HASC EFS BHIC

NCLXSAQTS.

LTHTOPHIB

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***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1135***

*Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.* —Henry David Thoreau.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

**Illustration from first edition of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, drawn by Baccio Baldini in Florence, 1483.**

# European Literary Scene

Ravenna.

HERE among the golden Byzantine basilicas and the imperial Gothic mausoleums of Ravenna, where the exiled Dante passed his last years, the recent eight-day celebration of Dante's 700th anniversary took place. Eighteen invited scholars from England, France, Germany, Italy, USA, and Switzerland participated in the pilgrimage from Florence, where St.-Jean Perse gave the initial address, through Verona to Ravenna. Following these great scholars, like Dante trailing after the great ancients in Limbo, it fell to me to give the concluding talk, in which I considered the meaning of Dante to us in 1965.

It was in the nineteenth century, the period of the Gothic revival and of the beginnings of modern philology, that Dante came into his own. He was not only popular, he was influential. Striking is this insistence of nineteenth-century writers on his modernity. He was made into a Romantic by the Romantics, and talks like one in Byron's *Prophecy of Dante*. When Lamartine was making his *Discours de réception* at the French Academy, he declared, *"Dante semble le poète de notre époque."* In his *Defense of Poetry* Shelley sensed that Dante was not only more modern than realized, but with time his influence would be even greater; he found many of Dante's words "pregnant with a lightning that has as yet found no conductor."

I fear that the twentieth century cannot embrace Dante in this way as a contemporary. Our thought and our literature are increasingly exposed to and conditioned by the four influences of Marx, Darwin, Einstein, and Freud, none of them Catholic and three of the race described by Dante as "that people, for whom the sea opened up."

Although Marx does not speak of Dante in his writings, we know from his biographers that he read Shakespeare, Dante, and Hegel "from his youth on" (Nicholson) and that he admired Dante as one of those "whose creations also mirrored their epoch" (Mehring). But no acceptance of Dante as a contemporary here. The Marxist view of society could hardly be more alien to that of Dante. However, I submit that his fellow-exile Dante did have an influence on Karl Marx, and perhaps a deeper one than hitherto suspected. Always at war with his society and engaged in violent polemics, Marx was buoyed up by a personal motto. He placed it in 1864 at the end of the preface to Volume I of his *Kapital*. This motto was none other than the Dantean *"Segui il tuo corso, e lascia dir la gente."* ("Pursue thy course, and let people talk.")

We find no mention of Dante in Darwin. Nor can we reconcile Darwin's evolutionary view of man's history with Dante's view of *Genesis*. Man did not evolve, but was made in God's static image, Dante reminds us in *De Monarchia: "Propter quid dictum est: Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram."* Dante attests his belief in the literal meanings of *Genesis* in the *Inferno*, the *Monarchia*, the *De vulgare eloquio*, and elsewhere. The encroachments of Darwinism in modern times can only occur at the expense of any Dantean influence.

Einstein, who paved the way for new sources of power, has shown that man can face more terrible spectacles than any pictured in Dante's hell. His biographers tell us that he read Dante, but he does not write of him. Even if Dante's imagination anticipated our century by placing a man on the moon (burdened by thorns rather than a survival kit),



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Dante and Einstein are incompatible. Dante, still dependent on what Einstein has called "organismic" science derived from Aristotle, becomes more and more remote as an influence, as physics, chemistry, and biology—in a new saltation—correspondingly accelerate Dante's withdrawal into the past.

Freudianism is also a force combatting the comtemporary influence of Dante. Dante's great contribution was classifying kinds and degrees of guilt more or less compatibly with Gratian's canon and Justinian's civil law. Freud questioned the very existence of guilt, explaining rather than reproving the *Schuldkomplex*. Since almost no author ever offered so much material for Freudian interpretation—the *Vita Nuova* with its Freudian dreams, the *Divine Comedy* with its colossal sublimation of a love for another's wife—it is curious that Freud almost never mentioned Dante. Other than a casual comparison (1898) of the Caves of St. Cangian with Dante's *Inferno*, other than a passing explanation (1919) of why Dante's shades are not scary, Freud's only reference to Dante as a psychologist was his statement that "the theme of unsatisfied revenge and inevitable punishment [was] represented by Dante as continuing through all eternity" (letter to Wilhelm Fliess, 20 August 1898). Freud's disinclination to exercise his craft on Dante was shared by his disciples. One momentary exception is a passage in Jung's classic book on the interpretation of dreams which accepts Dante's vision of the Celestial Rose as a variant of a standard dream during which a shooting star traces the outline of a flower in the vast firmament. It is just as well that Freudian probings of Dante have been held in abeyance. Yet the fact that this fruitful field of analysis has been neglected is perhaps earnest of the diminished influence of Dante on contemporary thought.

It is not possible then to share the nineteenth-century acceptance of Dante as a contemporary. We have relegated Dante to his own century. In the sexcentenary year 1921 Viscount Bryce heralded this new view. "He is so intensely interested in the problems of his own time that he makes alive and real to us, living six centuries away, things which the dust of oblivion would have otherwise long since covered. Hardly any poet whom all ages have valued was so much concerned with his own." This is no mean compliment! This is the importance of Dante which no fluctuations of taste or science can take away. It is in this role as the consummate voice of the Middle Ages that Dante transcends all ages and indeed nationalities. Whether or not Shakespeare is German, as the Germans claim, Dante now holds an international passport. *Civis mundi.* No

(*Continued on page 56*)

# We Two, the World, and the Whale

***Henry Miller: Letters to Anaïs Nin,*** *edited with an introduction by Gunther Stuhlman (Putnam. 356 pp. $7.50), illuminates much of Miller's life from 1931 through 1946. Warrington Winters, a free-lance critic, teaches a course on the contemporary novel at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn in New York.*

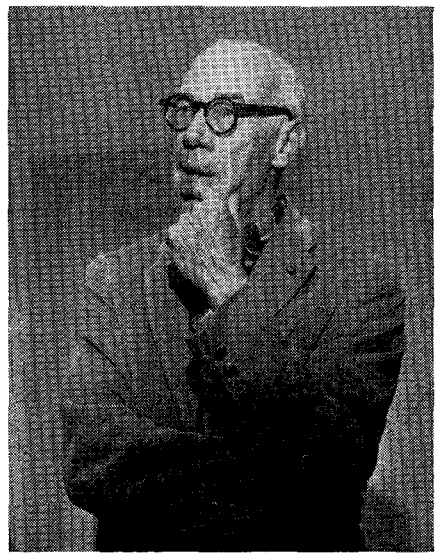
By WARRINGTON WINTERS

WE HAVE seen so far only a smattering of the enormous correspondence of Henry Miller: mainly the recent Durrell-Miller letters, and now this generous selection of his letters to Anaïs Nin.

Admirers of Henry Miller know his life pretty well: the horrors of his Brooklyn childhood; the night when his mother came at him with a bread-knife because he asked permission to marry a woman twice his age; his frantic labors for Western Union; his overwhelming infatuation for the sultry and glamorous bisexuality of June Edith ("Mona," "Mara") Smith (Daniels), whom he met in a Times Square taxi-dance and with whom he operated a village speak-easy in the latter Twenties; his flight to Paris at the age of forty; his "quiet" days there at Clichy with Alfred Perles in the early Thirties, and with Lawrence Durrell at Villa Seurat in the later Thirties; his close friendship with Anaïs Nin throughout that decade; his rediscovery of the "air-conditioned nightmare" of America during the war; the life at Big Sur; the triumphant return to Paris in 1953; and finally the American dream of a split-level cottage with private swimming pool in Los Angeles and a taped interview (September 1964) in *Playboy*, in which we leave him working on the last volume of his major opus, *The Rosy Crucifixion.*

We may know less, though, of the legendary Danish-Spanish-Cuban-French Anaïs Nin. Broken-hearted when her father—the eminent Spanish pianist and composer, Joaquín Nin—deserted her at the age of eleven, she soon dropped out of school to become an artist's model, a fashion model, a student of Otto Rank, a lay analyst in her own right, the author of a book on D. H. Lawrence and of many surrealistic, introspective, and commercially unsuccessful novels, two of which she dedicated to a psychoanalyst.

No wonder that it was Nin who finally



—*Camera Press (Pix).*

**Henry Miller—"the way of Zen."**

brought Miller to Otto Rank. "Haven't written Rank yet," he says on January 17, 1933. "Would you believe it, I can't seem to frame a letter that would not sound foolish or else too important. I'm thinking, too, of the expense." But on March 5 he reports, "I have an appointment with Rank. . . . I am going . . . in full panoply, with questions and with indictments."

The session occurred at 5:30 on Monday, March 6, 1933. The next day Miller hysterically details the interview in an enormous letter bulging with frantic assertions that what he got in that hour he really got from himself, or from Nietzsche, or from Nin, or from anyone but Rank. And yet he says that during that "nightmare" hour there was "a tremendous and fathomless exultation going on in the depths of me. . . . I had a most intense appreciation of the powers of an analyst . . . what had been achieved was no less than a brilliant, an artistic cure. I mean, that by dint of my own long preparation, my receptivity, my thirst, I was able, through the swift contact with the very core of the man, to emerge 'cured'—cured as one can possibly be."

Anaïs Nin knew, of course, that no one is ever "cured" in a single session. Apparently she pressed him to continue the treatment. "You ask about Rank," he writes in July of the same year. "I have been thinking of him lately. I believe I shall get up courage to see him." Certainly some remarkable self-perceptions were coming up from deep down in the



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Miller psyche. For in the same letter we find this startling passage: "One day I saw a whore sitting in this café . . . suddenly it occurred to me how this woman resembled three women—a composite. And who were they, do you think? June, my first wife, and my mother. A hell of a lot of my mother in her. While I got to thinking about my first wife and about June, I was amazed to discover how much there was of my mother in them also."

But the treatment was apparently over forever. "Don't talk to me about neurosis," he writes in September of 1938. "I want to be more and more neurotic." And in the *Playboy* interview mentioned above we find him describing analysts as "deadly dull and single-tracked. . . . We don't need priests and we don't need analysts; we don't need mental crutches of any sort."

From the letters, then, we perceive a major difference between these twins of surrealism: Anaïs Nin took the way of Freud and Rank, whereas Miller, ultimately, took the way of Zen.

"Nothing is ever finished," says Anaïs Nin in *Collages* (1964). She might well say the same of her famous unpublished diary. Begun in her early teens, it is now dozens of volumes long. Miller himself once described it (see "Un Etre Etoilique," 1936) as "a silent communion with the father who had deserted her, a gift of love which she hopes will reunite them." The diary, he says, becomes gradually a confession of her inability to make herself worthy of this lost father. Was Miller—twelve years her senior—a substitute for her lost father? And what was she to him?

THE letters show, in any case, that these two are almost one, masculine and feminine sides of the same coin. Watch how Miller apes her in the Thirties: putting up wall charts like hers to program his work, imitating her *House of Incest* in his own *Scenario*, following her with his own enormous and unpublished study of D. H. Lawrence. Apparently he even submitted to her, for awhile, as patient to analyst. Notice the childlike confession of his dreams. "Having some strange homosexual dreams," he writes on January 17, 1933. "Women with *leeks* growing out of their organs. Is that bad?"

And so, both profoundly wounded in childhood, they cross the bridge, hand in hand, from Dada to Existentialism, with scarcely a glance at the outer world. Not a word will you find here, for example, concerning the Spanish Civil War. They are both inside the whale. Miller sees this himself (February 21, 1939):

> While one sits in the body of the whale recording the changing temperature, mapping and charting the inner dynamism, the great whale itself is plowing through the deep. We must drop the pen, the pencil, the brush and become the whale itself. The real experience lies yonder, in the deep waters through which the whale is swimming. You think you are nourishing the world—but you are only nourishing the whale.

Their life work is a mutual diary. Who said this of whom?

> There are passages which seem to defy all explanation, which hover on the borders of hallucination, madness, utter chaos. There are some so cruel and revolting as to seem unhuman: they are no longer thoughts or feelings but the raw essence of pain and malice. The whole thing is like a bloody emission, the orgasm of a monster, cluttered with snakes and jewels and bile and arsenic.

Well, that is Henry Miller describing the diary of Anaïs Nin, though it might have been the reverse.

# The Joy That Nothing Can Destroy

***The Reawakening**, by Primo Levi, translated from the Italian by Stuart Woolf (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 222 pp. $4.75), describes a liberated Auschwitz prisoner's long march home through Eastern Europe. Sergio Pacifici is completing a study of the modern Italian novel.*

By SERGIO PACIFICI

IT IS not generally known that there exists in Italy a small but gifted and sophisticated nucleus of Jewish intellectuals—critics and writers—whose work has brought an extra measure of quality and significance to their literary tradition. The group includes such internationally renowned figures as Italo Svevo, Umberto Saba, Alberto Moravia, Carlo Levi, Giacomo Debenedetti, Natalia Ginzburg, Giorgio Bassani, and Primo Levi. Hazardous as it may no doubt be to pinpoint accurately the nature of the "Jewishness" of their writing, it may be safely asserted that its distinguishing quality is an unusually sensitive and penetrating interest in socio-moral and psychological problems of modern society.

Signor Primo Levi, a chemist in his mid-forties, is an "occasional writer" *par excellence*, a man who writes not under the pressure of need or of contractual commitments, but when the inspiration truly moves him. For him this means to publish only when he is confident that the time has come to make "public" a private vision, and share with his readers his anguish and his dreams, his disillusionment and his hope, his fears and his courage.

His first book, an extremely moving account of the time he spent at Auschwitz, was published here some years ago with the title *If This Is a Man*. *The Reawakening* is Levi's second book, and takes up where the earlier work had left off, with the story of his return home. Levi's American publisher has chosen a title substantially more optimistic than that of the Italian original, "The Truce," and perhaps with some justification. The work, in fact, is more than a personal document, an intimate and accurate diary of how the author reached his home in Turin after his liberation by the Russians. It is a plea for self-restraint and generosity in human relations that may well be heeded in our own critical times.

With Levi, we begin an excruciatingly long march home—by truck, train, and cattle car—that begins shortly after his liberation on January 27, 1945, and ends on October 19 of the same year. Before reaching his final destination, however, the author is to stay briefly in countless towns in Poland, Russia (going as far north as Starye Dorogi, near Minsk), Rumania (as far south as Ploesti, near Bucharest), Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Germany, and his native Italy.

A vast gallery of people crowd the pages of *The Reawakening*: displaced men and women, children whose parents have been brutally slaughtered by the Germans, former prisoners of war or of the concentration camps—all equally anxious to forget the hell of their past experience, eager to return home and to a more normal existence after the chaos of the war. There is Hurbinek, "a nobody, a child of death, a child of Auschwitz," who "looked about three years old . . . could not speak and . . . had no name," doomed to die, after a wretched existence in the concentration camp, consoled only by the companionship of his friend Henek-König; there is Mordo Nahum, affectionately called "my Greek," whose bargaining skill and ability to live by his own rules inject a note of humorous relief in what is otherwise a somber book; there is Cesare, a first-class mimic, clever charlatan, whose "enterprises . . . constituted a unique experience, a live and fortifying spectacle, which reconciled [Levi] to the world and once more



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lit in [him] that joy of living which Auschwitz had extinguished"; there is the Moor from Verona, a "great gnarled old man with huge bones like a dinosaur," whose senseless anger against God and mankind alike the reader will not soon forget.

Out of the 650 people taken with him as prisoners by the Nazis, three managed to return to Italy. "How much," writes Levi in the concluding pages of his book, "had we lost in those twenty months? What should we find at home? How much of ourselves had been eroded, extinguished? Were we returning richer or poorer, stronger or emptier? The months just past, although hard, of wandering on the margins of civilization, now seemed to us like a truce, a parenthesis of unlimited availability, a providential but unrepeatable gift of fate."

Levi's lucid and wise reflections on the nature of man deserve more than a mere hearing. *The Reawakening* must take its honored place next to Carlo Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli*, André Schwartz-Bart's *The Last of the Just*, and *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

# A Talent to Offend

***Lincoln's Scapegoat General: A Life of Benjamin F. Butler, 1818-1893,*** *by Richard S. West, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin. 422 pp. $7.50), comes to the defense of the Civil War's most unpopular figure in both North and South. William B. Catton is co-author with his father, Bruce Catton, of "Two Roads to Sumter."*

By WILLIAM B. CATTON

IN ANY retrospective vote for the Civil War's most unpopular figure, Ben Butler would probably win hands down. Competitors would falter, surpassed by the sheer breadth of Butler's lack of appeal or hampered by some errant saving grace of their own. Combining a flair for notoriety with a positive genius for taking the stand or phrasing the utterance that would mortally offend some element of respectable society, Butler naturally acquired an enduringly bad reputation. The press found him an irresistible target. As Murat Halstead remarked: "If there comes a time when there is an absolute dearth of news, when you can't think of anything to make an interesting letter, there is always one thing you can do, and that is to pitch into Ben Butler."

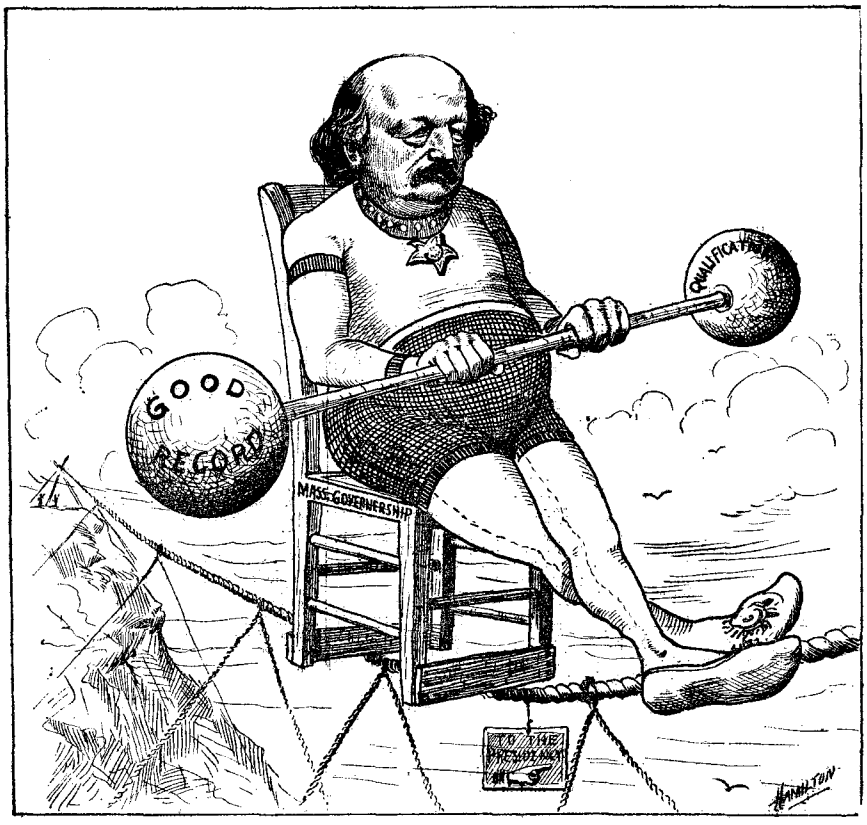
Hence he remains "the Beast of New Orleans," author of General Order 28 with its unforgettable pairing of Southern ladies and women of the town. He is also remembered as thief, tyrant, military bungler, corrupt politician, and unjust prosecutor at Andrew Johnson's impeachment trial. Physiognomy consorted with all of this, presenting a corpulent, faintly reptilian figure, cross-eyed, sneering, and malevolent—almost a caricature, too grotesque and ineffectual to inspire the grudging admiration that even his enemies accorded Thaddeus Stevens.

This image is tenacious. However, in an able, well-written study, Richard West comes boldly to the defense, seeking to clarify the record, separate fact from myth, and disprove certain standard charges. He makes an excellent case for the fairness, efficiency, and success of the administration of New Orleans in 1862. Though not quite the inept field commander of legend, Butler fails under this re-examination to emerge as a talented combat general. Mr. West also repudiates the prevailing image, and finds not corruption or grasping ambition but genuine idealism to be the consistent strand in Butler's career, which extended to 1890 and included major roles in Reconstruction and reform. In these pages Butler fights the underdog's battle unceasingly—against tight credit, monopoly, long hours, discrimination, and other political and economic injustice. Contumely never dented his sense of humor, thick skin, or loyal following.

The author's case is interesting but not conclusive. Treatment of Butler's postwar career requires more detail, deeper analysis, and a broader range of evidence.

Harsh foe, ambitious politician, and sharp operator Butler undoubtedly was. Yet one must search elsewhere for the root of his unpopularity. Until recently advocates of Negro rights and Radical Reconstruction have fared badly in historical treatment. Southern ire was cast into a mold of granite unforgiveness that has generally been proof against the claims of logic, justice, or time. Since the price of reunion in the generation after Appomattox was almost total Northern acquiescence in the Southern view of race and Reconstruction, arch-Radicals like Butler soon became the epoch's only unqualified villains.

This view no longer predominates, and even Butler appears ready for re-evaluation. Perhaps we are outgrowing the need for villains; if not, we know better places to look. Not long ago, before a national television audience, several flowers of New Orleans womanhood resisted integration with a matchless display of their storied gentility. General Order 28 suddenly made perfect sense.




—*N. Y. Daily Graphic, Nov. 2, 1882 (Bettmann Archive).*

*Only Resting.*



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# Glass Houses and Green Rooms

**Attention residents** of Westchester, Manhattan, and Long Island! Watch the skies on May 29 (time uncertain) if the weather is bright and clear. If not, try again on May 30 or 31st, and you will see emblazoned in mid-air the words "House of Glass." Is it an advertisement for a new window cleaner? A supermarket? No, it is the title of a big-business novel by J. Harvey Howells to be published on May 28 by Appleton-Century. Much as the publishers would like their message to run "Read 'House of Glass,'" they can't have it. It seems there are just so many letters you can stick in the air at one time before the whole thing blows away. It's a shame this stunt couldn't have been used for *Somebody Up There Likes Me*. That really would have been impressive.

**As a long-time collector** of rejection slips—an occupational hazard, not a hobby—I am grateful to Morris Philipson, an editor with Random House, for telling me about one he received concerning his satirical novel, *Bourgeois Anonymous*, just published by Vanguard. (Incidentally, it is common practice *not* to be published by the house for whom you work.) "The most flattering rejection came from Simon & Schuster. One of their top editors wrote me a letter—I can quote verbatim—beginning: 'I feel about this novel the way I do about the plays of George Bernard Shaw. I like the ideas and I like the writing but I don't like the plays. . . .'"

It seems safe to assume that GBS would have a tough time getting Simon & Schuster to publish him. I expect to find that thought very comforting this winter as I try to warm myself in front of my burning rejection slips.

**Early last month,** I bussed out to Roosevelt, New Jersey, to visit Ben Shahn. I carried two brown-paper parcels, each the size of an attaché case. The parcels, insured for $40,000, contained eleven of the artist's fourteen color plates that were reproduced in the *Haggadah* (the story of the Exodus from Egypt as it is traditionally read during Passover seders) published by Little, Brown. Mr. Shahn planned to reframe them for an exhibition. The eleven originals which I carried are the property of the Jewish Museum in New York City. The artist had created them thirty years ago and had sold them for $300. When they were donated to the Museum, they were listed as by "anonymous" since none of them was signed. To borrow his own work for the current *Haggadah*, Mr. Shahn had to sign affidavits to prove he had created the plates.

Possibly it is the combination of a white mustache and a rugged frame that suggests Alexander King surrounded by Ernest Hemingway. There is the feeling about Ben Shahn of a man at ease with himself and therefore at ease with whomever he is speaking. Not that he holds open house for callers. "I used to meet sightseers with a brush between my teeth. The mumbling ended the conversation pretty quickly. I'd only take the brush out if I wanted to get involved. That's why I like it out here. It isn't an artist's colony. I avoid artists. I don't like to talk shop."

I met him in a room flowing with greenery beneath a slanted ceiling of exposed beams. One wall was given over to a stone fireplace, which divided bookcases with backlighted shelves containing pieces of sculpture collected from all over the world. The $40,000 packages were left unopened on the floor near the stairs leading down to the rest of the house. After a preliminary drink, we moved to "the shop out back," a one-room building which is the artist's studio. "I read here, I sleep here. I stay until someone calls me. I'm disciplined to the point that I come out here every morning."

The first impression was of rich clutter. There was a large white mask on a door, a beautiful face framed in a rhythmic flow of hair and beard. Shahn created it for the God character in Archibald MacLeish's play *J.B.* but it was never used. An easel supported a huge full-colored sketch for a stained-glass window commissioned by a Buffalo synagogue. Beside it was a black-and-white painting of Martin Luther King, a recent cover assignment from *Time* magazine. ("I worked on that until five in the morning. I liked the way it was going so I couldn't sleep.") Nearby, a Shahn poster for the Spoleto festival; in the center of the room the unfinished original for a poster commemorating the victims of the civil rights movement; beside it a small book consisting of a passage from Rilke, illustrated and unshown to a publisher as yet. From some unseen closet a frenzied radio announcer was in fever pitch over an exhibition ball game.

The look of clutter is a false one. Time and again as the artist mentioned a piece of work he would refer to a notebook. "D-4," he would say, then go to the D-4 drawer and pull out the picture he was talking about.

He pointed to a framed plate from the *Haggadah* which hung at the back of the studio. I'm not sure to this day if I was looking at a print or an original. "The reproduction process used in the book is called Pochoir. Endless stencils one on top of the other. The result is incredible. Dangerous. You can examine the result with the most powerful glass and it could pass for the original."

I asked about his involvement with the publishing world. Was he concentrating on book illustration? (Aside from the *Haggadah*, other current Shahn appearances include the jacket drawing for *The Book of Paradise*, by Itzik Manger, published by Hill & Wang, and illustrations for a two-volume, boxed *Collected Stories of Sholom Aleichem* published by Crown.) "Books are a hobby with me. I'm a scavenger. When I come across something I like I want to celebrate it. I don't think of publishing what I do. In fact, I recently had a publisher tell me not to publish any more. There's too much around now.

"Some things I publish to clear my conscience. Such as Christmas books. Have you seen *A Partridge in a Pear Tree*? I do those because of letters I haven't answered.

"In 1933 a group of well-heeled people—yes, there were some then—got together to publish. They did things like the Communist Manifesto in an edition of 400 copies. Then E. E. Cummings did a satirical ballet called *Tom*. I had done an Uncle Tom ballet, too, but they took his. His was literature. They asked me to illustrate his. I got $35. That was all the money that was left. Only recently I was browsing around a shop in Philadelphia, and I found a copy of *Tom*. It cost me $35 to get it. I guess I broke even on the deal.

"I've had stuff of mine show up all over the place without my knowing it. I've seen sets at La Scala that used my drawings without my permission or knowledge. I've become a litigant for the first time. In Italy I was shown a deluxe book of Martin Buber's *Hassidic Tales*. It contained thirty or forty of my illustrations, all used without permission. I sued for two reasons: one, they added color to my pictures; and, two, I'm not a fan of Buber's. In Italy the sin is the addition of color to the work, not the using of it without permission." He was standing by the $40,000 packages of work he had sold for $300. He smiled. "I believe it was Degas who was once faced with a similar situation. He said that he felt like a race horse when the owner is presented with a silver cup."

—HASKEL FRANKEL.



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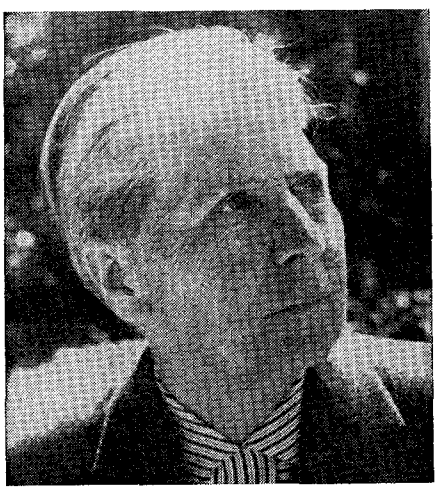
# Where a Man Can Be What He Likes



**Bryher—"makes us care desperately."**

***Visa for Avalon,*** *by Bryher (Harcourt, Brace & World. 119 pp. $3.50), suspensefully follows the fate of two middle-aged people trying to emigrate from an England about to be conquered by its own barbarians. Victor Chapin is the author of "The Lotus Seat" and other novels.*

By VICTOR CHAPIN

THIS new novel by Bryher comes as a surprise, and a delightful one. Six of her previous novels have been unique evocations of history. This one deals with the present and evokes the future. Bryher calls it fantasy, and one can only hope that the situation she foresees will never be anything more than that.

England is about to be conquered, not by a foreign power, but by its own barbarians. Bryher's story is not directly concerned with this revolution, which is made to appear all the more frightening because we never know any more about it than the fact that "the movement" is taking over, but with the fate of two ordinary middle-aged people who try to escape from it. To them the revolution has reality only when the man from the government comes to tell Mrs. Blunt that she is to be usurped by eminent domain. They are to take her little cottage in a village by the sea where she has lived for forty years.

To Mrs. Blunt and Robinson, her boarder, this is the insupportable violation of their identities. They decide, all at once, to emigrate. An old sailor once had told Mrs. Blunt: "A man can be what he likes in Avalon, he can breathe there." So, it is to Avalon that they would go. The novel's suspense hinges on whether or not they will be allowed to go and then whether or not they will get there. Bryher makes us care desperately about whether or not they do. Indeed, she makes us feel that their fate is ours.

Only the finest writers can achieve so much while appearing to do so little. Bryher employs no big effects. Her suspense is built and made poignant by small details, by the homely touch in extraordinary moments. Bryher's affinity for the natural world is familiar from her other novels, as is her affinity for the natural man. To wrong the one is to wrong the other. This, perhaps, is her persistent theme. She creates character by the simplest (which is to say the best) means. All her important characters in *Visa for Avalon* are people of unconscious but strong integrity who do what they do because they must. In Mrs. Blunt she has created a universal character through whom we recognize the extraordinary importance of the ordinary person. We see the commonplace surface and, beneath it, the decency, courage, and secret poetry that, while it is seldom if ever acknowledged, exists, thank God, in all the Mrs. Blunts who live throughout the world.

Bryher, unlike many modern novelists, does not insist on her larger implications. But they are there, frightening and heartening, too, implicit in her story and her characters. Bryher makes her meaning clear by making her people clear. We understand them and what they are doing and, in the end, we love them and what they do.

*Visa for Avalon* will please and satisfy all those who already are Bryher's devoted readers and, because of its excitement, perfect style, and meaning for our time, attract many more.

# A Waste of Dreams

***The Family Moskat,*** *by Isaac Bashevis Singer, translated from the Yiddish by A. H. Gross (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 611 pp. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $2.25), the first and the most uncharacteristic of the novelist's works to appear in English, chronicles a Polish-Jewish dynasty from the early 1900s to the beginning of World War II. Henry Popkin, who is a drama critic for Vogue, reviews fiction for a number of publications.*

By HENRY POPKIN

FOLLOWING the rapid rise of Isaac Bashevis Singer's critical standing, his present publisher has reissued his first novel, which won only moderate interest when another firm released it in 1950. This is a wise move, since Singer's considerable following should be drawn to *The Family Moskat* for a variety of reasons: it is not only the first of Singer's novels to appear in English, but also the longest and the one least like the others.

What Singer does in this book is to sketch in great detail the history of a Polish-Jewish family from the early years of this century to the beginning of World War II. *The Family Moskat* is crowded with incidents, conversations, and descriptions; it is notably free of introspection—only one character is particularly introspective—and entirely free of fantasy. Later works by Singer are likely to have some element of "romance," in the sense in which Nathaniel Hawthorne and Henry James used the word; that is, they may be constructed upon a fantasy, like the title story of *Short Friday,* or they may be set in the past, like *Satan in Goray* and *The Slave. The Family Moskat,* on the other hand, is immediate, realistic, and circumstantial. The recent historical reality that it examines is so distressing as to help explain Singer's subsequent preference for some alternative to it.

As the novel begins, Meshulam Moskat is an elderly patriarch who has apparently established a Jewish dynasty in Warsaw: his four sons and his three sons-in-law will obviously be more than enough to maintain his empire after his death. But they are inadequate. The estate is handled first by Moskat's bailiff and then by the husband of one of Moskat's granddaughters, a canny young man who leaves the family by divorce. The Moskats are ruined.

While the collapse of the Moskat empire forms the larger, enclosing action, our more intimate attention goes to other disappointments—in particular, to the unhappy lives of old Moskat's grand-

(*Continued on page* 53)



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## MUSIC TO MY EARS

### A Dream of a *Dream*—New Ives, Henze

AS A translation into movement of certain celebrated happenings "in a wood near Athens," Sir Frederick Ashton's *The Dream* for the Royal Ballet is a model of how such a thing should be done. Compact in its story-telling but unhurried in its assemblage of incident, it pours an adroit mixture of imagination and wit into the suitable mold of a Mendelssohn-motivated single act. Like every good dream, it is uninterrupted from curtain rise to curtain fall, and when it is over it leaves something of a similar sensation—has this really been a performance by the Royal Ballet on the stage of the Metropolitan, or has one merely imagined it?

Clearly, Ashton was more attracted to the fairy court of Oberon and Titania and the "romance" with Bottom than he was to the mishaps of the mortal couples—which is his privilege. What is our pleasure is the animation and resourcefulness with which he invested his action, culminating, as it should, in a regal *pas de deux* for Oberon and Titania when their love has been reaffirmed. Danced—one almost said "sung," it is that lyrical—to the poetry-drenched measures of Mendelssohn's Nocturne, its line curves in and around the musical sound almost as a visual counterpoint. Best of all, its arched progression of steps and lifts, leaps and carries, surges to a superb thrust of Titania's body, borne on the shoulders of Oberon, at the exact instant the music crests.

If this is the summation of the poetry in the action, it has its equal but opposite counterpart in the wildly funny antic being he has made of Bottom-with-ass's-head. Ashton has had the happy thought of converting the clogs and capers of the rustic (as himself) into a sharp-striding animal whose hooves are toe shoes. How many other dancers can do this as well as Alexander Grant may pose a dilemma of its own, but he does it to perfection, as though he had never danced any other way or been born to be anything but ridiculous and lovable. Without the head, he is a Stan Laurel-ish clod doing clog steps, but always, he is a fountain of fun and a credit to his creator.

Mediating between these two extremes are a series of ensembles and solos, which skim lightly over the substance of the story without dwelling too much on any single aspect of it. (There is, indeed, only a brief reference to the Wedding March, as if Ashton had deliberately passed it by.) Some of the best of it, involving David Drew and Derek Rencher (Demetrius and Lysander) and Carole Needham and Vergie Derman (Helena and Hermia), is reminiscent of Ashton's own flavorsome performance with Robert Helpmann as the Ugly Sisters in *Cinderella*. Their haulings and tuggings, swift defiances and tart rejoinders may seem mere intellectual slapstick, but it is all related to the musical circumstances in a masterful way. And the performance of it demands as much if not more technical discipline than the fey antics of Puck (Keith Martin) that captured the fancy of the first viewers.

If the preceding sequence of names involves few that are instantly identifiable as "Royal Ballet," this is merely a suggestion of the extent to which Ashton has exploited the younger talents of the company. Anthony Dowell (the excellent Benvolio of *Romeo*) bears the princely burden of Oberon as though he had been born at Windsor and gone immediately into ballet school, and Antoinette Sibley has a role tailored to her foot-sure measure as Titania. Henry Bardon's set is not only woody and vernal; it also serves well the theatrical requirements of the entrances and exits, elevations and levels which play such a part in Ashton's thinking. Credit him, too, with a musician's understanding of Mendelssohn's mercurial music, which was carried out with admirable devotion by his lieutenant with the baton, John Lanchberry. This is, in short, the kind of a *Dream* that can be remembered only with pleasure and no regret, Freud to the contrary.

There was also other Ashton reintroduced during the week—the unforgettable *Les Patineurs*, with Brian Shaw in his most famous role, and his eminently forgettable *Marguerite and Armand*, with what might be called Fonteynureyev. Almost as cheerful an experience as *The Dream* was the Nijinska-staged revival of her own *Les Biches*. This carries its forty years with the artistic breeding with which it was born, to music of Francis Poulenc and a décor by Marie Laurencin.

*Les Biches* has the colloquial implication of *cocottes*, but its alternate title, *The House Party*, suits the subject matter as well, especially if it is assumed that this is the kind of house that is not exactly a home. There is a thin thread of plot about three muscular males, and several times three designing females, including a hostess. However, what is enduring is not the provocation but its consequences—a series of gravely diverting solos and ensembles, in which Nijinska pointed a finger of polite scorn at some flapperish modes of the Twenties—*pour le sport*, as Iris March of Michael Arlen fame might say—and Poulenc thumbed his high-born nose (tongue in cheek, of course) at some French musical antecedents. One of the most amusing, if I heard it right, came in a suave item titled *Jeu*, in which Georgiana Parkinson, David Blair, Keith Rosson, and Robert Mead performed amusingly to a mocking takeoff of César Franck. Also high in style as well as humor was Svetlana Beriosova (the hostess part) in her "Rag Mazurka." The first performance had its unintentionally ragged aspects, especially among the male trio, whose bounds and leaps were unaccountably uncoordinated, but *Les Biches* is very clearly a special kind of period piece—that is to say, a piece of a period richer than this one in fraternity among the sister arts.

LEOPOLD Stokowski's performance with the American Symphony Orchestra of Charles Ives's Fourth Symphony, its first even though it was completed in 1916, suggested that it may very well be the composer's most representative orchestral work. In three instances, it is a conversion into orchestral terms of movements conceived in other contexts, which means that a degree of selectivity has been exercised in bringing them together; and it has a consistency of substance as well as a profundity of mood that are rarely to be found with such concentration elsewhere in his orchestral works.

Why there should have been so long a lag between creation and public performance relates, in this instance, to more than wariness of content or lack of enterprise. An enormous amount of editorial work had to be done to bring together the ill-organized manuscript, which, in some portions, had to be divined from not quite decipherable notation. Finally, the cost of extracting parts from the mammoth score (there is a separate percussion section, and another subordinate instrumental group, each taking their cues from assistants to Stokowski) required sizable financial aids, provided by the Rockefeller Foundation.

It is unlikely that this or any other foundation will spend the required sum ($8,000, with the necessary extra rehearsals) to better advantage soon. From one point of view, the procedural pattern of double aural image, contrasting counterpoints carried forward with slight concern for consonant discipline, and liberal quotation from every kind of musical experience is standard Ives. But it all flows

*(Continued on page 63)*



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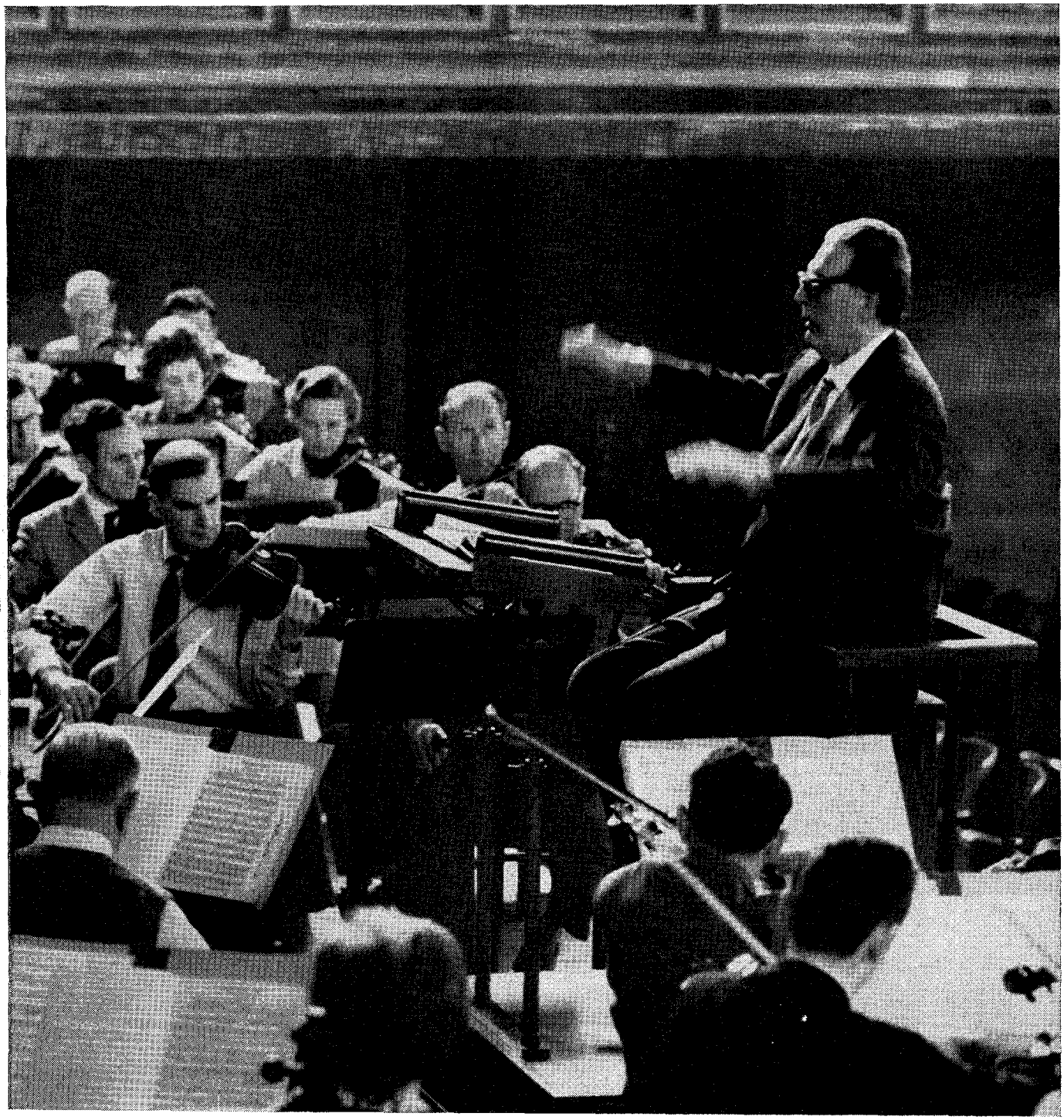

## *"The foremost conductor of the classics now alive"*

***(London Daily Express)***

Otto Klemperer will celebrate his eightieth birthday on May 14 with barely a pause.

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## A Touch of Style

I MISSED reading Roy Chanslor's novel *The Ballad of Cat Ballou* but I salute the wisdom of producer Harold Hecht in getting hold of it and turning it into an often outrageously funny motion picture called *Cat Ballou*. I'm not sure how to categorize the film, because it's neither a Western nor a straight-out satire on Westerns, and while it spoofs the mawkish folk-singing craze that has turned the manufacture of guitars into a major industry, it isn't entirely a spoof either. It is, perhaps, reminiscent of John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*—but transplanted with interesting variations to Wolf City, Wyoming, in the year 1894, where we first meet Stubby Kaye and the late, lamented Nat "King" Cole singing a lugubrious ballad about the adventures of a young schoolmistress turned outlaw because a killer with a silver plate instead of a nose has dispatched her rancher father. Make any sense? Maybe it's not supposed to.

The young lady, Cat Ballou, is played by Jane Fonda, who, unfortunately, seems bereft of the sparkle and style needed to turn the film into an unqualified success. She keeps bringing it down to mundane earth just as it appears to be ready to take off into realms of hilarity. But if Miss Fonda is somewhat of a handicap to director Elliot Silverstein's efforts to turn *Cat Ballou* into a spirited exercise in stylish, imaginative farce, there are others who serve him very well indeed—particularly Lee Marvin. This fine actor plays not one but two killers. He is first seen as the no-nosed killer, and then enters the proceedings as Kid Shelleen, an alcoholic gunfighter imported by Cat Ballou to cope with the no-nosed menace.

No sooner is Kid Shelleen deposited—dumped, rather—from a stagecoach in Wolf City, dead drunk, than things pick up beautifully. Taken out to the ranch to demonstrate his six-shooting prowess, he blearily sprays shots in all directions, endangering everyone in the vicinity. But a pint of whisky props him up and his marksmanship becomes utterly uncanny. No use describing the vagaries of the plot. But incidents include a daring, if not insane, train robbery, a visit to Hole in the Wall, a retreat for outlaws, and eventually a meeting between Kid Shelleen and the no-nosed killer, staged so well by Mr. Silverstein that it takes a reading of the credits to realize that Mr. Marvin is having it out with himself. A quite marvelous high point, by the way, is his dressing up for the encounter—a ceremonial that may well laugh into extinction the whole mystique of movie and television Westerns.

Very good, too, and refreshing, are Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman, and Tom Nardini, as members of the crazy little outlaw band. But, for the most part, it is Lee Marvin's picture, for, when he's around, he carries it into brilliance. *Cat Ballou* is a distinct surprise, not always on target with its humor, but tongue-in-cheek enough and inventive enough to make it one of Hollywood's most original movies.

*The Fool Killer*, independently produced by Ely Landau from the Helen Eustis novel, lacks the sense of style that permeates *Cat Ballou*, although its vein is altogether different. This film strives for a gathering, ominous sense of horror as it relates the adventures of a young boy (Edward Albert) in flight from the home of his foster parents. In his journeyings he hears weird tales of a fool-killer who emerges from nowhere to wreak vengeance on young and old fools alike with an ax. The boy encounters and is drawn to a solitary young veteran of the war (Anthony Perkins) who has been shocked into homicidal mania. But the mixture of the Gothic and the folk tale doesn't blend well as directed by the Mexican Servando Gonzalez, who mingles placid scenes of the countryside and small, peaceful villages with stark violence. Somehow the story becomes too pallid and too artificial, and at times sentimental. And the actors, for the most part, give stock performances, thus vitiating what might have been exciting material.

A French film called *Backfire* reunites Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo, the stars of the much-praised and overpraised *Breathless*. This time around they are in a more conventional story of suspense and intrigue, one that involves a bit of borrowing from Ian Fleming's *Goldfinger*: namely, plating an automobile with gold instead of the usual sheet metal. When Belmondo is asked to transport the car across a border as a gold-smuggling operation, he decides to make off with it instead—a great mistake, as it eventually turns out. What is noteworthy about the film is the tacit assumption that the "hero" is an admirable fellow, and that two normal nice people such as Mr. Belmondo and Miss Seberg would engage in their illegal activities as an acceptable way of life. And although both stars play their roles engagingly, I must admit to being bothered by the underlying and unacknowledged psychopathology of the characters. The director, Jean Becker, was presumably trying to be stylish.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

### SCRAMBLED SONNETS

"Confusion now hath made her masterpiece!" Henry Herrick of San Diego, California, has taken lines from Shakespeare's sonnets, split each line into two parts, and shifted the fragments to produce these new gems of wisdom (?). The problem is to restore Shakespeare by matching each left-hand segment with its original right-hand partner. Restorations are achieved on page 54.

1. The summer's flower / doth lose his edge, (A)
2. Not wondering at / a rainy morrow, (B)
3. Pointing to each his / flourish set on youth. (C)
4. Time doth transfix the / beauty's summer dead. (D)
5. They that level at my abuses / can jump both sea and land. (E)
6. Slander's mark / hath his adjunct pleasure. (F)
7. The hardest knife ill-used / is to the summer sweet. (G)
8. Lilies that fester / lose their dear delight. (H)
9. Sweetest things / reckon up their own. (I)
10. Every humour / shall together thrive. (J)
11. Sweets grown common / smell far worse than weeds. (K)
12. Nimble thought / sometime declines. (L)
13. Ere you were born was / thunder, rain, and wind. (M)
14. Give not a windy night / the present nor the past. (N)
15. Truth and beauty / turn sourest by their deeds. (O)
16. Every fair from fair / was ever yet the fair. (P)



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## What's in a Handshake?

A RECENT *Open End* discussion program, "Showdown in Alabama —Opposite Points of View," had just concluded. David Susskind, the moderator, had signed off, the credits were rolling, and the six guests had risen from their chairs. Two of the guests walked forward on the set and stopped near the camera. Hosea Williams, Southern Christian Leadership Council official, smiled and extended his right hand to Wilson Baker, Director of Public Safety of Selma, Alabama, who accepted the handshake. The two men chatted amiably, unheard by viewers. The action was surprising and significant. Mr. Williams directs the SCLC's Negro voter registration drive in the South. During the two-hour conversation, he had characterized the man with whom he was chatting as a "menace" and a "cunning schemer" who deprived Negroes of their civil rights. Mr. Williams had also lectured Joe T. Smitherman, Mayor of Selma, another *Open End* guest, on the deliberate effrontery of the latter's pronunciation of the word "Negro" to make it sound, "Nigra." He had heatedly predicted future civil rights demonstrations throughout the U.S. "to find the core of segregation and tear it out of American life." The two Selma officials, for their part, had ridiculed many of the Negro leader's accusations about injustices in voting and education; they had referred to him as "emotional" and one of them had asserted, "Nothing we do pleases you."

The verbal exchanges had been sharp and uninhibited. Mrs. Amelia Potts Boynton, leader of the Dallas County Voters' League in Alabama, another guest on the program, had sat next to Mr. Williams. On several occasions, she had gently placed her hand on his with a motherly touch of restraint. Arthur A. Cappell, managing editor of the Selma *Times-Journal*, who had joined in the defense of his city's officials, had predicted future civil rights violence in Northern cities and had warned that "Selma could be the start of a world problem." And the Reverend Rodney Shaw, a white minister from Maryland had been caustically told by Smitherman that ministers fighting for civil rights ought "to get back to preaching the gospel and saving souls." There had seemed to be no meeting ground between the clashing views of the two groups.

Yet there before the camera, at the conclusion of the program, were two of the strongest antagonists carrying on a cordial, relaxed conversation. Again, as so often happens in off-stage postludes to conversation programs, viewers would have enjoyed the privilege of a candid microphone. Hosea Williams had given some hints during the program, in spite of his forceful rhetoric, of a kindlier attitude to Wilson Baker; he had admitted that Selma's Director of Public Safety had done a good job during the demonstrations. Williams had even commended Smitherman—"a segregationist, but a young man, and better than a lot of Southern mayors." Mr. Baker had called Mr. Williams by his first name, "Hosea," several times. That friendly dialogue between the two men, after the show—was it the posture of professional adversaries who fight hard in public contest but bear each other no malice personally? Was it a studied gesture on the part of each man, supporting "the image" of his cause? Or did it truly reflect some genuine condition of rapprochement? Whatever the motivation behind it, the handshake was a welcome sign of improvement in the relations between black men and white on opposite sides of the civil rights dispute. William Faulkner has given sensitive expression, in his writings, to the ambivalence of many white Southerners, trapped in their heritage of racial attitudes yet ashamed of them. Hosea Williams seemed to reflect, on *Open End*, a similar ambivalence in the Negro. Like the Old Testament prophet for whom he is named, he is a man of volatile moods.

He would have been more effective, during the conversation, had he moderated his manner and length of speaking. Mrs. Boynton, by contrast, communicated a sense of dignity and compassion, along with fervor. Mr. Shaw, speaking not often but with power and clarity, was a compelling force. He said he would have to give up the Old Testament, the prophets, and Jesus to "go back to preaching the gospel" and stop fighting for social reform. The Selma officials, charged with obstructing the registration of Negro voters, insisted that they were proceding within the limit of the law. The thrust of the church, retorted Mr. Shaw, is "to go beyond the law." It may take a long time for all civil rights antagonists to reach that destination, but perhaps the Williams-Baker handshake on *Open End* is one small step along the way.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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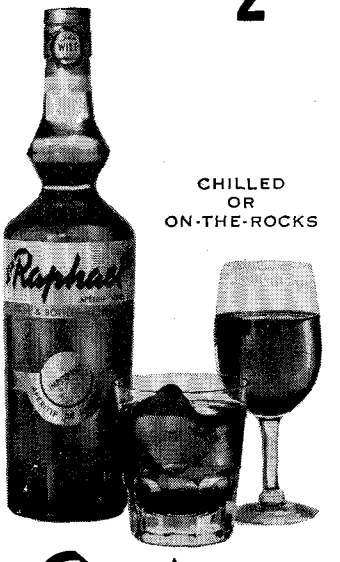

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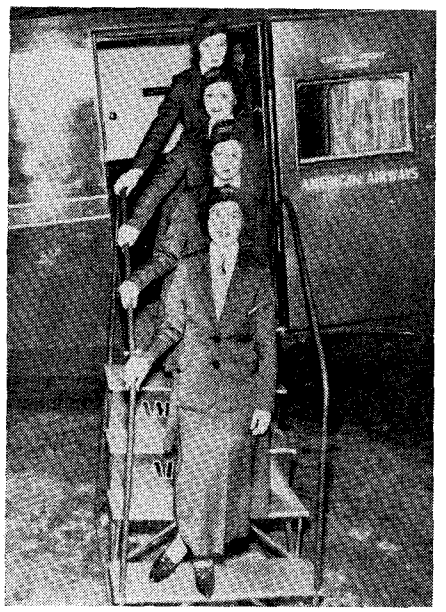
## Isle-Hoppers, Aisle-Walkers

**Old Hand, Young Island:** Sociologists of another age who are not otherwise occupied in more serious labors, and who may one day set about tracing the origins of the Jet Set, will undoubtedly find that the breed had its beginnings in the glittering hotel openings during the Fifties and early Sixties. Planes loaded with actors and starlets, columnists and gossipists from both coasts, chroniclers and hotel executives, buzzed off to Istanbul and Cairo, to Amsterdam and Rotterdam, to Berlin and Puerto Rico. Once on location, this mixed bag of personalities opened the hotel formally and informally, attending a series of luncheons, ribbon-snippings, charity balls, boat rides, and barbecues.

The ringmaster on many of these occasions was an ex-Marine intelligence officer named John Houser. He was well experienced for the early junketeering of what was to become the Jet Set, for he had spent nine months in the campaign at Iwo Jima. As vice president of Hilton Hotels International, which was organized in 1948, Houser roamed the world arranging deals, talking to men of money, and establishing hotels that would, once they had been opened with a flourish, be operated by Hilton Hotels. The first effort, the Caribe Hilton in San Juan, was a rousing success and became in effect the inspiration not merely for the whole hotel industry in Puerto Rico but, indirectly, for the eventual success of the campaign to lift that island out of the economic slums.

The Caribe in 1949 was followed by the Madrid operation in 1953 and by Istanbul in 1955, a hotel opened with *two* planeloads of celebrants, one pausing at London, the other at Paris, to pick up passengers. There was Cairo and



—*American Airlines.*

**Early hostesses—It all started with a memo.**

Berlin, two in Mexico, and the ill-fated operation in Havana, a hotel built by the gastronomical workers' union. Houser picked the site for the Trinidad Hilton, handled the financing for the hotel in Tokyo, and fought the battle for the London Hilton against the British, who didn't want it there. He worked on Amsterdam and Rotterdam, on the Rome Hilton and the Athens Hilton, all of which are functioning now. When Houser left Hilton after ten and a half years, he had opened eleven hotels, had seven under construction, and had signed contracts for fifteen more.

But hotelmen, like journalists who want to own weekly newspapers, are never happy until they have a hotel of their own. Last winter the ultimate in dreams came to John Houser. He opened his own hotel. It is located on a minuscule blob adjoining a dot in the Windward Islands on the Eastern Caribbean, which is to say that it is not exactly at the crossroads of the world. His hotel is located on Young Island, 600 yards offshore from St. Vincent, which is between Grenada and St. Lucia, which is 180 miles north of Trinidad.

For anyone who wants to find a vacation east of the sun and west of the moon, Young Island is the find of the year. As Houser has said in a rather unusual brochure, "We don't have a golf pro or tennis pro on Young Island. We don't even have a hotel lobby, but we do have hammocks. Our guests stay in a peaceful cabaña village around a lagoon among fragrant flowers and exotic plants." The lagoon is Houser's version of a swimming pool, an irregular wandering waterway teeming with plants and vines. The stretch of white beach has been decorated with settees and straw-topped shelters strung with hammocks. Every room is stacked with snorkeling equipment, and snorkelers bob and flutter in the turquoise sea, idlers sit on the dock with their toes dipping into the water, and yachts wait in the roads for their masters' commands.

A long house has been put together of hand-hewn timber called purple heart, which was brought up by schooner from British Guiana. The beams inside have been decorated with a pattern of free-form hibiscus, chandeliers brought up from Mexico, and brightly painted tin hurricane lamps. There are rows of deep, cushioned chairs raised high so the slouchers can see the sea and the Victorian houses and the palms of St. Vincent across the water. A steep hill rises behind the bar house and Houser has threaded it with a walkway that weaves among the rocks and swirls around the fig trees, the almond trees, the cocoa and coffee plants. Here and there are places to pause along the way and sit amid the ferns and contemplate the future and the past. Another walk has been strung to the west end of the island, where one can sit on a rock and watch the sun drop into the sea, then stroll back to the hotel along a pathway aglow with kerosene flares.

From the west end a 200-yard passage separates Young Island from Fort Duvernette, a six-acre island 400 feet high, still planted with seventeen cannon and the crumbling remains of a stairway to the top cut out of rock. From here the view stretches off to the Grenadines, where the islands are called Mustique, Canouan, and Mayreau and Bequia, and where the sand strip is called Princess Margaret Beach in memory of her honeymoon days here.

To build on St. Vincent, Houser had to ensure that he would build "a hotel of

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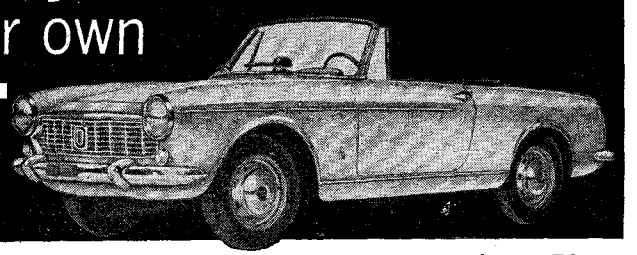

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fifteen rooms" and that he would not use the premises for smuggling or give quarter to Communists or other enemies of St. Vincent. The ten rooms that have been built so far are all doubles with private baths, done with sprightly good taste by David T. Williams, who did many Hilton hotels. Every one has a terrace and an outdoor garden shower. Says Houser: "If you dress for dinner you're on the wrong island."

Some writers have likened St. Vincent to Tahiti, and in a certain way that is probably accurate. St. Vincent has green peaks and fertile green valleys. A favorite excursion crosses the broad fields and invades the Mesopotamia Valley, full of arrowroot, and descendants of the Scots (the Irish went to Barbados). Kingstown has a lively Saturday market, a famous botanical garden (featuring a breadfruit tree grown from seed brought by Captain Bligh), and three streets, Back, Bay, and Middle. It also has a commercial hotel, a twenty-four-room establishment called the Blue Caribbean where rooms rent for $7 or $8 a night with three meals, about double that if you want air conditioning. The dining room serves *calou*, the favorite soup of the deep Caribbean, and also flying fish and lobster.

Young Island rates are $16 a day from now through December 14, somewhat higher than the venerable Sugar Mill Inn, which is built on a hillock and offers simple quiet rooms and a great view. Blue Lagoon, also cozy and a bit tatty, occupies the end of a promontory looking at the beach and the rolling sea and is reached by a bumpy road that will jar your eyeballs. The folder that Houser has prepared for his hotel states flatly, "Getting to Young Island is an adventure itself," and it is, too. When I embarked on the hegira I rose with the dawn on nearby Guadeloupe, crossed the island by taxi, and arrived at the airport free of any such encumbrance as breakfast. I was surprised to find that the airplane operated by Leeward Islands Air Transport, which was using light Cessnas when I last tiptoed through the Leewards and the Windwards, had now grown to a four-engine turbo prop. It landed at Dominica, Martinique, and St. Lucia before settling down on St. Vincent. It's not the most comfortable way of finishing a night's sleep, but it gets you there.

**The Powder-Blue Yonder:** On February 24, 1930, S. A. Stimpson, then Division Traffic Agent in San Francisco, sat down and wrote a memo to W. A. Patterson, at that time Assistant to the President of Boeing Air Transport Company in Seattle. It read:

> As a suggestion—I was just wondering if you had ever given any serious thought to the subject of young women


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as couriers. It strikes me that there would be a great psychological punch to having young women stewardesses or couriers, or whatever you want to call them, and I am certain that there are some mighty good ones available. I have in mind a couple of graduate nurses who would make exceptional stewardesses.

Imagine the psychology of having young women as regular members of the crew. Imagine the tremendous effect it would have on the traveling public. Also imagine the value that they would be to us in the neater and nicer method of serving food and looking out for the passengers' welfare.

I am not suggesting at all the flapper type of girl. You know nurses as well as I do, and you know that they are not given to flightiness—I mean in the head. The average graduate nurse is a girl with some horse sense and is very practical.

The young women that we would select would naturally be intelligent and could handle what traffic work aboard was necessary, such as keeping of records, filling out reports, issuing tickets, etc., etc. They would probably do this as well or better than the average young fellow. Further, we admit to ourselves that we are going to train couriers for ultimate jobs ashore in various traffic capacities, and we know between ourselves that there is anything but a dearth of opportunities in sight.

As to the qualifications of the proposed young women couriers, their first paramount qualification would be that of a graduate nurse and, secondly, young women who have been around and are familiar with general travel—rail, steamer and air. Such young women are available here.

This is just a passing thought and I want to pass it on to you.

The idea did not in truth belong to Stimpson but to a nurse named Ellen Church. While management generally liked the plan, it met with less than instant hurrahs from the crew, in those days a rather hell-for-leather bunch of swashbucklers. Says Stimson, now sixty-nine and working with a travel agency in Burbank, "The pilots were seasoned mail pilots who wore big fur coats and two-gun holsters and goggles and they didn't want girls meddling in their planes."

The crew's objections were finally overcome and by mid-May of 1930 eight girls were ordained stewardesses, the American beginning of a career that now employs 13,000 women around the world, including Japan Air Lines' native hostesses in elegant kimonos and Air India's girls in swishing saris. It was just thirty-five years ago that the first plane went aloft carrying an American stewardess. She was Ellen Church, the originator of the idea, who joined the crew of a United Boeing 80A three-engine

(*Continued on page 90*)

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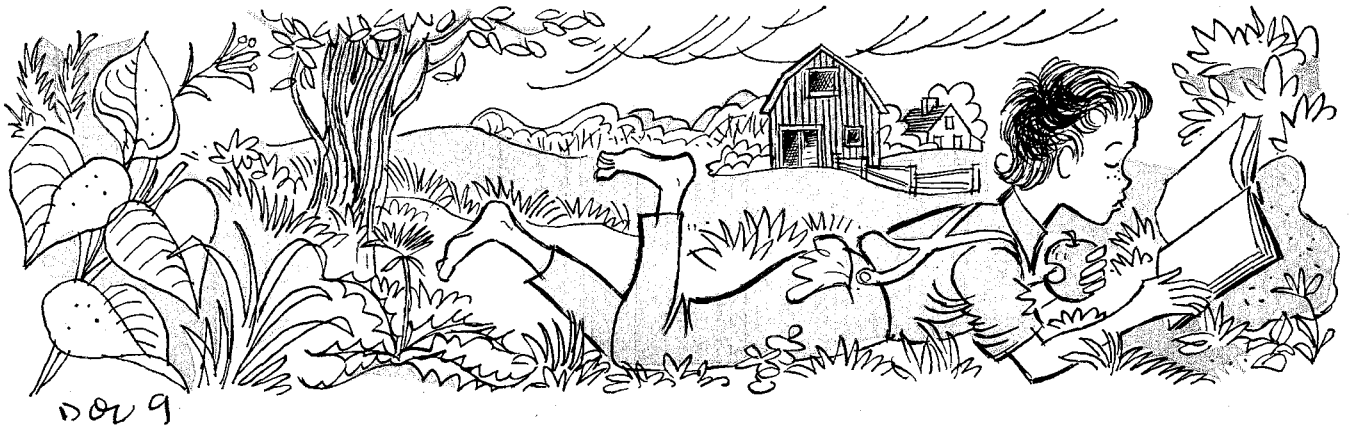


SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

# Sussex by the Sea

By ALICE DALGLIESH

BIOGRAPHIES are strong in this season's books, and among them is *Rudyard Kipling: Creative Adventurer*, by Seon Manley (Vanguard, $4.95). "Kipling is too clever to live," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, sarcastically, to Henry James. More recently Randall Jarrell said, "The man Kipling, the myth Kipling is over; but the stories themselves—Kipling—have all the time in the world."

Fortunate children are still growing up with *Just So Stories* and *The Jungle Books*, then going on into *Captains Courageous* and *Kim*. It is to be hoped that young people will enjoy Mrs. Manley's fine—albeit romantic—biography, and will read it for the vivid pictures it gives of Kipling's childhood, of his India, of England and the Sussex Downs, of American interludes and Brattleboro, Vermont. There are glimpses of events older people may have forgotten, younger people never known. Stockholm was draped in black when Kipling arrived there to receive the first Nobel Prize awarded to an English author. The old king was dead and the prize was given by "the weary-eyed, overworked new king."

But the beautiful Sussex Downs are what always seem to stay in the mind when we think of Kipling, for there some of his most-loved children's books were written.

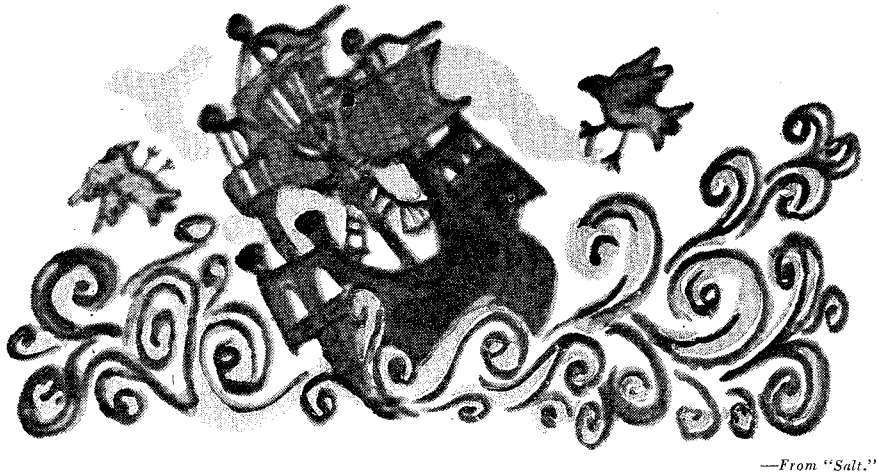
It is at "The Elms" in Rottingdean that Seon Manley lets us see—partly through the eyes of Kipling's young cousin Angela (later Thirkell)—Kipling the storyteller. We watch the family procession going to picnic on the Downs or at the beach. "Nurse and the children carrying the hampers stuffed with excitement—a chicken leg, perhaps, cucumber sandwiches, watercress wet and pungent from the Sussex garden. . . . These were the long summer days in which Kipling told them story after story. . . . now [he] was working on some of the most exciting stories he had ever written. These were his *Just So Stories*." They were begun in Rottingdean, continued when the Kiplings were in South Africa.

When their eldest child, Josephine, died, the Kiplings found that The Elms, previously so "filled with children and delight" was not the place for them to be. Any new home must, however, be near the Downs. So they found Bateman's, an old Elizabethan house. "From the first time he saw it, Kipling loved Bateman's and he was to live there joyously for the rest of his life." It was in his study at Bateman's that he wrote *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. These grew out of Sussex soil and Sussex history—and they have naturally been more popular in England than in America.

*Rudyard Kipling* has been given a format that is adult and dignified in appearance and worthy of the hundredth anniversary. Only the beginnings of chapters, speeded up to catch interest—and a few "asides" by the author on writing in general—let us know that it is aimed at a younger audience. How seriously young people will take the Empire of Kipling and Queen Victoria remains to be seen. But all the roots of today's turbulent society are in it; the book is an excellent picture of that period of colonial "glory," which now seems so far away. Kipling was not happy when times and values began to change. He retired more and more into the peace of the Sussex countryside. In those last years he supervised the Sussex edition of his works and wrote his autobiography, *Something of Myself*.

Another outstanding biography of the season—"dramatic narrative" if you prefer—is Genevieve Foster's *The World of Columbus and Sons* (see review page 56). I was the editor of all Mrs. Foster's historical books up to this one—and it was an interesting experience to come to Columbus with a completely fresh eye, with no previous travel through manuscript, galleys, and page proof.

On page 40 the younger Mrs. Foster, Genevieve's daughter-in-law, writes of reading with John. John is growing up in a literary tradition. The young Fosters have an unusual home setting—a city apartment house in which a group of children living on the same floor visit back and forth sharing play equipment and books. Now they are at the stage when they lend their books to each other. John's mother tells how it all came about.



—From "Salt."



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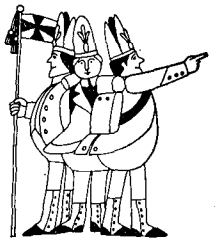

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# Reading with John

By FRANCES FOSTER

I FIRST read to our son out of desperation. I didn't expect it to work. He was three months old and burning with energy; I was tired. I picked up a picture book by Françoise and started reading. John touched the pictures and "talked" quietly while I read. This wasn't a book intended for a baby; the age range suggested on the jacket flap was three to six years. John at three months wasn't that precocious (though *we* thought him extraordinary), but he responded to the sound of my voice, the rhythm of the words, and the pictures. This first reading experience was a happy accident. The books were there—a collection that had grown from my years of working with children's books in a publishing house—and reading them appeared to be something we both enjoyed. So it was that books became a pleasant part of our days.

Having started with real stories in real books, the cloth ones that were given to John weren't books to be read but toys to be flung out of the crib and playpen, waved around, or worn on his head. Though he looked at them he never brought them to me for reading together. And having, thus far, grown up on picture books with stories, he wasn't satisfied with the simpler picture books considered right for the very youngest. But I've been interested in seeing how many books appeal, in different ways, to a wide range of ages; how many John liked even before he was intellectually "ready" for them and continued to enjoy as he grew up to them.

I've had people say, "Don't read such and such a book to him too soon. You'll ruin it for him." I don't worry too much about this. I'm not thinking of reading *The Wind in the Willows* or *Alice in Wonderland* to him just yet anyway, and I've never forced a book on him. I couldn't. If he didn't want to hear it he'd walk away. From the books we have read I've found he reacts to whatever has meaning for him at that particular time. He doesn't have to understand everything. He was close to a year old when we first read *Play with Me,* by Marie Hall Ets; he responded to the quiet rhythm and mood of the story. A few months later he recognized the bird, the squirrel, the child, and the trees. That he didn't know or hadn't experienced water bugs, snakes, grasshoppers, or fawns didn't seem to bother him. At first I wondered how he could enjoy a story when he didn't know the words and didn't even have the vocabulary to ask what they meant. And then I would hear the same words come from him. I would hear him talking about water bugs and grasshoppers, and saying, "Fawn came up and licked my cheek." These had become as much a part of his vocabulary and experience as the things he heard and saw at first hand; books were giving not only significance to experience but a form of experience itself.

The number of books we have read in our four years of reading together isn't enormous, but the number of readings for a particular book sometimes is. Though we keep adding to the books we read, many that were favorites at two-and-a-half we come back to again and again. Margaret Wise Brown's *Good Night Moon* and *Two Little Trains* have spanned most of this period, from the time we were using books as we would songs, almost entirely for rhythm and mood, to now, when John returns to them as old friends. But he hasn't liked every book we've read, and on more than one occasion his criticism has been harsh. "That's a stupid idiot's book!" he said, with finality, not long ago.

"Which books are your favorites?" I asked John the other day. "Well, we don't like scary ones, do we?" he answered in a tone of gentle persuasion. I was surprised; thinking of monsters and spooks, I couldn't remember any

**John—"a responsive, selective eye."**



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scary stories we had read together, not even Maurice Sendak's Pierre, who kept saying "I don't care" until the lion ate him. Then I remembered some parts of certain books that did "scare" him at one time or another. He liked Marie Ets's *Gilberto and the Wind* up to the last three pages, where the wind tries to push its way into the house and disappears. For a time we never read those pages, but they didn't keep him from the rest of the book. He knew where to stop to avoid them, and he liked the book just as well without its ending.

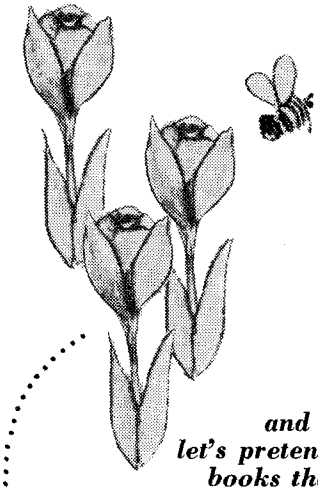
For several months, at that most active age of two, we read only the most exciting parts of many books. After a time some, like *Fuzzy the Tiger*, by Mary Villarejo, would fall open to the right spot. "'Eeeeek,' screeched a little girl as she pointed to the window. . . . 'Eeeeek,' screeched the teacher. And she fainted dead away. . . ." Perhaps it was his father's dramatic renderings that made this story so endlessly exciting.

Our choice of books to read and to add to our collection is sometimes easily explained (we liked Ezra Jack Keats's *The Snowy Day*, so we wanted *Whistle for Willy*, too) and sometimes as random and hard to explain as the contents of a closet (at least the closets in our house). We have just progressed to a whole new box of books, ones I hadn't unpacked when we moved three years ago, thinking I would wait till John was older, and had forgotten about. So now, for no other reason than having come across them, we have discovered Marcia Brown's *Stone Soup*, Leo Politi's books, Roger Duvoisin's *Petunia*, Wanda Gág's *Millions of Cats*, Hans Fischer's *Pitschi*, and a number of others.

Among our favorites have been books about the Hudson River. From our apartment we look out on the busy tugs and north to the George Washington Bridge, and, while we can't see the little red lighthouse, we know it is there, "fat and red and proud." For a time John *was* the lighthouse, standing at a window with a flashlight calling to the passing boats: "Flash! Flash! Flash! Watch me! Watch my rocks!" *Little Toot*, *The Boats on the River*, and *The Little Red Lighthouse* flowed into our lives with the river.

Occasionally a particular event has led us to a certain book; at other times the book has wondrously preceded the event. We had just read May Garelick's *Where Does the Butterfly Go When It Rains?* when we found a butterfly on our city sidewalk. This would not be a surprising thing in the country, but in the heart of New York and at that special moment it was as if the butterfly had come right out of the pages.

A few books John introduced to him-

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self. I had bought Bruno Munari's big, gay picture books to give away as presents. John found them first and was delighted with the surprises they held. But, to my interest, it wasn't always the bold, simple illustrations he responded to when he was still very young. He both liked and recognized all the animals he knew in Brian Wildsmith's highly individual *A B C*; and Gene Zion's *Dear Garbage Man,* with its pictures that are a tangle of detail, was a great favorite. It's a responsive, selective eye that children bring to picture books.

Alice Dalgliesh's *The Bears on Hemlock Mountain* was our first real storybook—"grownup book," John called it. We read it when we did because John had said, "We only know one Jonathan," referring to a friend. I remembered the brave Jonathan who went over Hemlock Mountain, and thought he might be a nice second Jonathan to know. He was; and John immediately lent the book to his friend Jonathan, who reciprocated by lending John *Stuart Little,* by E. B. White. Although I knew it was too old for him, we read it anyway, a chapter or two a night, because the timing was perfect. John and his father had just finished making a boat to sail in Central Park, on the very pond where Stuart Little skippered the *Wasp.*

Other characters in books have long been John's friends. When he was almost three he met us as we came home from a wedding with just one question: "Was Chouchou there?" Could there possibly be a wedding, even in Pittsburgh, without Françoise's charming donkey Chouchou? And policemen have always been captains to John because his first policeman friend was *Monsieur le Capitaine,* who gave Chouchou his freedom.

John is now at an age where friends and play come first; but books are the source of much of the play. Our winter days have been filled with dramatic activity, with many changes of costumes and roles in an afternoon. A small neighbor comes to the door saying, "I am a queen and I'm looking for a king." John answers with innocent gallantry, "I'll be your king." He is King Arthur, she is Guinevere. These ideas have filtered down to them from the older children; John will feel well acquainted with King Arthur by the time he is ready for the Round Table.

Now we have a second child, who, like most children after the first, thrives on neglect and her own resourcefulness. Kate was an easier baby than John and had an older brother to entertain her, so there wasn't the same need for early reading. But now, at eighteen months, Kate wants books in her life, too, and is making up for our late start. She takes a book to bed, and I hear her "reading" to herself far into her naptime. She is beginning with a program of independent reading, and I'm sure her pattern will be quite different from John's.

## Picture Books

**The Nightingale.** *By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Eva Le Gallienne. Illustrated by Nancy Ekholm Burkert. Harper & Row. 40 pp.* $3.95. This beautiful picture book presents with dignity, and in the manner of Chinese paintings, one of Andersen's most charming and meaningful stories. Especially pertinent in a mechanical age, *The Nightingale* should be cherished by a family and read aloud many times. One of the double-page spreads depicts the jeweled mechanical nightingale in its velvet box. The people were delighted with it, but the poor fisherman who had heard the real nightingale sing said, "Yes! It's pretty enough; it's a fairly good imitation, but there's something lacking—I can't explain just what it is!"

These pictures by Nancy Burkert came as a complete surprise although I'd admired her illustrations for an earlier book on the Harper list. All ages (but enjoyed more after 6 or 7).

**Tom Tit Tot. An Old English Folk Tale.** *Illustrated by Evaline Ness. Scribners. 32 pp.* $3.25. This folktale, with its down-to-earth, country humor, has been a storytelling favorite with a number of librarians. In the present book it is given an elaborate pictorial setting, perhaps overelaborate, and at times somewhat obscure for the type of droll story that it is. Two characters seem to suffer and they are the leading ones—"darter" and "that," the imp or impet whose name "darter" has to discover. In this presentation "that" is hooded; one never sees his changes of expression, his "grinning face of triumph." He does extraordinary things with his long, flexible tail, but at the end flies away on neat little blue wings. The story is told almost exactly as Joseph Jacobs told it, which is the way it should be. Ages 4-8.

**Salt: A Russian Tale.** *Retold by Harve Zemach and illustrated by Margot Zemach. Follett. 32 pp.* $3.95. This seems to be the season for witless ones! In this picture book Ivan the Fool is the one who wins out; he also captured the New York *Herald Tribune* prize in the picture book group. When Ivan presents a wonderful new taste to the king, he is rewarded by being permitted to marry the princess. A charming and delightful picture book, *Salt* has an unusual character, "a gloomy giant with an enormous mustache, from which hung a huge pair of mittens drying after the rain." Children will like it and ask for rereadings. Ages 5-8.

**The Lothrop Little Books: Brownie.** *By Hans Peterson. Pictures by Paul Galdone.*



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**Tom and Tabby.** *By Hans Peterson. Pictures by Ole Montelius.* **Little Anna and the Magic Hat.** *By Inge and Lasse Sandberg. Lothrop. Each,* 30 *pp.* $1.50. Of these tiny Scandinavian books two are simple statements, scarcely stories, about a dog and two cats. The third is a story-game: Anna, the title character, takes an amusing excursion into magic. To understand it a young child needs the earlier book about her, in which she meets the friendly tall man. Ages 2-3 (for *Anna,* perhaps 4).

**Five Little Monkey Business.** *By Juliet Kepes. Houghton Mifflin* 48 *pp.* $3.50. This is a read-aloud book (except for the older children, who will also enjoy it), and you must be prepared to deal with the monkeys' names—Buzzo, Binki, Biki, Bulu, and Bali. They have been delighting children for some years, and in this book they play the most outrageous tricks. They are just plain bad, but no moral purist need worry; they reform (temporarily?) at the end. There are amusing pictures in very bright colors and black and white. Ages 4-8.

**ABC of Buses.** *By Dorothy Shuttleworth. Illustrated by Leonard Shortall. Doubleday.* 42 *pp.* $3.25. The pictures in this bookful of buses are utilitarian, detailed, and amusing. As an ABC book it is not topnotch by any means, for in places letters have to be tortured to fit. However, because bus-riding is almost a universal experience, the book has its place, and there is plenty to look at in the pictures. Ages 2-6.

**The Affable, Amiable Bulldozer Man.** *Written and illustrated by Elizabeth MacIntyre. Knopf.* 38 *pp.* $3. "Just think what a terrible thing it would be/ if *your* home was bulldozed away like a tree!" It happens all over our country and evidently in Australia, where the author-artist lives. The animals minded the destruction of their homes as much as people did—but for them it all came out happily. The rhymes are facile, the pictures amusing but ordinary. Ages 5-7.

**From Ungskah 1 to Oyaylee 10: A Counting Book for All Little Indians.** *By Lucille Corcos. Pantheon.* 82 *pp.* $3.50. Try going into a bookstore and asking for this one! To translate from the Mohawk language, it is "From One to Ten."

All children can have fun with this book, but we'd like to try it on the Mohawk children living in Brooklyn and Long Island, whose fathers probably helped to build the Verazzano Bridge. Would they recognize their ancestors with bright red skins and a slightly cigar-store-Indian appearance? We hope they will find themselves sharing happily in the comic treatment now so popular in children's books. Good-natured fun is worth sharing. Ages 5-8. (6 to 9?)

**The Magic Tree.** *By James and Ruth McCrea. Atheneum.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. It is interesting that within a year we have had two picture books about princesses that obviously owe something to a famous painting of a Spanish Infanta—and both of the picture-book girls are disagreeable and reform. One couldn't cry and learned to (Evaline Ness); the other, in this book, is


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**A B C**

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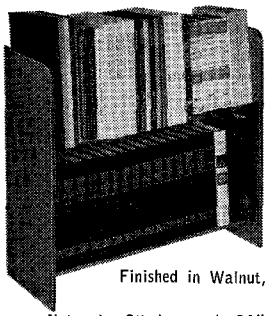

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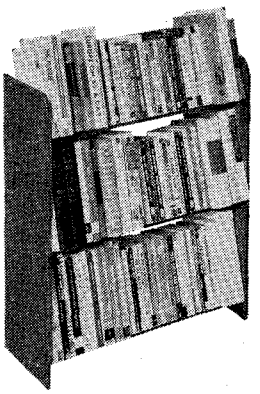

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just plain cross and unhappy, but learns, perhaps with the help of the magic tree, that there is pleasure in gardening as well as in friendship. The McCreas have created a most decorative book, making good use of three colors and excellent design. Ages 4-8.

**The Story of the Three Bears. A Nursery Tale.** *Illustrated by William Stobbs. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. William Stobbs likes to do pictures in bright colors, which is probably why he sets this story in Norway, complete with Norwegian costumes on the bears. But among the colors he chose yellow was not one, so Goldilocks's hair is sometimes a kind of dusty pink, sometimes brown, which child readers may protest. Otherwise the book is attractive, with the story told much as it is in Leslie Brooke's *The Three Bears* (Warne). My heart belongs to Leslie Brooke, however, and to the story with its moral. A reviewer suggested that in reading it the moral should be left out. With this I don't agree: Goldilocks is presented as a disobedient, snoopy little girl, and she should get her just deserts. Ages 3-6.

**The Kittens' ABC.** *Verse and pictures by Clare Turlay Newberry. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Published twenty years ago, *The Kittens' ABC* has now been reissued with pictures completely repainted. No kittens are more appealing, more furry than those by Mrs. Newberry; children will want to pat them, they look so real on the spacious pages. We welcome them back. Some of the alphabet rhymes are better than others; *e.g.*, D is for dress or simply explains that kittens don't *have* to dress! Ages 3-7.

**Castles in the Sand.** *By Crockett Johnson. Illustrated by Betty Fraser. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Crockett Johnson has made many friends, first with his beguiling cartoon strip, *Barnaby*, then with his famous book character, Harold. Always there has been the play between fancy and reality so characteristic of children. In *Castles in the Sand* another artist's colorful illustrations are used, and the text seems to belabor the difference between reality and fancy—which at least the older child in the story should have established. The story begins with the well-worked theme of drawings coming to life, and the children do not seem to know whether they are in the story or out of it. Strange. I can only say "try it on children." The result at 4 and that at 8 should be quite different. Ages 4-8.

**A Thousand Lights and Fireflies.** *By Alvin Tresselt. Illustrated by John Moodie. Parents' Magazine.* 42 *pp.* $3.50. No story to this one, but plenty of good color effects in very modern pictures, with pleasant-sounding words. As a comparison between city and country, however, this would seem only to confuse. Houses in the country do not "sit apart so they can look at one another." "A city sky is caught between tall buildings" will not mean much to a child. Perhaps it would be better to go back to some of Alvin Tresselt's far more successful descriptive books such as *Raindrop Splash!* and *White Snow, Bright Snow.* And, going back only a very short distance, there is this season's fine book *Hide and Seek Fog* with Duvoisin's pictures. Ages 5-7.

—*From "Little Plays for Little People."*

**Little Plays for Little People.** *Illustrated by Ilse-Margret Vogel. Parents' Magazine.* 57 *pp.* $3.50. The charm of this book lies in the pictures, and the simple costumes suggested. Although Judith Martin of The Paper Bag Players indicates how to make the costumes, children will need some adult help. The plays included are possible, but children do best with spontaneous plays of their own, and a mere suggestion of costume may suffice. Ages 3-8.

**If I Were a Bird.** *By Gladys Conklin. Pictures by Artur Marokvia. Holiday House.* 36 *pp.* $3.50. The little boy who "narrates" this story tells what he would do if he were a certain kind of bird. In the attractive pictures he watches the birds and learns to listen to their calls. The notes of the calls are in the corner of each picture, and records for use with the book are also mentioned. The author suggests collecting bird feathers, but this seems rather a mature activity: the birds aren't always obliging about dropping them where they can be easily found. Ages 4-8.

**Chie and the Sports Day.** *By Masaka Matsuno. Illustrated by Kazue Mizumura. World.* 32 *pp.* $3. Because of Masako Matsuno and the artist who pictures her Japanese children so skillfully, we have a group of fine picture books for younger children. This one is unusual in that it deals with a sporting event at school, in which a small sister helps her older brother win the three-legged race. Like American children, Chie wears as a proud badge of honor the small bandage earned when she skinned her knee in the race. Ages 5-8.

## Middle Group

**Chipmunk in the Forest.** *By Eleanor Clymer. Drawings by Ingrid Fetz. Atheneum.* 62 *pp.* $2.50. Chipmunk was an Indian boy who did not want to learn to hunt. He was afraid of the deep woods and of wild animals. So he stayed at home and took care of Little Brother. There came the day when he had to choose between fear and his little brother—lost in the forest. A pleasant story with attractive pictures, this is almost certain to win its way with children who have just learned to read. Ages 7-9.

**A Letter to Anywhere.** *By Al Hine. Illustrated by John Alcorn. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. This book is a carnival of color, bold in its design and light-hearted in its pictures. The text may seem a little overshadowed by the display, but interesting facts in the history of communication will win out. Imagine what so simple a



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thing as gummed postage stamps—thought of by Rowland Hill in England, 1830—meant to postal service; also the Penny Postage System—something we wonder at today. Ages 7-10.

**Henry's Dog *HENRY*.** *By Walter R. Brooks. Pictures by Aldren A. Watson. Knopf.* 28 *pp.* $2.95. This author's twenty-four books about Freddy the Pig and his friends went happily on their way for many years. The children loved them. Now one of Walter Brooks's magazine stories is attractively dressed up with pictures in color for children a little younger than the admirers of Freddy. Will Henry perhaps be a series? The book's humor is thinner, as it revolves entirely around the dilemma of having a boy and a dog both named Henry. Lively pictures. Ages 6-8.

**The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.** *By Hilaire Belloc. Pictures by B.T.B. Knopf.* 48 *pp.* $3.25. Knopf is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary with a book that was published in 1896. We adults know these absurd, outrageous, and funny rhymes very well indeed, but to each new generation of children they are new.

> Be kind and tender to the frog
> And do not call him names,
> As Slimy skin or Pollywog
> Or likewise ugly James . . .

All ages.

**The Big Fight.** *By Pearl S. Buck. Illustrated by Mamoru Funai. John Day.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. An amusing and well-written anecdote—it is scarcely more than that—this is about a small circus in India and an American film company that hired a tiger and a lion to stage a fight before their cameras. How they wouldn't fight even over a deer, but how the fight eventually came off comprise the plot. Attractive illustrations by a Hawaiian-born artist. Ages 9-12.

**Mr. Chu.** *By Norma Keating. Illustrated by Bernarda Bryson. Macmillan.* 41 *pp.* $3.75. Bernarda Bryson's pictorial presentation of this story of the friendship of Mr. Chu and Johnny, and of the Chinese New Year, is delightful. One puzzles over the story; it is mature in some places, but in others uses sound effects typical of stories for little children and, of course, of folktales. "Chop, choppity, chop went the big bright knife." "Plop, ploppity, plop went the eggs and the ginger." These digressions are few, however, and children will take them in their stride. An unusual book, told with tenderness, it avoids sentimentality. No age level.

**The First Book of the White House.** *By Lois Perry Jones. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Watts.* 56 *pp.* $2.65. Perhaps some day we shall have a more inspiring book about the White House; meanwhile this one supplies some good information. John Kennedy appears twice as President, once at his desk and once, at a conference, in the famous rocking chair. Lyndon Johnson merely floats in air on a page, with the telephone in his grasp. Any commentary intended? Ages 8-12.

**St. Valentine's Day.** *By Clyde Robert Bulla. Illustrations by Valenti Angelo.* 40 *pp.* **Mother's Day.** *By Mary Kay Phelan. Illustrated by Aliki.* 32 *pp.* **Arbor Day.** *By Aileen Fisher. Illustrations by Nonny Hogrogian.* 32 *pp.* **Flag Day.** *By Dorothy Les Tina. Illustrated by Ed Emberley.* 33 *pp.* **Passover.** *By Norma Simon. Illustrations by Symeon Shimin.* 32 *pp. Crowell.* $2.95 *each.* These five books represent the beginning of The Crowell Holiday Books, a new series of colorful little books that children should be able to read to themselves. They are illustrated by some of our best-known artists. Each gives a little history of the particular celebration and interesting facts about it. Like all series books, some stand out above the others. Age: primary grades.

**Desmond and the Peppermint Ghost: The Dog Detective's Third Case.** *By Herbert Best. Illustrated by Lilian Obligado. Viking.* 94 *pp.* $3. Desmond, whimsical as he is, seems to show signs of becoming a popular character.

"Desmond could think as hard as any dog in Newtown. All the same this afternoon he had no idea that he was going to discover the most exciting mystery a dog detective had ever set nose to—the case of the Peppermint Ghost." A delicious title. Ages 9-12.

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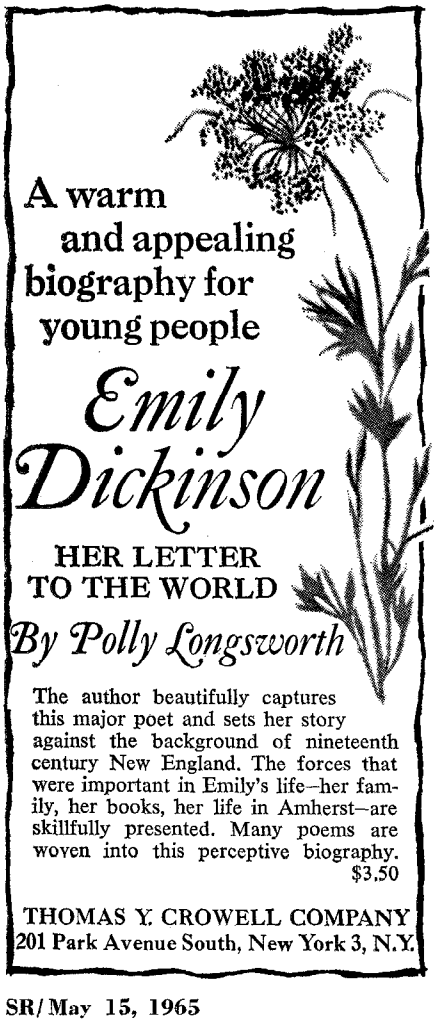
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according to publicity, being distributed widely in Europe and America. Of the two children's Bibles published this spring, it is the better, but that is not saying much.

The book carries no editor's name, though the stories have been edited. It bears the name of no artist, and a copyright notice tells us that the pictures must have originated in Milan, where they may have been done by a group of artists. They are one step—barely—above old-fashioned calendar art. In the New Testament Jesus is pictured most frequently with vivid yellow hair, although it is occasionally brown. The "ecumenical spirit" staggers under this "Bible," which is not good enough for children. No age level.

**The Bible Story Library.** *Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Edited by Turner Hodges. Introduction by Webb Garrison. Bobbs-Merrill.* 726 *pp. Maps.* $5.95. Here is another large and heavy volume, with the same "ecumenical" sponsorship but different names. The poorly presented text is interlarded with explanations such as "Later Esau was also called Edom meaning 'red' just as we might give the nickname 'Red' to a red-haired boy." To my mind, this takes the Bible out of the classification of literature, and so it suffers the fate of other predigested and explained classics.

Not all of the pictures are by Gustave Doré, but all of them have tints of yellow, red, or green applied to them. Paintings in badly reproduced full color are sprinkled throughout. A naïve caption under the engraving of the Deluge questions why the artist drew the people without clothes. Weren't they supposed to be sinful and wasn't the idea of nakedness as shameful presented just before this in the story of Adam and Eve? No age level. Not good enough for children but may be liked by adult traditionalists.

**All About the Universe.** *By David Dietz. Illustrated with diagrams by John Polgren and with photographs. Random House.* 144 *pp.* $1.95. Climbing down from that title to the facts, here's the "nugget" the publisher gives to aid reviewers: "An introduction to the nature and origin of the universe." Better.

It's a competent book, with excellent illustrations and a no-nonsense author. One hopes, however, that 15-year-olds reading this will not feel they have all the facts.

**The Tiger and the Rabbit and Other Tales.** *Told by Pura Belpré. Illustrated by Tomie de Paola. Lippincott.* 127 *pp.* $2.95. Pura Belpré is a New York librarian who tells, in person and in print, stories that she heard when she was growing up in Puerto Rico. Originally published in 1944, these stories now appear in a new edition with new pictures, and a few stories added. Puerto Rican children in New York will welcome them, as will storytellers in other parts of the country. The stories show both European—mostly Spanish—and African origins. Ages 8-12. (10?)

**Miss Pickerell on the Moon.** *By Ellen MacGregor and Dora Pantell. Illustrated by Charles Geer. McGraw-Hill.* 142 *pp.* $2.75. Children loved Miss Pickerell and her adventures, and when Ellen McGregor died, we thought that was the end of a pleasant group of books, part science-fiction, part fantasy. Fortunately, there were notes and plans left for other books, and the present co-author seems to be able to carry on, as well as one can with the plans of another writer. One misses Paul Galdone's pictures though Charles Geer is a competent artist. Ages 7-10.

**Three on the Run.** *By Nina Bawden. Illustrated by Wendy Worth. Lippincott.* 224 *pp.* $3.75. Concerning this independent sequel to *The House of Secrets,* the author states that she wanted "to write about children actually escaping—even though temporarily—from the world of grownups." It is the usual English pattern, but a good tale about London and Africa in which a chief's son who is held a prisoner is helped to escape by Ben (the hero) and a memorable little girl named Lil. She and Ben go their adventurous way, then return home (after not eating for two days) to the most extraordinary "high tea" I've met in any book. "So they had smoked finnan haddock and butter . . . and apple tarts with cinnamon and cream . . . a great slab of crumbly cheese . . . followed by apples and yellow pears." (And as the dots indicate, only part of it appears here.) Ages 8-12.

**No Boats on Bannermere.** *By Geoffrey Trease. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Norton.* 252 *pp.* $2.95. From its pleasing out-door jacket right through its mystery, this is a book children should enjoy, especially if they like English stories—and buried treasure. When the Melburys went to Bannermere Lake they found a boat in the boathouse, but it was one they couldn't use. Boats, the local squire said, were forbidden on Bannermere. In the end they find the treasure, dating back to the days of the Viking raids, and announce it with typical British understatement: "I think we've found the monastery treasure, Sir." How exciting that silver treasure was! It was sent to the British Museum, the children got a three-hundred-pound reward, and had fun spending part of it. Ages 8-12.

**The Village That Slept.** *By Monique P. De Ladebat. Illustrated by Margery Gill. Coward-McCann.* 188 *pp.* $3.50. How pleasant to an unquestioning mind to slide happily through this story without bothering about reality—the attitude that some French authors take toward their young readers. The two leading characters here, a boy of possibly fourteen, a girl aged twelve, find themselves after a plane accident in the Pyrenees. Both have "partial amnesia," forget their names and who they are, but conveniently remember other things. They also find a baby and two deserted villages, with a certain amount of food and a collection of animals (fortunately, including a cow and a hen). They set up housekeeping, are courageous and resourceful, for eighteen months, then go back to civilization and relatives with regret. No ends are firmly tied but there is a general indication that all will be well. For all its unreality, the story is a warm, interest-compelling one, and many children will enjoy it. Ages 8-12.

**North to Freedom.** *By Anne Holm. Translated from the Danish by L. W. Kingsland. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. While many features of *North to Freedom,* which won the 1963 Gyldendal Prize for the best Scandinavian children's book, give the impression that the book is an allegory, its seeming reality makes it stand for the many escapees who had similar experiences after World War II. David's escape from a prison camp, his scant knowledge of people and his feeling that no one can be trusted, his gradual discovery of identity (he knows nothing but that he is "David")—all these hold interest throughout, and we are delighted when he crosses the border to Denmark, his country.

An unusual feature of the story is what might be called David's "letters to God," which run through the story. "God of the green pastures and still waters," he begins, and ends, "I am David, Amen." Ages 9-12.

**Persian Folk and Fairy Tales.** *Retold by Anne Sinclair Mehdevi. Illustrated by Paul E. Kennedy. Knopf.* 118 *pp.* $3.50. The author is "Persian" by adoption, having married an Iranian, and she has made an interesting collection of tales first told by the family's old nurse, Nana Roosie. Undoubtedly, she has given the retellings refinements of her own.

It is interesting to find a variant (or a root?) of "Cinderella" in one of the tales, "The Pumpkin Child," in which the beautiful girl lives in a pumpkin from which she emerges to meet her prince, only to disappear and leave him frustrated. The identifying object in the search for the girl is a ring that exactly fits her finger. "Mistress Cockroach" is familiar to us in Pura Belpré's picture-book (Puerto Rican) version, but this tale has interesting variations. The volume is attractively illustrated. According to publisher, it is for "all ages" and grades 7-9 (reading age?).

**Our Fellow Immigrants.** *By Robert Froman. Illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss. McKay.* 118 *pp.* $3.50. A modest-looking little book that proves to be extremely interesting, especially to animal lovers, *Our Fellow Immigrants* tells how many of the plants and animals that we take for granted came to this country from abroad. Pigeons, now so much regretted in cities, were among the very early European settlers. One of the most facinating stories is of a German-born American drug manufacturer devoted to Shakespeare who decided to do something for his adopted country by bringing here all the species of birds mentioned by the Bard. He imported hundreds of pairs of skylarks, nightingales, and other birds—but none of them survived, though skylarks lasted for a time. He did, however, have much success with starlings—and we know the rest of that story.

Children will like to know how domestic animals got here. For instance, cats, so the author says, are from East Africa. No age level.

**Breakthrough to the Big League: The Story of Jackie Robinson.** *By Jackie Robinson and Alfred Duckett. Illustrated with photographs. Harper & Row.* 178 *pp.* $2.95. It is an anniversary for Jackie Robinson, and baseball fans will welcome this book. Not so long ago I heard Jackie Robinson talk, and saw his great pride in being able to

(*Continued on page* 56)



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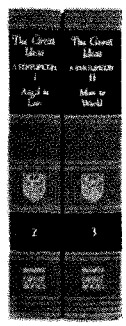

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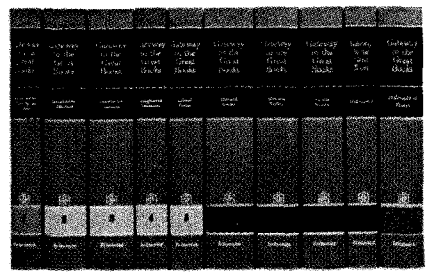

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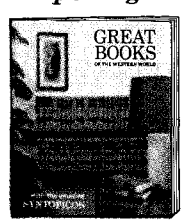


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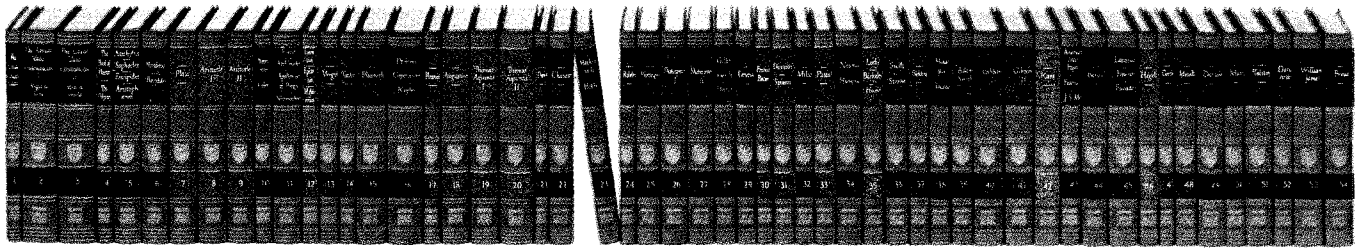

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Drum Major leads pipers into arena.

*In September, you can watch the Scots toss cabers, dance flings, pipe pibrochs and caper through the incredible Highland Games.*

# SCOTLAND'S AUTUMN FLING

SOMETHING wonderful happens to Scotland in the Autumn.
Hills grow purple with heather. Salmon leap in the glens. The Queen comes north to Balmoral. Pipers fill their lungs for the cyclonic challenge of the Highland Games.

The Games are a curious mixture of ritual and informality. Nature provides the arena. You picnic in the heather and watch a Highland valley fill with gathering clans in a whirl of tartans. It's no place for the color-blind.

The grand finale of every gathering is the march-past of the massed bands—as many as two hundred pipers and drummers. Glorious hullabaloo. Even an Englishman's heart beats faster.

Highland Games often last from dawn to dusk. Yet the full day of caber tossing, piping, dancing and athletics can cost as little as 35 cents. Games are held all over the Highlands. Ask your travel agent for dates and locations.

## Lively Autumn calendar

Your travel agent can give you a hundred other reasons for visiting Britain in the lively, lovely Autumn. You can catch the Edinburgh International Festival and the Pitlochry Drama Festival in Scotland, or the Shakespeare Season at Stratford. And the theatre in London is at its brilliant best.

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Sword dance—ancient clan celebration.

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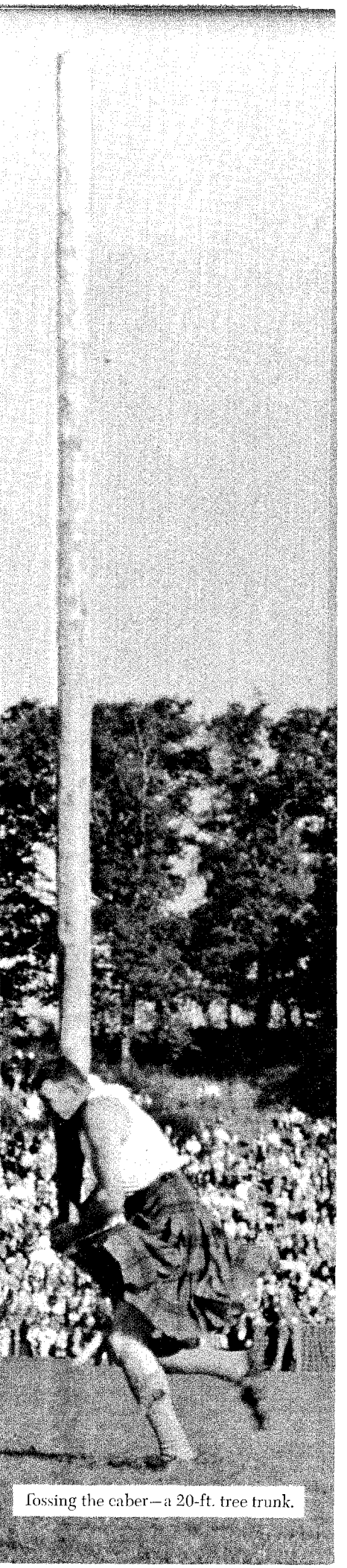
Brawny Highlander throws 16-pound hammer.

March-past of the massed bands.



Tossing the caber—a 20-ft. tree trunk.

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*Raccoons on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm where tree crops are grown in endless cycles.*

# What is the greatest threat to America's forest lands?

- ☐ **Fire?**
- ☐ **Insects?**
- ☐ **Disease?**
- ☐ **Taxes?**

Fire, insects and disease are real hazards, but they are risks today's tree farmers are prepared to accept.

These are threats that usually can be controlled. And even though they'll always concern us they should not prevent tree farmers from keeping their forests green and growing, forever.

Taxes are another story. They must take into account that it may take 60 years or more for a tree to reach usable size. If they don't, taxes can make it impractical for tree farmers to reforest and pay the costs of managing forests year in and year out.

When that happens, you lose because privately owned tree farms benefit everybody.

They provide a stable base for jobs and payrolls.

They provide many opportunities for healthful outdoor recreation to millions of people from dry-fly purists to teen-age hikers.

Even if you never get closer to Mother Nature than a downtown park, you have a stake in tree farms.

They are one of the nation's most important sources of raw materials for more than 5,000 products made from wood.

Fortunately, today's tax climate in most instances encourages reforestation.

Should the tax base fail to consider the long-term costs of growing timber as a crop it could mean a far greater threat to tomorrow's forests than fire, insects or disease.

For an informative booklet, "Plain Talk About Trees and Taxes," write Weyerhaeuser Company, Box A4, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

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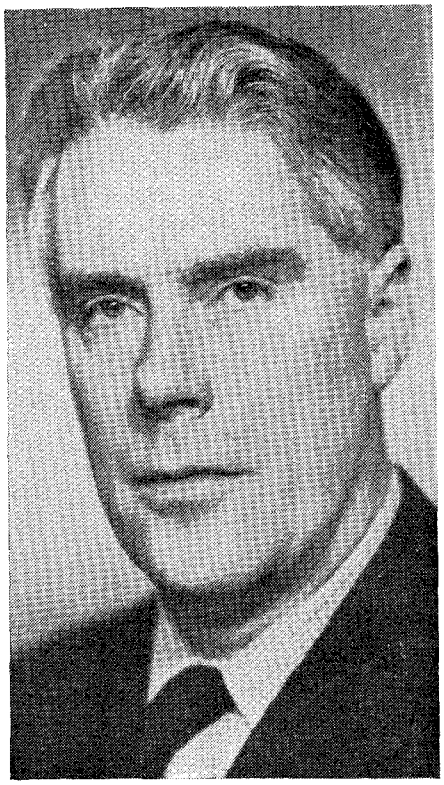
## Waste of Dreams

*Continued from page 31*

daughter, Hadassah, and her lover, Asa Heshel. They seem at first to be the Romeo and Juliet of Warsaw Jewry, separated by paternal disapproval, unwillingly married off to other partners, and, at last, freed by divorce and married to each other. Marriage turns out to be the greatest disaster to befall love's young dream; soon enough, Asa Heshel is carrying on with another woman—ironically, he meets her at a party where his wife is crowned beauty queen—and Hadassah has betaken herself to a rural exile. "Old love doesn't get rusty," says one of Singer's characters, but he is all wrong, for he is another example of love's dream gone sour. Moskat's bailiff, he has waited many years to marry the boss's daughter, but again a pair of divorces is necessary before the lovers can be joined, and, again, it all turns out to have been a waste of time. In his old age, the former bailiff promises himself that he will stop quarrelling with his wife, but he dies before he can fulfill even this modest ambition.

Intellectual and spiritual aspirations are defeated as thoroughly as personal ones. Asa Heshel is a promising scholar and a dedicated student of Spinoza, but all he produces is a single manuscript, a treatise on the necessity of birth control, which he finally commits to the flames. Equally predictable is the decline of the synagogue that old Moskat supported. New aspirations arise to supplant the old ones; Zionism and Marxism have both been fully tested by the time the novel ends, but we may suspect that they will have as many drawbacks as romantic love and religious orthodoxy. The final comment upon all this hopeful striving is made by the advent of Hitler—a meaningless event that renders all events meaningless. If any interpretation can be provided for this last catastrophe, and for the others that have preceded it, it is contained in the last words of the novel: "The Messiah will come soon. . . . Death is the Messiah. That's the real truth."

*The Family Moskat* is more crowded with detail than might be gathered from this highly selective review of its contents. It is an old-fashioned family chronicle, a rather successful instance of its genre, better in its rendering of certain personal histories, like that of Asa Heshel and Hadassah, than in its management of the larger canvas. But it should have its principal appeal as a distinctive and curious example of a great novelist's early work.



—*London Times.*

**Anthony Powell—"deadpan touches."**

# Death in a Droshky

***Venusberg** and **Agents and Patients**, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown. 328 pp. $4.75), two early novels by the author of "A Dance to the Music of Time," provide an introduction to his virtuosity and his subtle, deadpan humor. Harry T. Moore, research professor at Southern Illinois University, has written a new book on E. M. Forster to be published in the Columbia Essays on Modern Writers series.*

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE SPECIAL brand of humor that characterizes the novels of Anthony Powell is notable in an episode toward the end of *Venusberg*, one of two early books now printed in a single volume and published here for the first time. The incident has its grim aspects, for it concerns the murder of a man and a woman in a droshky driving away from a ball in the unnamed Baltic capital which is the principal setting of the story. Two men who dash out of a side street shoot them and run away; a general who is accustomed to being a target is passing by in a car with his *aide de camp* and two detectives. They try to return the fire—or, at least, the general and the detectives do; the *aide de camp* draws his sword.

It is just such little deadpan touches of absurdity, amid violent and even serious actions, that make Powell a subtler humorist than his British contemporaries who lean more toward the discernibly exaggerated and grotesque. And perhaps it is this underplaying of the comic that has impeded full response in the U.S. to Powell's "A Dance to the Music of Time" series, seven of whose twelve projected volumes have appeared since 1951. Those novels, with their recurring characters and themes, picture British life both brilliantly and mordantly across the last half-century.

The present stories, *Venusberg* and *Agents and Patients*, each complete in itself, date respectively from 1932 and 1936. They naturally lack the sweep of the "Music of Time" sequence, but as excellent examples of this author's virtuosity they provide a good introduction to his work. The title of *Venusberg* symbolically evokes the enchantment of a London newspaper correspondent, Lushington, with the glowing Ortrud, an unfaithful wife in a Ruritanian capital where an old-fashioned code of honor decrees that illicit lovers be shot. Ironically, the elderly professor to whom Ortrud is married, divining that his wife has a paramour, thinks the man is an English friend of Lushington's, and stubbornly refuses to believe the latter when he says the assumption is wrong.

Lushington's friend is escorting Ortrud home from the ball merely out of courtesy when they are both killed in his droshky. Those who tell Lushington about the murder take it for granted that the gunmen were plugging away at the general, and Lushington himself never seems to suspect that Ortrud's husband may have had something to do with the shooting (even the reader can only guess at this possibility on the basis of the perhaps deliberately puzzling text). Lushington's reaction to the event is typical of the numerous male characters in Powell's books who are detached or downright imperceptive; he "felt a little dazed and rather sick and he could only think that he had missed an eyewitness account of the thing for the paper and that now he had been given orders to come back to England things were beginning to happen out here."

His trip "out here," to the semi-mythical, operetta-like country, was in any case mere chance. On the other hand, the central situation in *Agents and Patients* is not accidental but artificially



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induced. When young Blore-Smith, just down from Oxford, falls into the clutches of some hangers-on of the arts, one of them cons him into financing a movie and another, an amateur psychoanalyst, persuades him that he needs treatment. The supposed therapy isn't administered in the usual setting of a hermetic office, but rather amid the wild Paris and Berlin café life of the 1930s, with Blore-Smith of course footing the bills. After the victim has escaped back to England from his oppressors, one of them crisply observes that the young man has "made a grave mistake," for "What is he going to make of his life?" This is the last reference to Blore-Smith, who will probably have a tame enough future though he has been through some bizarre *rites de passage* that have at least taught him a certain amount of useful self-protection.

While *Venusberg* specializes in portraits of moderately outlandish noblemen, officers, and women of an East European Graustark, *Agents and Patients* deals for the most part with characters who are English and chiefly rogues. Readers of Proust's *Swann's*

*Way* who recall the part played by a certain flower in the courtship of Odette will be amused at the name of the florist's shop in *Agents and Patients*, managed (or mismanaged) by the attractive Mrs. Mendoza; it is called *La Cattleya*.

But Powell doesn't usually obtain his effects by outside references, however indirect and muted his comedy often is. The humor that is consistently present is worth the vigilance of readers, even if for some of them Anthony Powell will be an acquired taste. And perhaps a few of them will find the present novels leading them toward the "Music of Time" series, a really important comic achievement.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

The lines pair in this way (sonnet numbers are given in parentheses): 1-G (94), 2-N (123), 3-M (14), 4-C (60), 5-I (121), 6-P (70), 7-A (95), 8-K (94), 9-O (94), 10-F (91), 11-H (102), 12-E (44), 13-D (104), 14-B (90), 15-J (14), 16-L (18).

# LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

## No "Goodies"

EMILE CAPOUYA'S interesting and well-written review of Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth* [*SR*, Apr. 24] offers a rare opportunity for the perspicacious reader to experience literary flagellation. The reviewer's sense of guilt (the basis for which is unknown to me) is treated as an all-encompassing social phenomenon of our day, a premise which is open to considerable question. The unfortunate result is a bitter *mea culpa*, imputed to Western society in toto, manifesting itself in a simplistic treatment of colonialism and the decolonizing process.

Capouya, in his anxiety to portray the "baddies" of Europe and the United States abusing the "goodies" of the developing areas, ignores the savage in-fighting whereby the FLN obtained control over the Algerian nationalist movement (in the process employing assassination, torture and blackmail). Conveniently, no mention is made of the decolonizing of vast areas of Africa which has been effected without violence, unless you consider the border disputes, insurgent movements, tribal separatism, military revolts, and other indicators of "bourgeois nationalism" as being attributable to the exmetropole powers.

I was particularly impressed with the reviewer's rather close adherence to the current Peking position reference colonialism and neo-colonialism. . . .

In February 1964 Suslov went to some pains in condemning the Maoist military deviation and now American book reviews are publicly supporting the purveyors of anti-U.S. violence. It might be added that the racist overtones in Capouya's comments are not only a bit passé but very un-Marxian. . . . Mr. Capouya would be well advised to re-examine the developments of the last decade with an eye to the realities of the international power struggle. If he cannot see his way clear to do this, may I humbly suggest that he begin signing his work "Spartacus."

DONALD B. VOUGHT.
Augusta, Ga.

MR. CAPOUYA WRITES: ". . . Americans . . . are generally unaware . . . that all the territory between the Rio Grande and the Tierra del Fuego belongs to them. . . ." Since we Americans do not actually own any of the countries south of the Rio Grande, I must assume that Capouya regards the supposed rulers of the Latin American countries as the "running dogs" or "lackeys" of American capitalist imperialism. To select just one of these countries, the one most vulnerable to American military power because it is on our border—Mexico—does Capouya regard the rulers of Mexico (Cárdenas and his successors) as hirelings of American capitalism and traitors to their own people? I would guess that Capouya was just expressing his burning hatred of Americans rather than making what he considered an objective statement of fact.

L. F. HAWKINS.
New York, N.Y.

THOSE WHO HAVE STUDIED the tragedy of Algeria's path to independence can better realize how much Fanon's political philosophy was based on Algeria's unhappy experience. It is quite another matter, however, to accept the claim of this philosophy to universal validity in the colonized or formerly colonized world. Stripped to its essentials, the Fanon thesis, which Capouya applauds, is that sheer violence purifies and clears the way for the formerly colonized to create a brave new world. This is unadulterated nihilism. Most liberal, humanitarian, anti-colonial Westerners surveying the dismal wreckage of such nihilism (from both the left and the right) in their own civilization during this century can only be saddened to read such advice directed to the newly independent world.

Full justice should be given to Fanon's many brilliant insights. (This is undoubtedly an important book.) His unstinted devotion to the Algerian people during their harsh struggle for independence is also to be admired. Even so, the book enunciates a position which is morally reprehensible, and that too should be recorded. . . .

LEON CARL BROWN,
Center for Middle Eastern Studies,
Harvard University.
Cambridge, Mass.

I PROTEST the incredible words of Emile Capouya. . . . He states, referring to Cuba, "our government institutes a blockade designed to starve the population." The Korean War is called a case where the "United States resorted to the ultimate argument in dealing with restive colonials." Mr. Capouya obviously believes in the old outworn "devil" theory of imperialism and war. History, in short, is nothing but a conspiracy of evil capitalists for the purpose of private gain. . . .

SIDNEY MARKS.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

## New Images of Divinity

"EVENTS of the past quarter of a century," Granville Hicks claims [in his review of *Jews and Americans*, *SR*, May 1], "have served to make members of the American-Jewish community more acutely aware of the Jewish elements in their heritage." He relates literature to history in a rather easy manner, accusing me of not exploring the reasons "why Jewish influence has become so strong in recent years." I refuse to accept "convenient" historical reasons for the rise of contemporary American-Jewish literature. I try to see what ties *Passage from Home* to *The Assistant*, not what causes Rosenfeld and Malamud to write about Jews. Surely



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their muse is more (or less?) than historical; she is deeply private.

Mr. Hicks apparently believes that Jewish tradition is "social." Jews, for him, are outsiders (now insiders). I think that again he is limited; the Jewish tradition is psychological and theological—as well as social. Thus I use a "mechanical" method—his adjective—in my book to show that the center of the Jewish Experience is the Lord. American-Jewish writers are popular because they search for new images of divinity—which, of course, aren't new at all. By doing so, they assume the role of prophets for all readers; their words are somehow "revelatory."

IRVING MALIN.

Queens Village, N.Y.

### No Idyllic Picture

ALEXANDER WERTH'S review of Paul Carell's *Hitler Moves East 1941-1943* [*SR*, Apr. 17] is not a review. . . . Werth's comments state his own point of view rather than offering an opinion on Carell's. I find no "idyllic picture of pretty Russian village girls apparently getting on splendidly with those nice, kind, chivalrous boys of the Wehrmacht." Werth seems to want to attribute to Carrell the scope of his own recent work.

WILLIAM A. STOPPEL.

Mt. Vernon, Iowa

WHAT ABOUT all the prisoners of war who simply disappeared into Russian prison camps and were never even accounted for? In 1959 the Italian government finally gave up trying to find out about the fate of 63,000 Italian soldiers who had been taken prisoner by the Russians in 1943 and never heard from since. Does Mr. Werth tell about this or other Russian atrocities in *his* book?

ELOISE LEHNERT.

Blairstown, N.J.

### Hangings

IF, IN CHIDING Jeanne Judson [LETTERS TO BOOK REVIEW EDITOR, *SR*, Apr. 17] Marjorie Bitker implies that the terms "portières" and "lambrequins" are interchangeable with that of "draperies," as commonly understood today, then she would be in for a shocking surprise were she to order either portières or lambrequins from an interior decorator and expect to receive the conventional window draperies. All three terms indicate hangings of a sort, it is true, but each one designates a hanging of a particular character, each one for a very specific functional need. Shame on her!

FLORENCE BISSONNETTE.

Portland, Ore.

### Nonexistentialist

IRENE SAYLOR [*SR*, LETTERS TO THE BOOK REVIEW EDITOR, Apr. 3] called Albert Camus an existentialist. Germaine Brée's authoritative work on the late Nobel Prize-winner mentioned that "nothing could be more erroneous than to consider him an existentialist writer." Camus himself, writing in *Actuelles*, argued, ". . . I have little liking for the too famous existential philosophy, and, to speak frankly, I think its conclusions are false."

C. A. SANDEEN.

East Lansing, Mich.

### Peccability

NOW THAT JUDGE MUSMANNO has had the courage to speak up amidst the public's sheepish acceptance of Luigi Barzini's *The Italians* [*SR*, March 27], I hope many more Americans will express their opinions on what is basically one man's opinion of the Italians. . . . Perhaps the author's own words are best in order to describe *The Italians*: "They [*The Italians*] can write impeccable essays proving the absolute opposite of what everybody knows is the truth; impeccable scientific papers knowingly based on slightly spurious data; historical studies in which the facts disagreeing with the author's thesis are carefully neglected." (p. 91) Barzini seems to exemplify the vices and the possessors of those vices which he so pedantically portrays. Again I'll quote the author's own words to prove my point. "The only copy I know of is in my hands. *I stole mine* from the library of an old and unsuspecting English gentleman." (p. 64)

It would appear, to me at least, as if Barzini feels that since Italians have often been accused of being "traitors, cheats, pimps, spies, and murderers," they should behave accordingly. If this were the case, as an American of Italian descent and a teacher of Romance Languages I would rather shout out as did Victor de Laprade: *Cache, Italie, un front qui conseille le crime.*

FRANCIS C. SPATARO.

New York, N.Y.

### A Fool and a Bore?

IT WOULD BE INTERESTING to know how many people finish reading Saul Bellow's *Herzog*. My friends are incredulous when I say I have. . . . I didn't care two cents' worth for Herzog's fate—I wasn't involved at all. I think I know the answer. Despite Bellow's skill, Herzog is a fool and a bore. (Or is that the whole point of the novel?)

ANNE E. LEVINSON.

New York, N.Y.

### Exasperating Trivia

LIKE BEL KAUFMAN [*SR*, Apr. 10] I have been extremely frustrated innumerable times by having to complete forms in triplicate or by spending valuable school and teacher preparation time on other exasperating trivia; and, like Miss Kaufman, I firmly believe that something "contagiously exciting" should happen when teachers and students are together.

There are many of us, I am certain, who are silently thanking the author of *Up the Down Staircase* for enlightening the reading public in such a delightful manner, about a topic which is—or which should be—important to all teachers and to all citizens! And my thanks to *Saturday Review* for giving its readers an opportunity to learn more about Bel Kaufman!

CAROL KILLIAN.

Greensboro, N.C.

### Foreword Forwarded

TO MY FRIENDS and other readers I am suggesting that they read Sally Carrighar's foreword [to] *Wild Heritage* [*SR*, March 20]. To me these passages are in complete contradiction to Peter Farb's waspish criticism. . . .

CONSTANCE SPENCER.

San Francisco, Calif.

## Check List

*Continued from page 15*

### *History*

CONSTANTINOPLE: Image of a Holy City. By Philip Sherrard. Oxford Univ. Press $14.50.

THE GERMAN ECONOMY AT WAR. By Alan P. Milward. Oxford Univ. Press. $6.

REVOLUTION AND DEFEAT: The Story of the Greek Communist Party. By D. George Kousoulas. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

### *Literary Criticism*

INTRODUCTION TO RUSSIAN REALISM: Pushkin, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Sholokhov. By Ernest J. Simmons. Indiana Univ. Press. $6.50.

POETIC LOVE. By J. B. Broadbent. Barnes & Noble. $6.75.

WITCHCRAFT AND DEMONOLOGY IN SCOTT'S FICTION. By Coleman O. Parsons. Barnes & Noble. $11.50.

### *Miscellany*

THE ARTS OF THE BEAUTIFUL. By Etienne Gilson. Scribners. $3.95.

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHY IN CANADA. By Ralph Greenhill. Oxford Univ. Press. $12.50.

GOLDEN GATE: Biography of a Bridge. By Allen Brown. Doubleday. $4.95.

GREAT RESORTS OF NORTH AMERICA. By Andrew Hepburn. Doubleday. $5.95.

LIVING WITH BALLADS. By Willa Muir. Oxford Univ. Press. $5.75.

MY MOST INSPIRING MOMENT: Encounters with Destiny Relived by Thirty-eight Best-Selling Authors. Edited by Robert Fitzgibbon and Ernest V. Heyn. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. By Hutchins Hapgood. Drawings by Jacob Epstein. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

WALLS: Enrichment and Ornamentation. By David B. Van Dommelen. Funk & Wagnalls. $7.50.

### *Personal History*

THE DAY THE ROPE BROKE. By Ronald W. Clark. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.

THE EDUCATION OF A BROADCASTER. By Harry Bannister. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

EUROPE WITHOUT GEORGE. By Irene Kampen. Norton. $3.95.

LADY OF THE HOUSE. By Sally Stanford. Putnam. $4.95.

A SENSE OF LIFE. By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Translated by Adrienne Foulke. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

THROUGH INDIAN EYES. A Journey Among the Tribes of Guiana. By Colin Henfrey. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.

WHEN I WAS LAST ON CHERRY STREET. By Harry Roskolenko. Stein & Day. $4.95.

THE WIND COMMANDS ME: A Life of Sir Francis Drake. By Ernle Bradford. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

### *Poetry*

THE LAST HERO AND OTHER POEMS. By Louis Coxe. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $4.

### *Religion*

RELEVANT LITURGY. By Archbishop Leslie Wilfrid Brown. Oxford Univ. Press. Paperback, $1.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



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# Children's Books

*Continued from page 46*

reach boys through his baseball experiences. "Do you have the guts not to fight back?" Branch Rickey of the Brooklyn Dodgers asked when he took Jackie into the club. Jackie had always fought back when attacked. He didn't know how he would be able to discipline himself. It wasn't easy to be the first Negro in Big League baseball. He reports how his wife, Rachel, helped him, "She was superb from the beginning." In the last chapter he tells how he feels about the NAACP and his active work for civil rights. 10 up (14?).

## Older Children

**The Gull's Way.** *By Louis Darling. Photographs and illustrations by the author. Morrow.* 96 *pp.* $6.50. The courting, mating, nesting, and hatching of herring gulls are covered here with extraordinary photographs, many in color.

Among the unusual things about the gulls is the fact that the parent birds have a red spot on the beak, at which the baby birds peck, learning how to take food from it. One of the lovely photographs shows a baby gull pecking, brooded over by the mother. Mr. Darling observed the birds and took his photographs on a small island off the coast of Maine. No age level; adults and young people.

**Twenty Tales from Shakespeare.** *By Irene Buckman. Foreword by Dame Peggy Ashcroft. Random House.* 229 *pp.* $3.95. A handsome book with extremely well-reproduced photographs of players, this should be popular with those either unable or too lazy to read the plays for themselves. "Any young person," the jacket copy reads, "wants to enjoy the play without puzzling over what it is about. This book is the answer—and if it is a short cut to homework and to passing examinations so much the better." No retelling substitutes for Shakespeare, and I find it hard to take some of the substitutions offered here. It does have the advantage of following the arrangement of the plays. No age level.

**The Wreck of the Whaleship *Essex*: A Narrative Account by Owen Chase, First Mate.** *Edited by Iola Haverstick and Betty Shepard. Illustrated with reproductions of prints and a map by Kathleen Voute. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 124 *pp.* $3. Originally published in 1821, this narrative is reprinted by courtesy of the Rare Book Division of the New York Public Library. For some reason, whaling has been one of my great interests, and I found this fascinating as well as a valuable addition to original American narratives. The story of the *Essex* is an extraordinary one—for the ship was wrecked and sunk by an agonized, infuriated whale, and the crew had to take to the boats. There follows a most graphic description of their privations, the terrors of hunger and thirst, leading to cannibalism, about which I admit to being squeamish, but it is a necessary part of this realistic narrative. The attack by the whale inspired the climax of Melville's *Moby Dick*, so, all in all, the interest would be either adult or teen-age.

**The World of Columbus and Sons.** *By Genevieve Foster. With illustrations by the author. Scribners.* 406 *pp.* $5.95. A fine contribution to young people's reading has been made over a period of years by this author, who set herself the enormous but joyful task of writing "horizontal history," which would span the life of a man and show what was happening in other parts of the world at that time. This newest of the "World" books gives Ferdinand Columbus, the illegitimate son, his rightful place. In younger books he has sometimes been entirely ignored. Yet Ferdinand wrote the *Historie* of his father, and Mrs. Foster's book opens and closes with him.

It is a richly creative book, which may be read as a continuous narrative or dipped into as occasion arises. The text flows easily, is never dull, and is enlivened by many live drawings. The double-page spreads that sum up the "people who were living when—" are particularly valuable. Ages 12-16.

**The Great Adventure of Michelangelo.** *By Irving Stone. Drawings by Joseph Cellini. Also illustrated with photographs. Doubleday.* 298 *pp.* $4.95. "[This book] is an edition of *The Agony and the Ecstasy* that has been specially edited and illustrated for young readers." So it is plainly stated on the jacket flap, and so is the "age level," which is quite surprisingly given as "up to 12." The low age placement keeps the book apart from the adult novel, but one wonders how many children under twelve will be able to read it. The adaptation is very readable, but an interest in Michelangelo must already be present to carry the young reader along. Adult readers of historical novels wonder on what the reconstructions of conversations are based, but, generally, young readers are not as critical and will read the book, as many grown-ups did, for pure enjoyment.

With the interest in Michelangelo's *Pietà* and the forthcoming motion picture of *The Agony and the Ecstasy*, this younger biography should be useful.

**The Man Who Hated Sherlock Holmes: A Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.** *By James Playsted Wood. Illustrated by Richard M. Powers. Pantheon.* 180 *pp.* $3.75. An arresting title leads into an interesting and well-written book. Why the title? "The *Strand* was publishing Sherlock Holmes stories. As for Conan Doyle, Sherlock Holmes was a nuisance. He was sick of Holmes. Every Holmes story needed a plot as carefully contrived and as detailed as a full-length book. . . . Doyle had . . . other and better things to do with his time." He decided to ask so large a price for new Holmes stories that the magazine could not afford it. The magazine did. Finally Holmes decided to have Professor Moriarty kill off Holmes (as he is doing every night now in a Broadway play). "The Hound of the Baskervilles" was a blood-curdling attempt to circumvent Holmes's permanent demise. Finally in ten years he was rescued and returned to life by an American magazine in co-publication with the *Strand*. "Conan Doyle was pleased, with reservations." Ages 12 up.

# European Scene

*Continued from page 27*

one could have been more wrong than those Facists who came to Ravenna from Bologna and Ferrara to add their bit to the commemoration of September 1921, They managed to cudgel a few who refused to accept their view of Dante as a precursor of Italian Facism and nationalism. Fortunately, today we can reject this view without running such risks.

Far into the future scholars will foregather, and the same question will be posed. What does Dante mean to us in 2064, 2121, 2164, and after? We have been assuming that with the broadening bridge of time Dante will become more and more an outsider to the brave new world of the coming centuries. Could the opposite prove true? As man changes, as taste and morals evolve, as science careens on, might there be social attitudes, ethic convictions, and personal prejudices which—according to the Nietzschean theory of cyclical history—may bring Dante closer to posterity than he is to us? Even that major difficulty of Dante of which Voltaire complained—the wealth of local references and historical figures—will diminish as figures on the stage of history and literature become crowded almost beyond recognition, and Dante's Boniface VIII and Ezzelino III will be no more unfamiliar to new readers of future centuries than will be Shakespeare's Richard III, Tolstoy's Alexander I, or Hugo's Napoleon III.

In sum, what is the value of Dante to us today? It is as an artist, a poet, a visionary, and a man. Eliot and others have so viewed him in our time. He is not just a medieval theologian, as a modern trend of American scholarship has tended to see him. We now know that the greatest value of Dante is rather a personal than a social one. Ask just as easily, what is the value of a medieval cathedral, with its stone demons threatening hell and its rose windows promising heaven? I do not of course invent the analogy, but I find it satisfying and relevant. One can say of a cathedral what Quinet has said of Dante, that his influence on society was nil, but his influence on individuals was immense. The tremendous personal impact of the *Comedy* can be compared best with the feeling which overpowers one as he stands alone in the glowing gloom of a Chartres Cathedral. It was Longfellow who captured in Dantean tercets this experience offered alike by Dante's book and a medieval basilica:

> The tumult of the time disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
> While the eternal ages watch and wait.

—Robert J. Clements.



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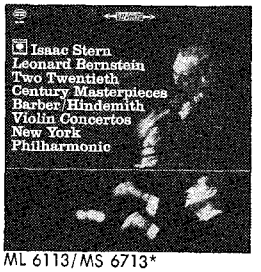

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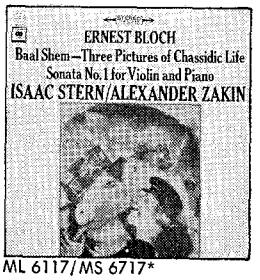
ML 6115/MS 6715*

ML 6116/MS 6716*



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# "THE CRADLE" STILL ROCKS

—*Alfredo Valente.*

**Marc Blitzstein at the piano during the original (1937) presentation of *The Cradle Will Rock*. At left is Charles Niemeyer as Rev. Salvation.**

OF THE various forms in which Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* has appeared since it was new in 1937—with a narrator and piano accompaniment, but no action; with a narrator and an orchestra but no scenery; and as a fully staged "opera"—one of the most satisfactory has always been as a recording. For the scenery is easily imaginable and the action no more than rudimentary. Thus the coincidence of two recorded versions (MGM E-4289-2 OC, $9.98; stereo $11.98 and American Legacy Records T 1001, $5.95) is the amplest assist to understanding this work has had in its nearly thirty years of existence.

As the useful résumé of "production information" in the Legacy reissue documents, there have been major opportunities to review the impressions of June 16, 1937—when the work was first given publicly at the bygone Venice Theater—over the decades since. The first was a revival in November 1947 under the direction of Leonard Bernstein, at the New York City Center; the next was again at the City Center in 1960, this time with Lehman Engel in musical charge; and the most recent was at Theater Four, off Broadway.

Some of the satire has lost its pungency, and its glorification of unionism as a shining light of hope in a world of corruption and deceit tends to provoke indulgent smiles rather than indignant endorsement, but there is no question of the service they performed in fueling Blitzstein's feelings to the boiling point. It is not necessary to share his devotion to Freemasonry to appreciate what Mozart did with it in *Die Zauberflöte* (or, perhaps, what it did for him), nor is enthusiasm for necrophilia an inherent part of the appeal of Strauss's *Salome*. What is essentially remarkable about *The Cradle Will Rock* are the range and variety of results that Blitzstein derived from his parodies of popular songs. Virtually everything in his score, musically, is derived from that idiom, taking sources as varied as Cole Porter and Tin Pan Alley, blues and the musical comedy choruses of Sigmund Romberg, crooners, and authentic jazz. How it all sounds to one not acquainted with his sources would be difficult to say; but for one who is, the effect, at this distance, is a startling testimony to the vitality in his impulse and the swift power of characterization he commanded.

As to the philosophic premise on which it was based, something of real illumination is provided by a commentary of George Avakian in the MGM item. It reads: "Marc Blitzstein, in 1936, had written a song 'Nickel Under my Foot,' about a prostitute. He played and sang it for Bert Brecht, who was delighted by both the song and its philosophy. Brecht suggested that Blitzstein write a whole opera exposing the various kinds of figurative prostitution. Inspired, Blitzstein wrote the entire *The Cradle Will Rock* in six blazing weeks."

What that explains is some of the blatant imbalance of the scenario for *The Cradle Will Rock*, which has always struck me as being at variance with a mind of Blitzstein's flexibility and sharpness. Judges are bought and sold, the church is corrupt, the press is venal, the medical profession can be suborned to perjure itself, professors and college presidents are no better, musicians and artists live by the bounty of people they despise—only the laboring man and his high-minded representative are cut from a different kind of cloth, which is, naturally, all wool and a yard wide. But if Blitzstein was motivated by Brecht's suggestion and proceeded to implement it in every way he could—well, then, that explains a lot about *The Cradle Will Rock*, and why it might be described (in contrast to some classical predecessors) as a modern immorality play.

Additionally, it explains more about its weaknesses than its strengths. The former were plainly an outgrowth of the method and the journalistic means Blitzstein employed to make it work. Since "journalistic" means, in a real sense, here today and gone tomorrow, the premise has proven equally ephemeral. But its strengths are an outgrowth of a very real compulsion to musical expression. The compulsion had existed in Blitzstein for a decade or more previously; but it had not been directed into really productive channels until he encountered in Paul Green's *Johnny Johnson* the first songs written in this country by Kurt Weill (in 1935).

A good deal of this can be heard in the MGM album, whose two discs reproduce the off-Broadway performance noted above. It was staged by Howard da Silva, who created the role of Larry Foreman nearly thirty years ago, with Gershon Kingsley as musical director. It embraces, so Avakian's note assures us, "The entire show (including the



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faculty room scene, which was in the original production but has been omitted from some revivals) is recorded in this album. . . ."

This is delivered mostly with appropriate emphasis, much spirit, and a very good average ability among the performers—of whom Lauri Peters as Moll, is one of the best, Jerry Orbach as Larry Forman is suitably inflammatory, Chris Warfield as Reverend Salvation appropriately sanctimonious, etc. They sing (vocalize) rather more than I think they should, but it is, without question, a high service to Blitzstein that so much of the complete work has been preserved. The only warning that I would issue is that it tends to be closer to the letter of the score than to its spirit. After thirty years and a transition of generations, it is all but impossible for performers today to approach such matters as "Nickel Under my Foot," "Croon, Spoon," "Honolulu," "I'm Checkin' Home Now," etc., without a touch of caricature. This is like adding seasoning to the already well seasoned—for that is the difference between parody, which Blitzstein indulged in, and caricature, which Kingsley sometimes endorses.

If there is any doubt of this, the proof is readily at hand in the American Legacy issue, which reproduces the version by the cast (very close to the original) that gave a series of performances at the Windsor Theater late in 1937. It circulated on a series of 78s bearing the Musicraft label, which some collectors still possess. These are cleaned up, acoustically, and much improved by transfer to surfaces that suppress much of the grind that characterized the first pressings. Thus more is to be heard of what is in the grooves than previously.

And from the first sound of Blitzstein's soft voice saying, "Scene one is a street corner. It is the night of a big union drive. The Moll stands at a lamp post. There is a 'phone attached to it," it is quite another thing altogether. Both in its poignance and in its crude power, it touches extremes of feeling that are only suggested in the newer, better-recorded, effort. In the product from American Legacy, the fidelity is to an original emotion rather than to the improved sound of a recreated impulse.

Moreover, though the reissue is limited to two sides, and the new issue covers four, there is not nearly the disparity of content that this might suggest. Rather than being on the order of four to two, it is more like three to two. This is accounted for by the difference in the length of material per side: American Heritage offers about twenty-six minutes per side, or a total of about fifty-three minutes, while MGM presents multiples of eighteen or nineteen, with about seventy-eight minutes for its four sides.

As a summation of values, the American Legacy also includes a good deal of documentary material about Blitzstein, about the original production (including photos and photostats of newspaper material) that is absent from the MGM. For my taste, this contributes toward making it an indispensable source of information about a historic piece of Americana, while the MGM is merely a variably good performance of it. For those who might be puzzled by the reference, in American Legacy's Blitzstein discography, to a Columbia issue of the "1964 production," this is actually the same off-Broadway performance herein reviewed on MGM, which was originally contracted for by Columbia.

—Irving Kolodin.

**Rita Gardner, Clifford David, Wayne Tucker, and Nichols Grimes in the 1964 off-Broadway production.**

—*Alfredo Valente.*

**Howard da Silva (1937), the original Larry Foreman and director of the off-Broadway revival.**

# The Folk Bookshelf

RECENT publications have centered upon the folk "songbook" rather than upon any serious studies of an analytical nature. Despite this all too evident lack, particularly noticeable in the blues field, a number of interesting and varied items have come to hand. The entire contemporary Nashville-country music scene is singularly characterized by a great lack of available literature. One of the few bright spots in this unfortunate plight is Thurston Moore's annual *The Country Music Who's Who* (Heather Publications, Denver, Colorado, $5). It is essentially a country music compendium with an encyclopedic approach to the genre. Enlivened with photographs, articles, various advertisements, and discographies, it is a basic reference volume for anyone interested in this music. A valuable inclusion is the "Directory" section listing people, products, places, and services in the field. There are also a number of remarkably well-written and informative articles. Particularly illuminating are "History of the Autoharp," by A. Doyle Moore, "Memorial to John Edwards," by the noted folk scholar John Greenway, and the anonymous "The Banjo: America's Own Musical Instrument." Notwithstanding all the interest generated by the aforementioned, particular kudos must be given to the sixty-four-page section "Pictorial History of Country Music," which includes an eight-page section titled "The Civil War: Its Songs —Its Battles," in addition to countless photographic rarities, a plethora of nostalgia, and an informative text.

Songbooks have become a by-product of the entire folk music boom. In many instances they are specifically directed toward the pop-folk, commercially oriented reader and listener, but on occasion publishers do devote their efforts to the more serious and dedicated aficionado or scholar. *The New Lost City Rambler's Song Book* (Oak Publications, $4.50), although rather expensive for a soft-covered edition, is a scholarly volume of white country music commercially recorded during the 1920s and 1930s. Each song is preceded by a short historical note concerning the background of the offering, recorded and otherwise, and many rare photographs and publicity flyers are also exhibited. Four short articles make up the introduction: "Styles in Old-Time Music" (John Cohen), "Some Thoughts About Old-Time Music" (Mike Seeger and Paul Nelson), "A Musical Note" (Hally Wood), and "Adapted and Arranged in the Public Domain" (Cohen). All are essential thoughts basic to the understanding and appreciation of the material presented. Overall, this is an invaluable

(*Continued on page 62*)



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

| TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Count Basie: *Pop Goes the Basie*. Basie, piano and leader, with sixteen-piece band. Reprise 6153, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. | Reprise evidently believes that the big band's road to success is paved with pop tunes, and it may be right. Even in their heyday, the bands mixed ballad hits with originals, but then, of course, more of the songwriters were professionals. Arranger Billy Byers has translated the chosen material ably with frequent amusing or original touches, such as Wallace Davenport's trumpet simulation of a church choir's soprano. The band has recently been enriched soloistically by the return of Lockjaw Davis and Al Grey, both of whom are abundantly featured, but to anyone with a taste for expressive understatement the pianist remains the star. He and Davis stretch out on the final number, "At Long Last Love," which is by far the most exciting performance. Some interesting remnants from an earlier Basie period are gathered together on one side of Roulette 52117 (*Big Band Scene '65*), the reverse being by Maynard Ferguson, and Verve V6-8605 (*Our Shining Hour*) has the band behind Sammy Davis, who suits it rather better than Frank Sinatra. |
| Duke Ellington: *Ellington '66*. Ellington, piano and leader, with fourteen-piece band. Reprise 6154, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. | Consisting of ten recent song hits, "Satin Doll" and one original, this set makes an interesting comparison with that by Basie reviewed above. The textures are generally more velvety and the deficiencies of the songs more thoroughly disguised in these enchanting Ellington-Strayhorn transformations, but the special virtues of each band are curiously emphasized by the other's. Ellington's remarkable gallery of soloists is well displayed, the honors going to Paul Gonsalves on "Days of Wine and Roses" and to Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney in a duet on "The Good Life." What must be heard to be believed is the crazy magic the band and the arranger have worked on the Beatles' hit, "I Want to Hold Your Hand." |
| Benny Goodman: *Featuring Great Vocalists of Our Times*. Goodman, clarinet and leader, with orchestra, and vocalists: Buddy Clark, Ella Fitzgerald, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy Rushing, Martha Tilton, Helen Ward. Camden 872, $1.98; stereo, $2.49. | Of the six singers heard in these ten reissues from 1935-39, the most impressive are Ella Fitzgerald on "Goodnight, My Love" and Jimmy Rushing on "He Ain't Got Rhythm." A second side by Miss Fitzgerald is a rare one from 1936, "Did Ja Mean It?" Besides the leader's clarinet, there are delights for the band's devotees in the form of solos by Harry James and Bunny Berigan, not to mention Fletcher Henderson's wonderful arrangement of "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." |
| Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young: *Classic Tenors*. Hawkins, tenor saxophone, with trio (four titles) and sextet (four titles); Young, tenor saxophone, with sextet (four titles). Contact CM-3, mono only, $4.98. | This excellent collection was originally recorded for Signature in 1943 when Hawkins and Young jointly ruled the world of tenor saxophone. Oscar Pettiford and Shelly Manne were on both Hawkins sessions, with Eddie Heywood at the piano on the first and Ellis Larkins on the second. Among the great performances that resulted were "The Man I Love" and "How Deep Is the Ocean?"—the latter being a marvelous example of Hawkins's musicality, singing flow, and emotion-filled form of expression. The titles with Lester Young were first issued under the name of Dicky Wells, and that imaginative trombonist is in fine form here, along with Bill Coleman on trumpet, who also plays on the earlier Hawkins session. Well recorded before Young's damaging term in the Army, this disc finds him at a peak; ideas stream effortlessly from his horn, and there are times when he flies beyond swing with a special kind of aerial mobility. |
| Woody Herman: *Woody's Big Band Goodies*. Herman, clarinet, alto saxophone and leader, with fifteen-piece band. Philips 600-171, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. | Recorded live in Hollywood and Lake Tahoe, this includes several remakes of successes of the 1945-46 Herd. It is especially interesting to hear Phil Wilson and Billy Hunt in, respectively, the solo roles of Bill Harris and Sonny Berman on "Bijou" and "Sidewalks of Cuba." Hunt plays well, too, in Nat Pierce's arrangements of "Poor House Blues" and "You Dirty Dog." The tenor saxophone solo by Andy McGhee in the former, disciplined and well executed, is probably his best on record to date. The elevating effect of Herman's own alto lead on the saxophone section is noteworthy in the same number. |
| Toshiko Mariano: *Jazz in Japan*. Toshiko Mariano, piano, with duo, quartet, quintet and fifteen-piece band. Vee-Jay 2505, mono and stereo, $4.98. | It is Big Band Month in Nippon, too, and here a Japanese group of the usual instrumentation proves itself decidedly competent. The presence of two Americans in the rhythm section—Paul Chambers (bass) and Jimmy Cobb (drums)—counts for much, as does that of the experienced Toshiko Mariano at the piano. Apart from her opening arrangement of a traditional Japanese melody, the material is also by Americans, and her husband's blues, "The Shout," is excitingly interpreted. In terms of sections, the lessons have been well learned. Of the soloists, the most immediately striking are the saxophonists, Akira Miyazawa, Sleepy Matsumoto, and Shigeo Suzuki. |
| Oscar Peterson: *Canadiana Suite*. Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. Limelight 86010, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | Peterson is a Canadian who lives in Toronto, and this eight-part suite is a personal but evocative tribute to his country. That he has written it in terms of jazz is not less appropriate "than it is," annotator Gene Lees points out, "for Aaron Copland to portray the Appalachian Mountains in terms of European classical music." The Laurentians and "the Land of the Misty Giants" (the Rockies) are depicted in pretty, impressionistic sketches, whereas the prairie and Toronto ("Hogtown") are surveyed through the earthy media of the blues. The playing is impeccable and Limelight's elegant packaging does it justice. |
| Shirley Scott: *Travelin' Light*. Shirley Scott, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Eddie Kahn, bass; Otis Finch, drums. Prestige 7328, mono and stereo, $4.98. Stanley Turrentine: *Hustlin'*. Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Otis Finch, drums. Blue Note 4162, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. Shirley Scott: *Everybody Loves a Lover*. Shirley Scott, organ; Stanley Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Otis Finch, drums; and on three titles: Howard Collins, Barry Galbraith, guitars; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion. Impulse 73, $4.98; stereo, $5.98. | The frequency with which Shirley Scott, her husband, Stanley Turrentine, and Kenny Burrell nowadays appear on records bespeaks popularity. Their formula appears to require that the music be warm, tasteful, and easygoing rather than frantic and far out. The Prestige album, indeed, might well have been described by one of the titles in it—"Nice and Easy." For all the mellowness of tone and the feeling of relaxation that prevails, the playing of Miss Scott and Burrell is adroitly inventive. The Blue Note benefits from Bob Cranshaw's bass, and here the beat is at times more positively defined. Ira Gitler refers very aptly in the notes to Burrell's "controlled fire." The Impulse set is distinguished by its unusual breadth of repertoire, which includes "The Lamp Is Low," as adapted from Ravel's music, and three originals. |
| Joya Sherrill: *Joya Sherrill Sings Duke*. Joya Sherrill, vocal; Cootie Williams, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto saxophone; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Ernie Harper, piano; John Lamb, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; and, on four titles: Ray Nance, cornet and violin; Billy Strayhorn, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass; Shep Shepherd, drums. 20th Century Fox 4170, $3.98; stereo, $4.98. | Joya Sherrill scored a big personal success on Benny Goodman's famous State Department tour of Russia. She was also one of the best singers ever employed by Duke Ellington, and in this program of songs associated with him she is accompanied by a contingent from his band. Her warm, appealing voice, good articulation, and intelligent comprehension of the lyrics make the performances very enjoyable. Of the musicians heard in solos and obbligati, Williams and Nance sound the most committed. The latter's violin, which is such an asset on "Daydream," can be heard to more extensive advantage on an inconsistent but rewarding album by Ahmed Abdul-Malik called *Spellbound* (Status 8303). The solo on "Song of Delilah" suggests that Nance's full potential on the instrument has not yet been realized in the record studio. —STANLEY DANCE. |



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# Mulligan and Others

IN THE days of its postwar beginnings, Mercury Records easily established a jazz policy simply through issuing records by people like Albert Ammons with titles like *Boogie Woogie at the Civic Opera*. And Mercury could further maintain the policy by buying up a small jazz label, Keynote, and reissuing its catalog. As the Fifties approached, however, things began to get a little more complicated for some reason, and Mercury found it advisable to act as distributor for someone else's jazz productions, specifically those of Norman Granz. When Granz picked up his tapes and departed, the company decided to go back in the jazz business on its own for a while, and that time (finance being what it is, I suppose) maintained a subsidiary jazz label called, in a burst of phonetic logic, Emarcy.

Well, Mercury, now an arm of the international Philips Corporation, has recently gone into the jazz business once more. But apparently the market is currently still more complicated, and merely setting up a separate label, this time called Limelight, is no longer enough. Limelight has recorded some pretty well-established people (Art Blakey, Gerry Mulligan, Milt Jackson, etc.) but it appears ready to outdo everyone for expensive, daringly *recherché* package designing.

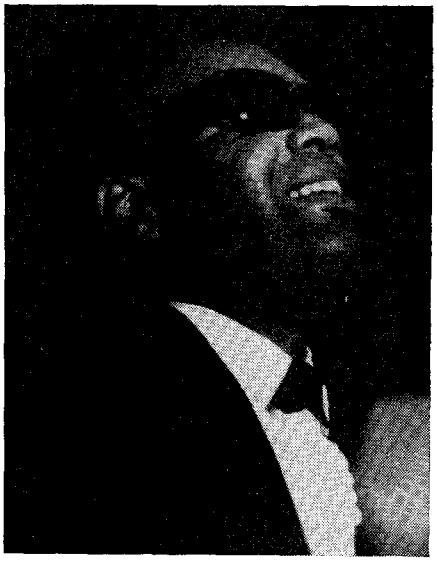
Perhaps on its first Gerry Mulligan release, called *Butterfly with Hiccups* (Limelight 86004), the company has outdone even itself. The album has a double-fold sleeve and the notes are in a pasted-in booklet that is all covered with dotted lines and stylized daisies in three colors. I find the whole production—well, simply adorable.

The music is pretty adorable, too, I'm sorry to say. It's a wonder that Mulligan, who is such an obviously accomplished musician and on occasion such an imaginative improvising soloist (try his really exceptional chorus on "Get Out of Town" on Columbia CL 1932, for instance) can spend so much of his time in tootling out mere pleasantries. The Butterfly LP does have its moments—Art Farmer offers a few tersely expressive melodies on fluegelhorn. Guitarist Jim Hall is particularly good on "Ant Hill," a piece on which Mulligan himself shows what he might have been doing for the rest of this LP. And now and then Bob Brookmeyer's trombone emits a guttural sound that perhaps one should take as a four-letter comment on the proceedings. The "Ant Hill" excepted, this would seem to be an LP for those who think jazz is just too cute for words.

Another Limelight release is a two-record set devoted to the strikingly promising young trumpeter Clifford Brown, who was killed at twenty-five in an automobile accident in 1956. The album is a good cross-section of Brown's work for Mercury records, not all of it previously issued to my knowledge (Limelight 2-8601). But that is not to say it is an ideal collection. In the fashion of the time, Brown recorded with strings, and no matter how much of Brown one gets on those selections, one still gets the Confectioner's *XXX* strings. Also, the trumpeter did not know "It's Crazy," when he recorded it with Sarah Vaughn, and he falls back on his apprentice jazz trumpet studies in his solo. But Brown recorded things like "Jordu" and his own perfectly titled piece, "Joy Spring," for the label, and they are included.

The notes are not exactly helpful. On jam session versions of "Lover Come Back to Me" and "I've Got You Under My Skin" there were two other trumpet soloists besides Brown, but the listener isn't told who plays what. There is also an effusive essay called "Clifford Brown Is a Memory . . . , " printed on purple paper.

Brown was an exciting and winning player and he came along when jazz needed his particular synthesis of modern trumpet, but in the final analysis Coleman Hawkins's words on him, "Clifford Brown was going to develop into something and be himself eventually," sound quite like wisdom.



**Ray Charles—"wit . . . and anguish of the basic blues idiom. . . ."**

Stanley Dance notated a new two-record set on Decca called *The Best of Louis Armstrong* (DBX 183). The album is not "the best" of Decca's Armstrong backlog, to be sure. The last side is taken up by samplings of the hits, the remakes, and the hokum of the last ten years or so—"Blueberry Hill," "La Vie en Rose," "A Kiss to Build a Dream On" (with its fine trumpet break), etc. The rest of the album is a sort of condensation of the earlier four-record set, *Satchmo . . . A Musical Autobiography*, with its sometimes unsuccessful remakes of the 1920s Armstrong ("Dippermouth Blues," "Cornet Chop Suey," "Potato Head Blues," etc.). However, there are versions of "Basin St. Blues," "King of the Zulus," "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," "Lazy River," and "Georgia on My Mind" that are soaringly powerful Armstrong, among the best things he has ever done on records and therefore necessarily among the best jazz records ever made.

One of the most heartening aspects of contemporary popular music for me is the fact that singer-pianist Ray Charles has a mass following. Charles made his first impression as a Nat "King" Cole imitator, and his first success (both commercial and artistic) as a maligned rock-'n'-roller. The very idea that a performer of Charles's power and range could be a national favorite in a musical milieu that is otherwise dominated, on the one hand, by the genteel wish-fulfillments of some of our older pop singers, or, on the other, by the grinding delusions of our younger ones, seems to me nothing short of astonishing.

*Ray Charles Live in Concert* (ABC Paramount 500) is probably the best available brief sampling of his work. The range of this man—from the simple, incantive chants of "I Got a Woman" or "What'd I Say" through the highly sophisticated transmutations of "Margie" and "Makin' Whoopee" is displayed. And throughout it all, there is the wit and the wail, the leaping joy and the anguish of the basic blues idiom.

A pedagogical aside (to any teachers who want to show a class how secular art is born out of sacred, love song out of liturgy): forget, for the moment, the treatise on Greek drama and pick up a contemporary Gospel record. In succession, play it and then play "Hallelujah I Love Her So" or "Don't Set Me Free," by Ray Charles. The sacred-secular evolution is not something that took place only in ancient Greece or Medieval Europe. It happens again every time Ray Charles performs.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.



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# Folk Music

*Continued from page 59*

reference piece devoted to "old-time" music.

Little need be said concerning the overwhelming popularity of Joan Baez and, thankfully, the *Joan Baez Song Book* (Ryerson Music Publishers, $3.95 soft-bound, $5.95 hardbound) is a sensible contribution containing sixty-six songs from Miss Baez's repertoire. There are historical-musical annotations, chord progressions and instrumentation, and a small but worthy appreciation of the artist. The songs are well known in the field and include child ballads, broadsides, hymns, spirituals, lullabies, and various laments. One of the most revealing things about Miss Baez has been her completely refreshing musical approach and her repertoire. The latter is extensively portrayed here, along with some truly magnificent watercolor illustrations by Eric Von Schmidt, a gifted performer in his own right.

*Broadside: Vol. 1* (Oak Publications, $2.95) consists of reprints of topical material that originally appeared in *Broadside* magazine. The subjects treated are wide and range from Birmingham, Alabama, to "freedom" songs, pacifist tunes, and social laments. A timely publication.

*Ballads and Folk Songs of the Southwest* (University of Oklahoma Press, $12.50) is a compilation of 194 titles, 204 texts, and 213 melodies collected in Oklahoma by Ethel and Chauncey O. Moore. As the editors state in the preface, ". . . all but a few of these have been recorded." Thus most of the inclusions are well-known items categorized in standard fashion as 1) English and Scottish ballads, 2) British folk songs, and 3) American folk songs. The material is representative, the presentation well-organized and scholarly, although very little, if anything, new is included. There is a useful bibliography, index of titles, and index of first lines included, but the lack of chord symbols in connection with the music is disturbing. They might have been beneficial to the fledgling reader whose familiarity with the songs is not extensive.

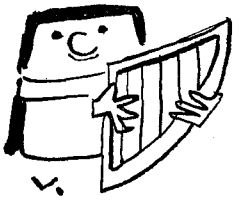
*Voices of a People: The Story of Yiddish Folk Song* (Thomas Yoseloff, $8.50) is a distinctly revealing and penetrating study of a folk-culture alien to many. Miss Ruth Rubin, a noted authority in the field, has written an energetic and lively portrait of every facet of Jewish life. The subdivisions contained in the book are legion and include portions devoted to merriment, dancing songs, love and courtship, and the children's world. The work reflects extensive research and stands as the most complete analysis of Jewish folk song in print. There are many interesting illustrations, and also included are the texts of more than 500 songs in both Yiddish, and English translation. For those interested in this vivid area, this book is indispensable.

*Rebel Voices: An IWW Anthology* (University of Michigan Press, $12.50) is the fascinating story of the "Wobblies," one of the most important labor-shaping forces to have existed in twentieth-century American life. Editor Joyce L. Kornbluh has assembled a rather brilliant conglomeration of articles concerned with the Industrial Workers of the World. The book is a necessary supplement to those interested in that area of folk song that has been shaped by labor history. Joe Hill, the famous "Wobbly Bard," is discussed at length in a chapter devoted to his life and music; other aspects of folk-labor music covered include the mines and the lumberjacks. This fascinating period of American history has never been as aptly portrayed as in this beautiful book.

Richard M. Dorson, another noted scholar, contributes an extremely satisfying anthology, *Buying the Wind* (University of Chicago Press, $7.95), a varied and enjoyable selection of folk tales, riddles, games, etc. Concerning a particularly interesting, yet terribly neglected, area of folk song, Louisiana Cajun music, Dr. Harry Oster contributes two exceedingly perceptive and instructive discourses: "Country Mardi Gras" and "Acculturation in Cajun Folk Music." Both contain musical illustrations and texts and join the relatively small body of material available on the subject. Other areas of interest are sections devoted to ballads collected in Maine; some songs of the Pennsylvania Dutch; carols, and murder ballads from the Southern Mountains; and various folk songs collected regionally in "Little Egypt," Illinois.

The sole significant offering in terms of the vast world of blues and gospel music is a monumental (765 pages) discography compiled by the Englishmen R. M. W. Dixon and J. Godrich, *Blues and Gospel Records: 1902 to 1942* (privately printed, $16; available at 12 Rockland Crescent, Waun Wen, Swansea, Wales). The work is a listing of 78-rpm recordings complete with personnel, accompanists, dates, places, matrix and release numbers, etc. For the serious collector it is indispensable, and although it contains some misinformation it is still the best and most precise undertaking of its kind in the field.

—Lawrence Cohn.





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# Music to My Ears

*Continued from page 32*

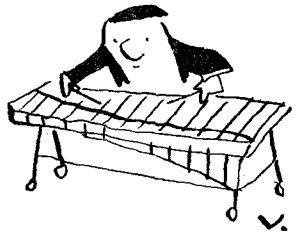
better, hangs together more consistently, sustains its impulse with greater cumulative power than is most often his case, because it deals with one consistent consideration: the phenomenon of life and the mystery of death.

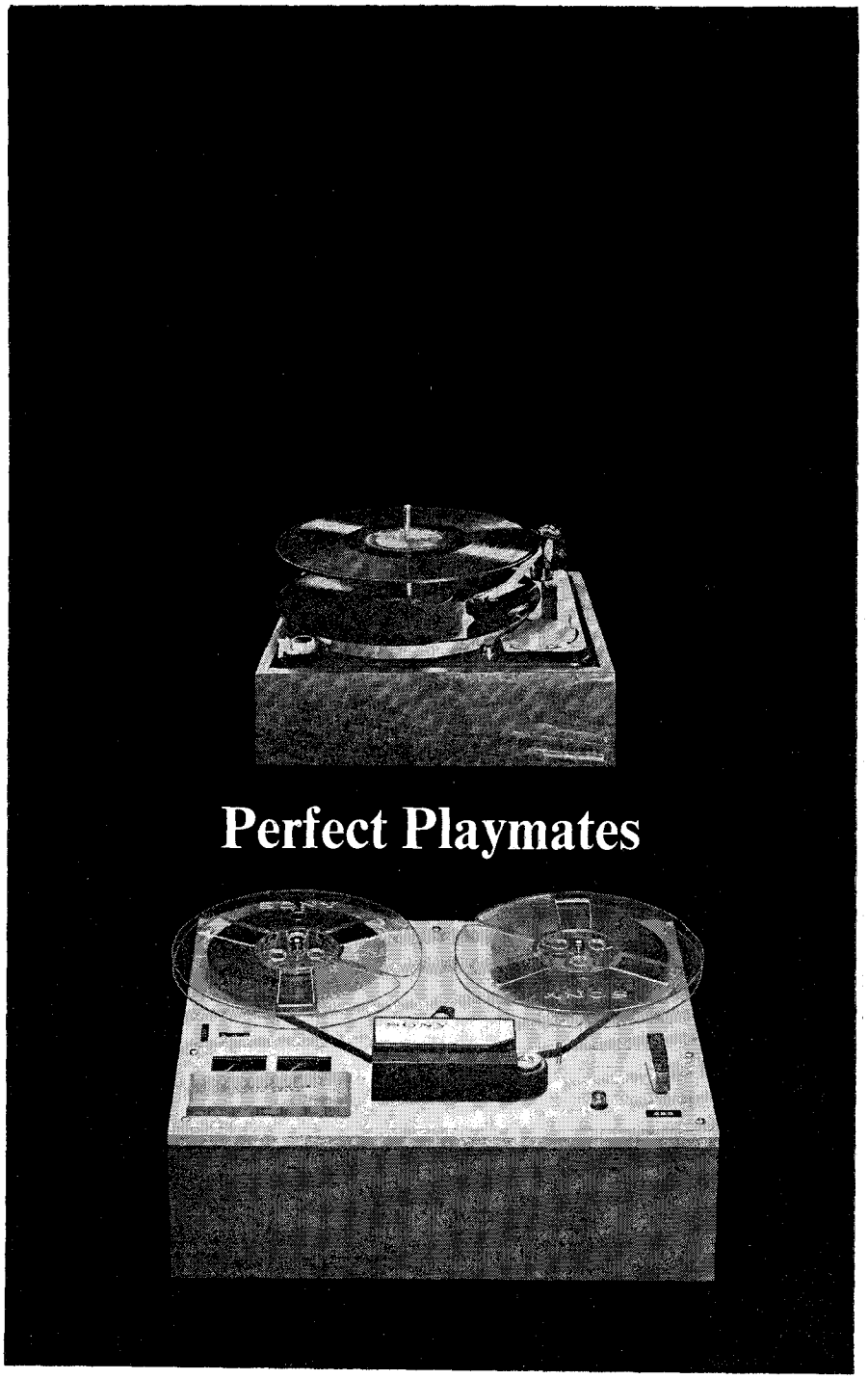
One is now in the church, but not of it; reminded of its serenity as refuge from the hubbub of life; then, physically apart from it but spiritually in its shadow. It is no idle coincidence that hymns and popular tunes, martial anthems and recollections of Handel's *Joy to the World* jostle and contest for attention. They are, in fact, expressive of the pulls and counterpulls, sacred and secular, that contested for Ives's soul, even as his devotion to the highly secular art of life insurance contested with his drive to the sacred business of writing music.

This is, of course, but one of the paradoxes of Ives's existence, which is too often reduced to the prototype of a stubborn Yankee clever enough to become rich at business and thus proud enough to write the kind of music he wanted to write, whether or not it was played in his lifetime. It is among the many suggestions of this Fourth Symphony, remarkable as it is, that if he had been proud enough to make music his full-time business, he might have achieved greater skill in articulating what was in his mind. The conceptions are often striking, but not all the muddiness in the sound of them, I have come to conclude, was purposeful. Even such a master of aural perspective as Stokowski seemed to be fighting hard to achieve the transparency that was wanted. The quality of result he achieved in the preceding performance of Sibelius's *En Saga* (Charleo Kuskin was the able English horn soloist) was, for a now-and-then orchestra, nothing short of remarkable.

Also contesting for attention was a first performance in America of Hans Werner Henze's *Elegy for Young Lovers* at the Juilliard School, and a series of programs by the BBC Symphony in Carnegie Hall directed by Antal Dorati and Pierre Boulez. The orchestral series will be reported upon when concluded; the performance under Henze's direction affirmed his gift for the musical theater, but the order of graduate-student talent available left too many details unfulfilled to justify an evaluation of his work.

—Irving Kolodin.

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# Dante

*Continued from page* 18

return for that discipline, which immediately becomes pleasurable in itself, we undergo something like an awe-stricken expansion of our own awarenesses. In this power lies the art of art. A satisfied and simultaneously enlarged sense of right emotional equivalence is what we hope for in any esthetic creation.

Because Dante is a master of language, the first return of our reading is an enrichment of our sense of language. Such enrichment would in itself be enough to justify the close reading of any poet. Yet the experience of the power of language only begins the experience of Dante.

Because he is a master of dramatic situation, his writing is full of what can best be called *mythologized personalities.* Francesca, Farinata, Ugolino, Bertrand de Born, and many others did, to be sure, have some sort of historical existence before Dante reconceived them for his own purposes. Once he did so, however, their historical existence became more or less irrelevant. Does Dante's account of Francesca truly correspond to the known facts of her life? Was Farinata a follower of Epicurean doctrines? Did Bertrand de Born counsel the English prince to war against his father? Is there any evidence that Ugolino's death among his grandsons took place as Dante has him describe it? We know that Dante invented a death for Ulysses as an exercise of literary power. And we know just as certainly that he treated many of his historically identifiable characters in the same way. He wipes out their specific historical existence in order to recreate them as parts of a universal mythology.

The second enormous return on our reading of Dante, then, is our experience of these mythologized personalities. Were we to take *The Inferno* simply as a travelogue in the course of which we make the acquaintance of these characters, we should be enriched in the same way we are enriched by knowing of the existence of Cupid. Our knowledge of him makes it possible for us to grasp ideas and feelings about love that might otherwise have eluded us.

But Dante is also a master—the supreme master—of another sort. What I have called his vehicle is a subtly interrelated imaginative structure, simple in its outline, endlessly intricate in its intra-relations. It is this architectonic intricacy that makes it impossible, in any real sense, to complete the reading of Dante: at the twentieth reading, or the hundredth, new intra-relations will suggest themselves.

Within each of the three canticles these relationships may usefully be thought of as horizontal. In *The Inferno,* for example, there are two famous pairs of sinners. It is impossible to think of Francesca apart from Paolo or of Ugolino apart from Ruggieri. Nor do these pairs simply occur: they are carefully counterpoised.

To begin with, these pairs resemble one another in that each person within the pair was fated to be the other's doom. Certainly it is no accident that Dante meets Paolo and Francesca when he has gone two cantos into Hell itself, and that he meets Ugolino and Ruggieri when he is two cantos from the end of Hell. Paolo and Francesca are nearly the least sinful of all the souls in Hell—only Limbo lies above them. Ugolino and Ruggieri are very nearly the most sinful—only Judaïca lies below them. In each case, only one of the paired sinners speaks. And even in translation the tone and phrasing of the speakers have common qualities. Dante asks Francesca how she came to sin:

> And she: "The double grief of a lost bliss
> is to recall its happy hour in pain.
> Your Guide and Teacher knows the truth of this.
> But if there is indeed a soul in Hell
> to ask of the beginning of our love
> out of his pity, I will weep and tell."

To the same invitation Ugolino replies:

> "You ask me to renew
> a grief so desperate that the very thought
> of speaking of it tears my heart in two.
> But if my words may be a seed that bears
> the fruit of infamy for him I gnaw,
> I shall weep, but tell my story through my tears."

Other resemblances could be pointed out—Dorothy Sayers has shown, for example, that some of the phrasing of both incidents derives from the same passage in the *Aeneid*—but the point is sufficiently made: there can be no doubt that Dante intended the second pair of sinners as a counterpoint to the first. Dante does not, to be sure, point out that counterpoint by any overt statement. As a composer repeats a theme with variations, or as an architect repeats a form, Dante repeats poetic elements that establish an unspoken but unmistakable connection.

What we are to make of that connection is more or less up to us. Certainly two sorts of love and two sorts of perversion of love are involved. Certainly there is some thought that we are all possibly one another's guilt. And certainly we understand that had these four souls thought of God rather than of their own desires, neither the almost-least sinful nor the almost-most sinful would have been doomed. Or had only one of each pair sought the true good, it seems likely that all four might have escaped their doom. The essential point, however, is not only in the certainty of the connection but in the endlessness of the possible interpretations one might place upon it. What Dante has given us is a dramatic juxtaposition from which our meditation could draw continuing revelations.

The endless possibilities of such juxtaposition are of the essence of mythological power. Our knowledge of a

mythology called Cupid helps us to dramatize—and thereby to know—our own feelings, even when we grasp him as no more than a cupidon for a valentine. But if we know that in earliest legend he was Eros, born of Chaos at the time the earth was born, and that he was one of the formative forces that brought elemental matter into the harmony of existence, then we have a more useful sense of him. If we know that in later legend he emerges as the son of Aphrodite (beauty) and of Ares (war), he is still more useful to us. If we know that he could fire the arrow of indifference (as he did at Daphne) as well as of enkindling passion (as he did at Apollo), then he becomes more useful again. And if we know that he and Psyche (the soul) fell in love, and that she was borne off to a secret bower where all would be bliss if she kept the command not to look on Love's face, and that in violating that command she doomed herself to long agonies before she and Love could be reunited, then we have something like a total architectural structure of perception. We have acquired a body of knowledge of a sort that any psychiatrist anywhere would recognize as useful to our self-understanding.

*(This article will be concluded next week.)*



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# EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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*This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the contents.*
*Correspondence intended for the Education Supplement should be addressed to: Education Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.*

## *Are They Asking Too Much?*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Frank G. Jennings, the author of this guest editorial, is Education Consultant to the New World Foundation and SR Editor-at-Large.*

THE RETURNING Peace Corps veteran is uncommon in a way that the ideal American is uncommon. He has a lust for life and an almost infinite capacity for taking pains. He is honestly self-critical and fair in his judgment of his fellows. But this is all abstraction and image. The reality is still uncommonly attractive, but nearer to the ordinary. There are gripers and whimperers among these young men and women who yearn to go back where they were treated with awed respect, where their competition was romantically inefficient, and where they could live a life designed by Kipling and furnished by E. M. Forster. But most of them possess a difference which can make them potentially the most wonderful generation this country has seen since Lexington and Concord.

More than half of the returning Peace Corps veterans are back in the universities in both graduate and undergraduate work. Forty-one per cent of them have jobs. Of these, 14 per cent are in government service, and another 14 per cent in teaching; the rest are engaged in a variety of occupations ranging from ranching in Montana to architecture in Rome. These statistics are interesting, but inadequate. One has to see these young people *en masse*, as Hal Bowser did when they met representatively in Washington, D.C. [*SR*, Apr. 3], to sense their quality, their open earnestness, the urgency with which they want to use themselves to the profit of their society.

There is an aura of naïve idealism surrounding the Peace Corps volunteers that is often mistakenly interpreted as evidence that they are not really able to accept formal responsibility. Quite the reverse is true. On the record, they are practical idealists. They have got things done. Given meaningful opportunities, they will do even better in their future careers.

The 3,000 Peace Corps volunteers who are back home will be joined by some 50,000 by 1970, and the earlier returnees will have begun to move into positions of formal leadership in their communities and their professions. Our country will be different because of this, and nowhere will this difference be better demonstrated than in education.

For all of them have become teachers in the larger sense, and most of them have in fact been teachers in their host countries. Enough of them have made a commitment to teaching as a career to stir the attention of school administrators and cause some concern among educators. For these are people who become teachers for more powerful reasons and generally with greater emotional and intellectual resources than are usually found in the profession.

Some educators have begun to tap these resources. They are ready and even eager to welcome the Peace Corps veteran to the faculties of slum schools or to places in the Job Corps or in the front ranks of the War on Poverty, and are even willing to waive certain certification requirements in order to facilitate the matter. But, in state after state, they have been



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refused certification because they lack the required "education" courses, just as in city after city where the needs are desperate enough they have been invited to participate as teachers' aides, as volunteers, as tutors, and even as teachers with "emergency licenses."

Now, it is perfectly true that the teaching profession has a right and an explicit duty to see to it that its practitioners are properly prepared, and those Peace Corps veterans who have become certified teachers, as well as most who are undergoing various kinds of apprenticeship in the schools, are very clear-headed about the need to fulfil requirements, both legitimate and silly. But all of them are understandably impatient with frustration and red tape and overcautious administrators. For it is generally true that the young man or woman who has successfully completed a two-year tour of duty has learned to accept and act under heavy responsibility, has acquired mature judgment in human relations, and has gained considerable resources in coping with the day-to-day problems of helping children and adults to achieve better control over the world in which they live. As one young woman remarked, "We are the Robinson Crusoes who lived in bamboo huts and slept on straw mats. We are the beatniks in shirttails and sandals, and so we are tolerated and offered positions below the scale and salary range of our contemporaries. It seems that even some government agencies are reluctant to gamble on a Peace Corps veteran in a responsible position." And she asks, "Do we presume too much in asking to be used, or do the leaders across the country, as Commissioner Keppel asked a group of educators, lack the ingenuity to seek and employ promising talents whenever and wherever they become available?" She has already been answered in part by school superintendents who have got this message clearly and who were present at that conference in March to offer literally hundreds of teaching positions to qualified men and women, and with the word "qualified" most generously interpreted.

With all of its limitations, education as a profession has proved and is proving to be hospitable to the returned Peace Corps volunteer—more so, certainly, than labor or business or government agencies. Perhaps this is what one must expect. Education has experience to draw upon. The returning World War II veteran was welcomed, not without anguish and misgivings, back to the campuses and the classrooms of the nation. For a brief and brilliant moment the quality of college education was raised sharply where the more mature student forced the groves of academe to blossom more generously.

There is a new kind of veteran on the campus today who is demanding that attention be paid to the kind of education appropriate to a world that is losing distinctions between East and West. There is a new kind of education that is required in a society belatedly but nonetheless marvelously grown sensitive to the plight of the disenfranchised and the disadvantaged.

We have the wit and the talent, the insight and the information to conquer most of the disabling barriers to a Great Society. President Johnson was responding to this challenge, and his response was more than rhetoric, when he said, at the University of Kentucky on February 22, "We are the children of revolution . . ., of continuing revolution. That revolution has conquered a continent and it has extended democracy. It has given us unmatched mastery over nature, and it has given us the tools to conquer material wants. It has set the stage for a new order of society—devoted to enriching the life of every human being on a scale never before thought possible."

The Peace Corps is the achievement of our youngest President, whose memory is evoked in the attitudes of these men and women. Some of his style and grace is present in their posture. Some of his pressing earnestness is evident in their responsive urgency when they say, "Do we presume too much in asking to be used?" —FRANK G. JENNINGS.

## *Are We Turning Away from Talent?*

CONSIDER the experience of one former Peace Corps teacher who is currently working at the Office of Education. He returned last fall to the United States after completing two years of teaching in Nigeria. He served overseas with distinction as teacher and principal in a school of several hundred Nigerian children. Although he had little previous teaching experience at home, and no definite plans to enter teaching as a career, through his experiences in Africa he developed a taste for teaching—particularly teaching in a difficult and challenging situation.

On his return, he presented as qualifications the fact that he had a college degree and two years of satisfactory teaching abroad. He sought to get a job in several school districts, asking for an assignment to teach the economically deprived. He was advised that he lacked the proper qualifications—courses in teacher education and supervised practice teaching. His overseas experience would not apply. On this basis, our schools lost him and his talent.

Let me cite another instance. In one of our North Central States a Volunteer who had done practice teaching to prepare for his Peace Corps assignment and had taught for two years in Latin America applied for a teaching post. He was told that he had to have eight hours of practice teaching recorded on his college transcript. His transcript, however, did not record his two years of teaching abroad. He was advised to go back to college to make up these hours. . . .

In light of our present challenge and opportunity, should we not examine the regulations to see if sound accommodations can be made without damaging the true intent of certification standards? Do we lack the ingenuity to seek and employ promising talents whenever and wherever they become available?

I think we have both the ingenuity and the ability to use it. Some imaginative steps are already under way. Members of the Peace Corps staff, for example, were on the West Coast last week. They were invited to discuss plans with school and university officials to develop urban teaching internships in several of the larger cities.

Cleveland will begin such an internship program this fall, putting fifty Peace Corps veterans into urban classrooms and letting them teach while they work toward their professional requirements.

In Syracuse, New York, planning for Peace Corps teachers begins even before they leave for overseas assignments. There the superintendent writes to Volunteers who trained in the Syracuse schools, urging them to consider teaching in Syracuse as a career when they return home. He assures them they will be given "red carpet treatment."

Other cities, including New York, Baltimore, Washington, Portland, and Seattle, are now developing sound and highly imaginative programs to employ a wide range of talents, abiding by the spirit of the regulations, not merely by their form. But the examples, at present, are all too few.

*—From an address by Francis Keppel, U.S. Commissioner of Education, before the Education Writers Association, February 13, 1965.*



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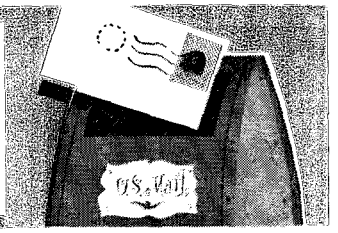
# Letters to the Editor



## On Boroff's NYU

I ENJOYED David Boroff's parody of an NYU public relations piece. His sense of humor is wickedly destructive. Of course, there were a few disquieting moments at the beginning when the article "Our Migrant College Students" [*SR*, Apr. 17] could still be taken as a serious work. But no one, I concluded rapidly, no matter how ethnocentric or self-congratulatory, would express a genuine sentiment in so bald an imitation of *Time* style, ("Students who feel that they are done with fun and games on sleepy campuses recognize that NYU is the big time") or employ seemingly fictitious testimonials reminiscent of an Arthur Murray Dance Studio brochure ("I was cramped, bored, and disappointed. I didn't care for a narrow existence" . . . and then I learned how to dance? No, I transferred to NYU.)

But best of all was the mounting tension as the author systematically eliminated rival institutions of higher learning as follows:

1. Urban universities surpass rural ones (which are "claustral, dull, and sometimes brutish").

2. New York City surpasses other urban areas (by definition).

3. NYU surpasses other City institutions (which suffer from the "curse of homogeniety," etc.).

4. Washington Square campus surpasses the Heights (which is "bland, middle-class, apathetic").

At this point the article suddenly and prematurely ends, just when we are anticipating:

5. At NYU the arts faculty surpasses the sciences.

6. The English department surpasses the rest.

7. Professor Boroff. . . .

JOHN A. ROWE.
Madison, Wis.

CONGRATULATIONS to Dr. Boroff on his interesting and informative article concerning college transfer students. Since I am now considering transfer to a larger city university, I found it easy to appreciate the qualities and advantages of a city institution which Boroff discusses. Many of these qualities have virtually forced me to flee from the "incestuous intimacy of the small college" in search of that good old "urban anonymity." Often, I believe, students choose a college for its academic rating alone, perhaps forgetting, or possibly minimizing, the importance of intellectual and cultural life. I think that Dr. Boroff, in this objective examination of a growing trend, clearly illustrates that there is a certain ideal which the student takes to college with him in his freshman year. Failing to find what he wants, he willingly makes the sacrifice of transferring, hoping that the grass grows greener elsewhere.

ELLIOTT A. MEDRICH,
Lehigh University.
Bethlehem, Penn.

PROFESSOR BOROFF'S article on NYU would make a very good blurb on a circular for the university, but I am at a loss to see how so obvious a piece of self-advertisement could find its way into your pages as a paid-for contribution. In all my academic days in New York City, I have never heard NYU referred to in terms of "prestige," "the big time," "distinguished," "a great research center," "sophisticated," or anything even remotely suggesting competency or respect. In fact, in my day (before I fled the city for the delights of "claustral, dull, and sometimes brutish" rural life), NYU was simply known as a diploma mill of dubious quality and high fees, but at least a place where you could get an advanced degree if you had the time and patience.

Professor Boroff's little piece so clearly illustrates the point that provincialism is a state of mind, not place.

DANTE A. SANTORA.
West Chazy, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Boroff replies: "Mr. Sontora is apparently uninformed about developments at NYU. To be sure, at one time the University deserved its reputation as 'a diploma mill,' but it has undergone a drastic upgrading during the last decade. Freshmen at Washington Square College, for example, now enter with median Board scores around the 600 mark. In a recent ranking NYU is thirteenth in science nationally and nineteenth in the humanities and social sciences. In terms of the baccalaureate origins of Ph.D.s the University ranks seventh nationally. The fact is that professional educators are well aware that NYU is on the move and are watching it with keen interest."*

IN JUNE it will be forty-five years since I got my degree there. I was a "transfer" from one of the big New England universities that, long afterwards, became the Ivy League. I rejoice that NYU is still the best.

LEWIS GLUICK.
Miami, Fla.

IT WAS A dirty trick, promising *SR* readers an article on "Our Migrant College Students" and giving them a wordy Madison Avenue eulogy upon NYU—"A girl from Syracuse reported . . ." Big deal.

New Yorkers, you know—and Mr. Boroff is a prime example—are just as provincial as anyone else. The truly educated man does not belittle those who happen to be different, nor does he base his thinking on the specious opinions of maladjusted undergraduates.

Mr. Boroff is not so much a "distinguished critic of the American college scene" as a gray flannel PR man for NYU. May they finally make him a full professor for it.

RICHARD A. PACHOLSKI,
Department of English,
University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

## University Policy and the Student

TO A TEACHER and father of three (all over twenty) who takes no stock in the repeated reference to students as a "major commodity" but who looks on youth in general as an amorphous and undigested segment of our society requiring a great deal of moral, intellectual, and even physical discipline, Paul Woodring's editorial "Who Makes University Policy?" [*SR*, Apr. 17] is refreshing. Your education editor takes his place with Sydney Hook of NYU, President Sachar of Brandeis University, and a few others who refuse to panic when faced with nihilistic students and acquiescent faculties.

CHRISTOPHER NOBLE.
Andover, Mass.

## On Managing Big-City Schools

MESSRS Hechinger in "Room for Whom at the Top?" and Binzen in "How to Pick a School Board" [*SR*, Apr. 17] both raise, and then evade, the real issue with respect to boards of education. That issue, in my view, is not how to pick, or whom to pick; it is how to abolish.

The lay board with power of life or death over most professional activities is one of our least examined and most pervasive national prejudices. Education from Berkeley to Brooklyn is in its present plight largely because of this anachronism, largely because the capacity of boards to guide and inspire the educational process is far exceeded by their power to inhibit and upset it.

Throughout the rest of the civilized world, education is viewed as a national concern and entrusted to the self-contained governance of a professional hierarchy responsible to *all* the people, as is government itself. We Americans view this concept with an irrational fear, matched by the irrational hopes we harbor for the board system and the related myth of "local control."

HENRY C. ALTER,
National Educational Television.
New York, N.Y.

I ENJOYED your articles by Fred M. Hechinger and Peter Binzen, but I disagree with the opinion of Binzen that the possible reduction of the power of school boards is unimportant. The school board, even though it creates problems and sometimes hampers progress, is the element that makes our public schools, like our country, democratic. It appears to me that if its power is taken from it, this power would be shifted to other hands, either higher or lower, and the system would be quite out of balance.

FRANK R. ADAMS, JR.,
North Yarmouth Academy.
Yarmouth, Me.



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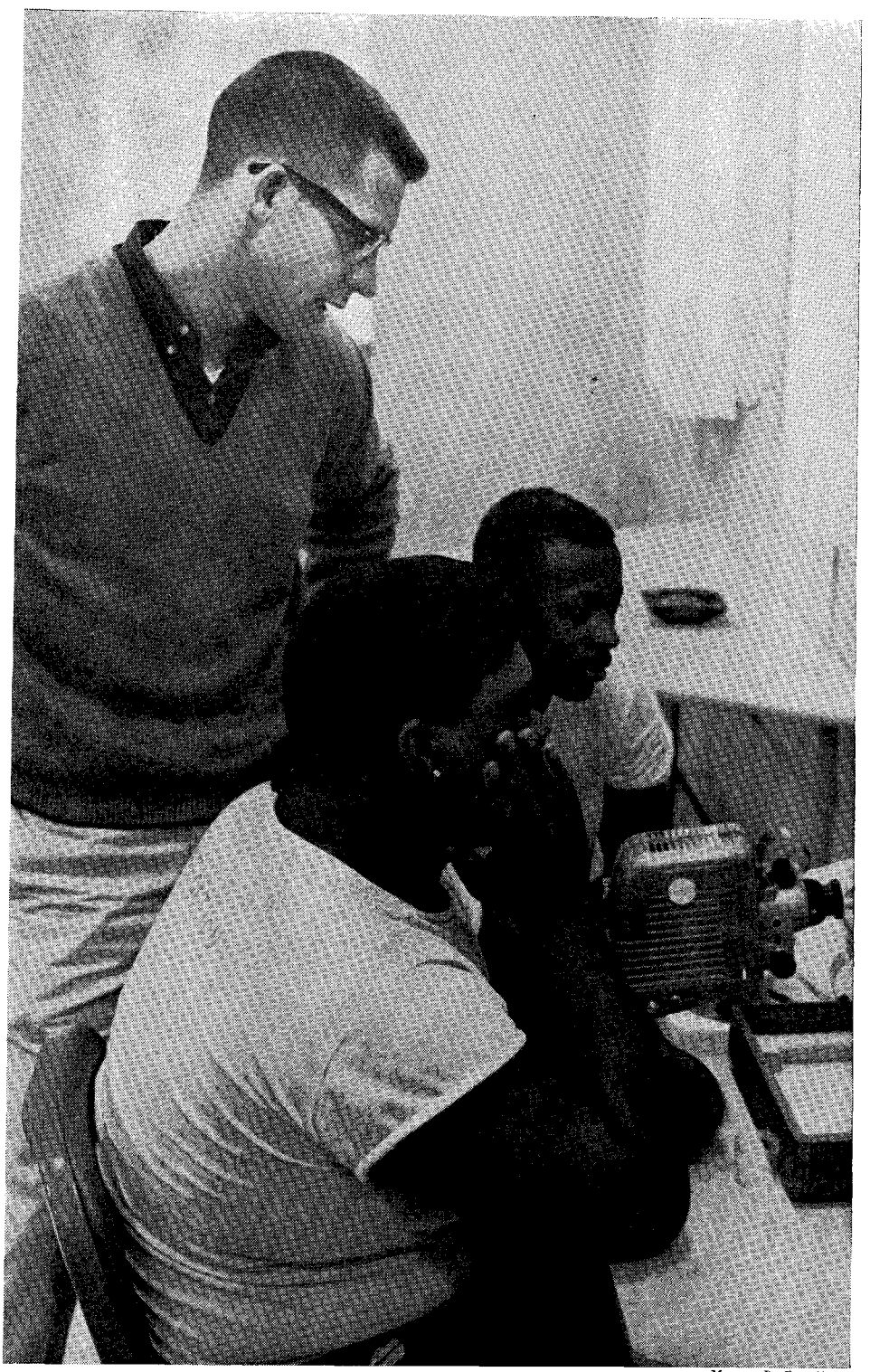
# Planning for Education's Forgotten Men



—Morton R. Engelberg.

**The Job Corps educational staff supplements personal guidance with extensive use of new teaching methods and teaching machines.**

By VERNON R. ALDEN, *President, Ohio University, and former planning director of the Job Corps.*

TWO ACTS were passed in 1964 which are bringing a fundamental change to the United States.

The first is the Civil Rights Act, which removes artificial barriers to men's progress. To have progress, however, there must be not only rights, but also opportunities. Until there are opportunities, we will continue to have men who are poor in the midst of plenty.

The Economic Opportunity Act passed last August takes an initial step toward solving this paradox by providing "the opportunity for education and training, the opportunity to work, and the opportunity to live in decency and dignity." These are closely related, for a man cannot work or live in decency unless he has education and training.

Today too few Americans are receiving such education. While we are training hundreds in the advanced techniques of a cybernated society, thousands of others are being left behind on a human slag heap, victims of inadequate preparation.

This problem is especially serious for young people. Our demands for education have increased, but the schools are not providing the training young people need to meet these demands. Overcrowded schools and curriculums oriented to the middle class have been unable to overcome the crippling effects of a poor environment. As a result, the urban slum, such as Harlem, finds 80 per cent of its children reading below grade level by the time they reach sixth grade.

The youth who drops out of high school has become education's forgotten man. Once he has dropped out there is little opportunity to gain further training. Trade schools are now enrolling only a fraction of those who apply; union apprenticeships usually require a high school diploma; and the Army, once the nation's great training school, has cut back its induction while upgrading its standards. As a result there are today over a million young people between sixteen and twenty-two out of school and out of work—or in dead-end



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jobs. There would thus seem to be reason to agree with Paul Goodman's gloomy prophecy that, "The simple job plight of these adolescents could not be remedied without a revolution."

The Economic Opportunity Act may be the beginning of such a revolution. The major attack in this war on poverty is on the problems of our alienated youth. The Act supports work-training programs to combat high school dropouts, work-study programs to help needy college students, and the Job Corps, which is now enrolling young men and women in a voluntary residential experience to upgrade their skills.

Otis A. Singletary, who is taking leave of absence from his post as chancellor of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro to serve as director of the Job Corps, expects 40,000 to enroll in the Job Corps by the end of this year and as many as 100,000 by the end of 1966.

The Job Corps is encouraging evidence of our nation's determination to alleviate an intolerable situation. But why has it taken so long for the country to act? Such countries as India, Israel, and Denmark with fewer resources than the United States now exert a far greater effort to alleviate poverty, because poverty is a problem that can touch any citizen.

In Israel poverty-stricken youngsters are brought to *kibbutzim*, where for the first time, they have a home, education, and work. The Israeli Army not only trains young people, but also integrates them into the society. The young immigrant from Yemen or France enters the Army and comes out a Hebrew-speaking Israeli citizen. In Denmark, the "folk-schools" teach basic education and crafts to the rural population. The result has been a nation with almost no unemployment. India has a long history of community action programs, and countries such as the Philippines have domestic volunteer programs similar to VISTA.

These countries have shown imagination in planning for the poor and, until recently, we have not. Since poverty affects a minority of our population less attention has been paid to it.

And as Dwight Macdonald has cryptically pointed out, "There is a monotony about injustices suffered by the poor . . . They never win. It's just boring."

Not only have we not seen our poor, we have not heard them. They have lacked the education to make an effective appeal or to bring political pressure to bear on the government and, until recently, they have had no spokesman.

Another part of the explanation for the tardiness of our effort lies in the very nature of the democratic process: It often takes a crisis before public opinion becomes sufficiently aroused to generate legislation.

Our deprived youth has provided such a crisis. Although inarticulate, these young people have dramatically demonstrated the desperation of their situation. The disturbances in our northern cities are far more than a simple protest against racial discrimination. They symbolize the frustration felt by young people of all races whose futures are threatened by inadequate academic and job preparation. These young people have shown that they possess the energy to destroy the foundations of our society if we continue to deny them a place. But the danger that the foundations may be blown up by this "social dynamite" is not as great as the danger that they may be undermined by the discouragement of young people who have given up the fight and slipped below the surface. These young people may become symptoms of a permanent blight on our society.

But something can be done and is being done to reverse the trend. The Economic Opportunity Act and the Job Corps are only a first step but they are a step in the right direction.

Much of the credit for this first step goes to the American people themselves. It was not only fear that motivated public concern for the desperate plight of the poor. The public conscience was genuinely touched by the appeals of such men as John Kenneth Galbraith, Michael Harrington (*The Other America*), Henry Caudill (*Night Comes to the Cumberlands*), and Edgar May (*The Permanent Poor*). By late 1963 enough pressure had been generated to stimulate planning in the Kennedy Administration. But President Kennedy never had a chance to do more than sketch his ideas. His successor, Lyndon Johnson, developed these proposals into a comprehensive program, putting it at the top of his priority list—after civil rights and the tax cut. He deputized R. Sargent Shriver, director of the Peace Corps, to form an *ad hoc* task force of planners borrowed from business, education, labor, social service and governmental agencies to map the provisions of the bill and to help it through Congress. After extensive debate in both Houses, the Economic Opportunity Act was passed in August 1964.

The Job Corps is the most experimental provision of the Act. It will offer young men at least two distinct types of experience and environment. Some will enter camps of approximately 100 to 200. These camps, located primarily upon federal lands, will be operated by the federal government. They will give the enrollee enough basic training and education to qualify him either for work or further training. Others with higher

(*Continued on page* 85)

## Job Corps Education and Training Centers

### *Conservation Camps*

Job Corps conservation camps, located primarily upon federal lands, will be operated by the federal government. At present the five camps listed below are in operation; seventy-seven others have been announced.

| *Conservation Camps* | *Location* |
|---|---|
| Catoctin Job Corps Center | Thurmont, Md. |
| Camp Arrowood | Makin County, N. C. |
| Winslow Base Job Corps Center | Winslow Base, Ariz. |
| Tillamook Job Corp Center | Tillamook, Ore. |
| Ouachita Job Corps Center | Ouachita, Ark. |

### *Urban Centers*

Jobs Corps urban centers are operated on a contract basis by private corporations or universities, or the two in conjunction. So far, four centers are operating, three for men and one for women. Six other men's centers and four women's centers have been announced.

| *Urban Centers* | *Location* | *Operating Bureau* |
|---|---|---|
| St. Petersburg Women's Urban Center | St. Petersburg, Fla. | Pinellas County Board of Public Construction |
| Camp Kilmer | Edison, N. J. | Federal Electric Corp. and Rutgers University |
| Tongue Point Job Corps Center | Astoria, Ore. | University of Oregon and Philco Corp. |
| Camp Gary | San Marcos, Tex. | Texas Educational Foundation (state agency) |



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# The Schools of Appalachia

By PETER SCHRAG, *Assistant Secretary of Amherst College, Amherst, Massachusetts.*

GOLDIE BELL is an experienced American elementary school teacher who has never been asked about phonics, the new math, or the college potential of her pupils. The Scuddy School, where she works, can be reached only by crossing a muddy creek from an unpaved road which winds its way into one of the many blind valleys of eastern Kentucky. Down the road from the school live the coal miners—many of them now unemployed—who would be eligible for the Scuddy School PTA, if the school had one.

Mrs. Bell teaches five grades—fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth—in her half of the wooden building that comprises the school. In the adjacent room a younger woman teaches grades one, two, and three. The walls are painted gray and brown, bare bulbs provide light, and a pot-bellied, coal-burning stove affords an uneven heat in the winter. There is a constant murmur in the room; most of Mrs. Bell's thirty-eight children must work on their own, the older ones helping the younger, the faster giving aid to the slow. One child has no shoes, many have no socks, and several look prematurely old. They are the children of some of the poorest people in America. A few are reading a story:

> Jane and Spot were going up the street as fast as they could. So were Jack and Jim. [Jane is blond and wears a blue dress; two boys follow on roller skates.]
>
> "Get out of the way," called the boys. But just then Jane stopped. The boys stopped, too.
>
> "Look boys," said Jane. "See what I have in my pocket."
>
> "Pennies!" said Jack.
>
> "What are you going to buy with them? Is it a toy for Spot?" [Later in the story they go for a spin in the family's green and white cabin cruiser.]

As they read, Mrs. Bell is asking another group about a different story.

"Who is it that's driving the big tractor?" she asks.

"Jack," says one of the pupils.

"What's the girl doing?"

"Washing dishes."

"What would she like to do?"

"Be out with the boy."

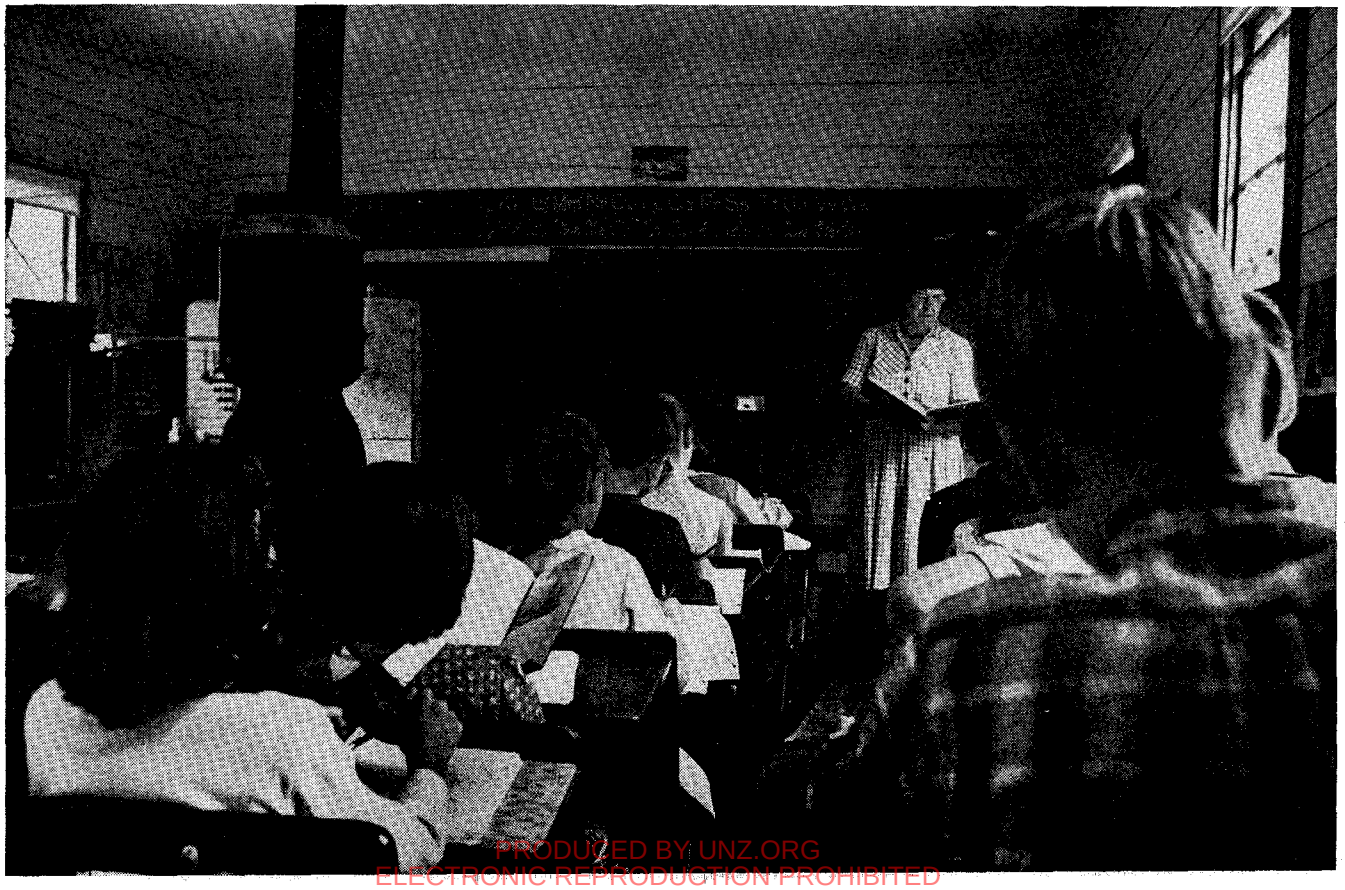
"They had one of those dishwashers," Mrs. Bell says. "Not many of us are lucky enough to have one of those."

The Scuddy School is one of twenty-odd one- or two-room schools in Perry County, and one of several thousand in Appalachia; many have been closed in recent years, but hundreds will remain because transportation over the "hollows" is difficult and because—strangely enough—local pride and suspicion of the world outside demand that they be kept open. Many are built of wooden slats, though some have been replaced since World War II with cinder block structures—usually because "the old school burned down." The pot-bellied stove and the outdoor privy are the only standard pieces of equipment. A miscellany of old desks, benches, tables, and chairs comprise the furniture; decorations come from old magazines and calendars.

The one-room schools of eastern Kentucky are staffed by a mixture of people—some, like Mrs. Bell, are dedicated veterans, others are women who have not met certification requirements, and still others are persons who once taught in

**"Many teachers and principals are now making serious efforts to keep children in school."**

*—Photos by William Strode, Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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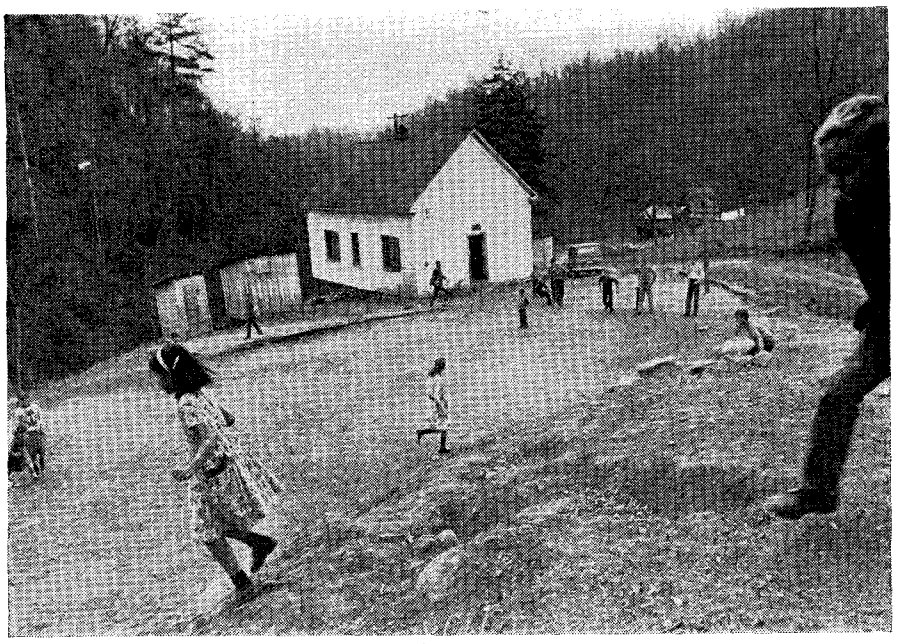
the better consolidated schools but who were "sent up a hollow" for an academic or, more commonly, a political offense. Teachers are rarely fired, but if they identify themselves with the wrong faction in a local election, they will be sentenced to an inferior school, sometimes as much as fifty miles from home.

The presence of the one-room schools, and the fate of some of the teachers, are symptoms of the problems that plague education in Appalachia. In eastern Kentucky, which has never had a tradition of public education beyond the three Rs, schools mean jobs as bus drivers, teachers, and lunchroom employees; they mean contracts for local businessmen, and they represent power for county politicians. In Breathitt County, for example, Mrs. Marie Turner has been superintendent of schools since 1931; her husband held the office for six years before, and several in-laws controlled it before that. The Turners own the building in which the Board of Education is located, and they take rent from the Board. According to the *Lexington Leader*, which ran a series of articles on school politics in Kentucky—with little apparent effect—the Turners have profited from the schools' purchase of coal, gasoline, and school buses, and from the deposit of school funds in local banks. Elsewhere in Kentucky school boards purchase real estate from the sons and daughters of board members, and hire each other's children and wives as teachers. In Perry County, where Goldie Bell teaches, and where the Board followed common practice by naming a new school for the superintendent, Dennis G. Wooton ("We don't wait till they die," someone said), Mr. Wooton's son-in-law, Curtiss Spicer, is principal of the Wooton School, and his daughter, Mrs. Spicer, is one of its teachers.

THIS kind of nepotism is almost inevitable in an area as ingrown as eastern Kentucky: of the nineteen pages in the Hazard telephone book, the Perry County seat, two are filled with listings for people named Combs, four persons named Combs teach at the Dilce Combs High School, and recently a high school science teacher named Combs was exiled to a one-room school for supporting a school board candidate named Combs against an incumbent named Combs. Virtually all the teachers in the Perry County Schools grew up in the county, or within a few miles of its borders, and many are teaching in the classrooms where they sat as students not many years before. Even if an outsider wanted a job in eastern Kentucky—and few do since the average salary is just over $3,000—he would have difficulty obtaining one. "Outsiders just wouldn't be happy here," said one of the county superintendents.



**"Despite all the efforts of sincere teachers, the schools remain irrelevant for most of the students."**

The consequence of the inbreeding is that few new ideas have reached the schools of the area. Even the consolidated high schools operate largely with antiquated equipment, irrelevant textbooks, and obsolete material. Although many teachers sincerely strive to teach children in the best possible way, the years of previous miseducation make the task difficult. Sharon Barnett, a young, attractive English teacher at M. C. Napier High School near Hazard (Napier was superintendent when the school was built) spends the first semester in her senior course diagramming sentences; in the second semester she hopes to have her students read Macbeth. She knows that such an undertaking is difficult, but she desperately wants to bring something of the culture of the outside world to her community. She has come back to teach in Perry County because "my life is here," because "I love these people." And she knows what she's up against. "We could do so much more for these kids if their background were not so poor," she said. "They've had poor teaching in the country schools; some of the teachers are disliked so much that the kids are determined not to learn in order to hurt the teacher."

Yet despite all efforts—and there are other teachers like Sharon Barnett—the schools remain irrelevant for most of the students. Of those who started first grade in Perry County in 1948, about 12 per cent graduated in 1960. Many boys drop out, as a teacher said, "to get a job, a car and show off," and the girls quit to get married. A substantial number leave school and do nothing other than stand on the street corners of the towns. In Perry County, where the unemployment rate is about 17 per cent, the children fall into two groups: those who are ambitious and want to go north, especially into Ohio and Indiana, and those who see no value in any education, and have given up. When a grade school teacher recently asked her pupils what they wanted to do when they grew up, several answered, "to get on the welfare."

The content of the school curriculum provides little incentive for academic effort. Students are rarely challenged to work on their own, laboratory equipment is scarce and rarely used, and the courses in social studies are largely devoted to the clichés of American history and American life. The required civics book in Perry County proclaims, characteristically:

> Our economic system is founded on these basic principles: free private enterprise, competition, the profit motive, and private property. Businessmen and others must compete against one another in order to earn profits. These profits become their private property. This system is know as *capitalism*. By means of our capitalistic system we have built the most productive economy, bringing Americans the highest standard of living that the world has ever known.

Since the county does not furnish free books in the high schools, students who use the civics text are not only required to read it but to pay for it. When relevant issues come up they fall outside the formal curriculum. In a discussion of civic responsibility and community planning, a high school teacher told his class: "In case something goes wrong in city government, the citizens should protest, they should write letters, and keep the officials on their toes."

"My uncle says he'll lose his job if the Democrats don't get in," a student ex-

(*Continued on page 87*)



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# Teacher of the Unteachables

By JOHN TEBBEL

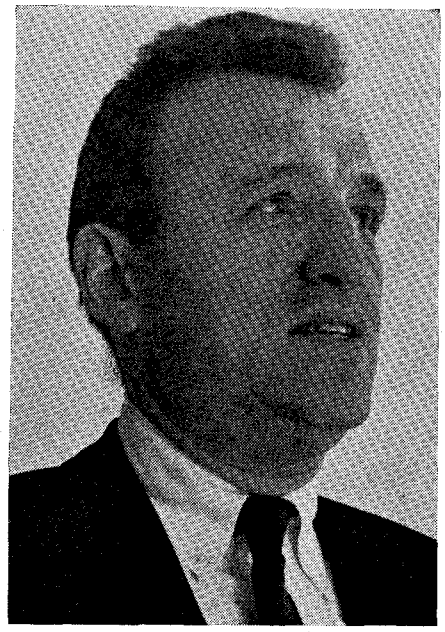
EVERY TEACHER in an urban school has seen them, the children who sit sullenly or passively, who obviously do not grasp what is going on in the classroom, who must be kept back year after desperate year or else passed from grade to grade until they can be eased out of the school system. Most often they ease themselves out, as delinquents or dropouts. We have names for these children—reluctant learners, culturally deprived, socially disadvantaged—which conceal the truth behind a bland pedaguese. They are, in fact, slum children, mostly with low I.Q.s, between 90 and 100, and they are a major educational problem.

Their trouble is basic. They have not been taught the meaning of words. They cannot read with any facility. Consequently they cannot grasp what is being taught, and as they have slipped farther and farther behind, the printed word, the book, has become an enemy. Yet they must learn to read if they are to become functional members of our increasingly complex society.

A few educators and publishers are working on the problem. But the difficulties of meeting the demands of this diverse group are enormous—and the chances of financial return are a gamble. Of the various approaches thus far devised, one of the most interesting is the unusual product of an unusual man, Abraham Kavadlo, whose Great Society Press, Inc., advertises that it is "A publishing company formed by teachers of the culturally deprived for teachers of the culturally deprived."

Kavadlo is one of those teachers at the moment, having taken up this career only after exhausting several others. A short, explosively energetic, still-young man with a formidable breadth of knowledge in a dozen fields, Kavadlo is a New Yorker who graduated from City College of New York in 1934 and took his M. A. at Columbia two years later. He was successively a statistical researcher and editor for the National Resources Planning Board; the holder of many jobs at Macy's department store, winding up as Director of Operations Research; a management consultant; a financial analyst for Doubleday and Company; director of marketing for the Macmillan Company; and a teacher of sociology on the Hunter College faculty since 1946.

About four years ago Kavadlo turned



—*Wallace C. Vogt.*

**Abraham Kavadlo—"explosively energetic."**

his restless, inquiring mind to the troubles of the elementary and high schools as the result of a PTA meeting at which he heard a principal deplore the removal of experienced teachers from tough schools, where they were needed most, leaving the inexperienced and the substitutes to do what they could. Later, during his tour of duty at Macmillan, Kavadlo began to brood about how many children there must be who were not getting an education, and he decided to do something about it.

What he concluded, characteristically, was that he must get down to the classroom level. Equipping himself during a summer session with the necessary courses to be certified, he had little trouble getting one of the jobs that few teachers are eager for, in Manhattan Vocational and Technical High School at 96th Street and Second Avenue, the original *Blackboard Jungle* of the book and motion picture.

In one sense he found it as advertised, a tense, difficult classroom situation, but he began probing behind the easy answers. Why, he asked himself, did these students have such a hard time understanding algebra and history? He asked one of the wise men of New York education, Dr. Harry Rivlin, dean of Teacher Education at the City University of New York, who told him there were no books written for the 90 to 100 I.Q. children he was teaching.

Working in the classroom, Kavadlo thought he could see the critical result of this nonteaching. Not only were the children highly resistant to books, but they had an evident incomprehension of words. For example, he observed that in math classes they could not learn the uses of sine, cosine, and tangent functions because they did not know the meaning of a much simpler word, "opposite."

Kavadlo determined he could find a way to reach these children and slowly, painstakingly, he worked out what he calls his Springboards Reading Program. After teaching from 8 A.M. until 2:30 in the afternoon, he worked well into the evening on his ideas, testing them next day in the classroom. The response was so enthusiastic and the children learned so much better that he was impelled to form his Great Society Press, coining the phrase in advance of the President's phrasemakers. He became a publisher by default, because the publishers to whom he demonstrated his new materials were polite but unconvinced that the necessary investment was a sound one.

With the help of three associates—Peter G. Kontos, curriculum coordinator for senior high schools in Cleveland; John P. Gallagher, reading specialist in the South Huntington, New York, public schools; and Laurence Swinburne, a former textbook editor with a research background in education for the culturally deprived—Kavadlo began to develop his program and test it in numerous classrooms, incorporating the suggestions of teachers and supervisors into his revised materials.

The Press has turned out a series of four-page pamphlets about the size of an ordinary typewritten page, with borders that make the pages look remarkably like so many television screens. The first page carries a line drawing, a photograph, or a picture-and-text combination, along with the title. The story is on pages two and three, illustrated with line drawings or photographs. On page four is a short and highly unorthodox examination, to be filled in by the student.

A favorite character in these lessons is Luis the Pizza King, who talks with his young customers on a wide variety of subjects, from racial hatred to sports, from dating problems to the duties of citizenship. The students have no diffi-

(*Continued on page* 89)



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# What Migrant Farm Children Learn

*The hundreds of thousands of transient farm workers, both white and Negro, who harvest the food we eat, share with other disadvantaged groups in our society the fruits of poverty—poor food and housing, primitive sanitation, inadequate medical care. And their children, moving with the season from community to community and state to state, aware that only the most rudimentary learning is necessary for their way of life, pose a very special educational problem for the nation. Their story is told here by Dr. Robert Coles, a child psychiatrist, who recently completed a two-year study of these children, their parents, and their teachers, under a grant to Harvard University by the New World Foundation. Dr. Coles is Research Psychiatrist with the Harvard University Health Services, a consultant to the Southern Regional Council, and a member of the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor.*

By ROBERT COLES

RUTH is an eight-year-old girl who has traveled widely and knows quite a bit about life and what sustains it. She was born in the hill country of Arkansas and lived there a solid two years. For the past six years, however, she has never lived anywhere more than six months, and at times she will spend more days of a month moving about with her family than settling into some kind of home life.

There are hundreds of thousands of children like Ruth, migrant children, sons and daughters of wandering, seasonal farm hands. They are boys and girls whose lives bear so little resemblance to those of other children that to comprehend them requires knowing a good deal more than the statistics of poverty.

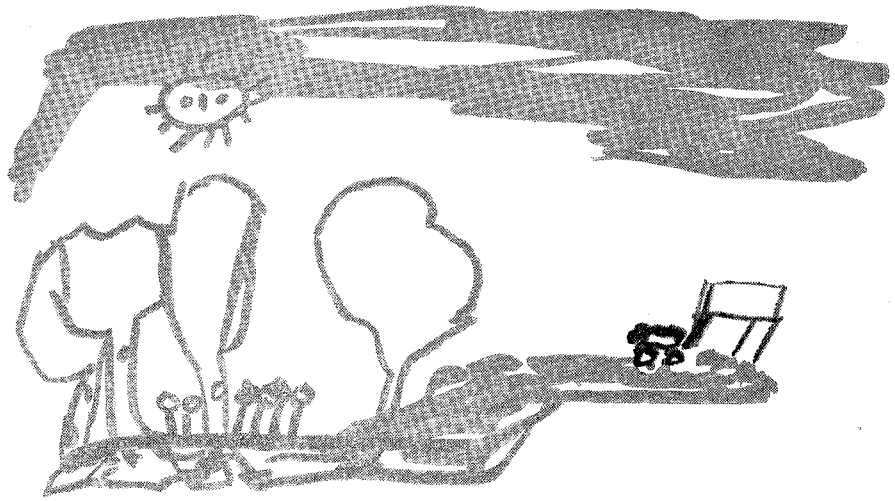
Ruth, for example, looks at first glance to be a pretty, blonde girl with light blue eyes and a fetching smile that would seem to caution any social reformer against too grim a view of her life. True enough, she commonly takes her meals by hand rather than with fork or spoon, and on the floor (or whatever nearby field is her temporary backyard) rather than on a table, but she eats lustily and with no evidence of dismay at her family's living conditions. I am sure many middle-class children would envy her the sticky mess she can regularly make of a meal, pushing her fingers at will through pork fat, potatoes, gravy, and wet, spongy bread, staining her faded denim dress with them all. That dress was made for an older girl; it reaches halfway from her knees to her ankles and looks as if it had fallen upon her, hanging out of balance, her left shoulder bare, her right one covered halfway up the neck. I suppose many children already burdened by the daily lessons that have to precede any future respectability might wish such a dress, too.

When I saw Ruth's smile I saw her poor teeth. When she walked I noticed the toughened but still bruised and infected soles of her feet. Her unkempt hair was dry and stringy; she had sores on her body; her eyes hurt in the sunlight; her skin was coarse, some of it blistered, some of it decisively marked with lines of dirt or old scars. My son might wish that he, like Ruth, never would see a dentist or doctor, though I doubt he would want to pay the price she has.

Ruth's school habits are another source of possible envy to children like mine and yours: she goes to school only occasionally, sometimes missing classes altogether for several weeks, at other times going to them days and even weeks in a row. When she *wants* to go to school, and when there is a school available, she will go. On the other hand, when she feels vaguely hesitant about leaving home, or is interested in staying home with her brothers and sisters to work in the fields with their mother at gathering a particularly lush harvest, there is no question about her sovereign right to make her own choice.

Families like Ruth's live in persisting if incredible contrast to the way most of us do in this country. Since we are now beginning to take notice of poverty, their kind of existence will, one hopes, concern us more than ever before. It will be terribly difficult, however, to achieve an effective means of truly reaching such families and interrupting their style of living where it counts: in the education and training of the prolific number of children they produce.

Until now, sharecropper families could choose either to leave their cabins, forsaking the only kind of work they knew, for the ghettos of Southern or Northern cities, or give up any hope of a stable home in the interests of at least securing their jobs as farm hands. Thus migrant farmers, like sharecroppers, are essentially the rural poor who have shunned becoming the urban unemployed. They are people who know a great deal about how to survive on little money—many of them see less than $1,000 a year. They know how to buy stale bread at low cost, or soda pop instead of milk for their children. They know that candy takes you a long way on its calories, and that for a pittance, fat, which subdues hunger, can be obtained. They know not to worry about changing clothes, or looking at them too fondly; pants or dresses are simply to cover you when you leave home to work or travel, or walk the road to a store. They know to sleep together when it is



**"Eventually Ruth was able to draw her home, a composite of many nondescript cabins she knew. Nearby, indeed touching the home, was a car. She clearly intended to let me know that the car, too, was her home."**



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cold, or outside when it is warm. Finally, they know that children are born and children die, even as they themselves are lucky to have lived to the working age of ten or twelve, the marrying age of fourteen or fifteen. Owning little else, they cherish their infants and want more of them, in the fearful expectation that not all those conceived, born, or even reared through infancy will live long enough to start their own families.

Such knowledge in migrants helps keep them moving, and because of their work we manage to eat well; a large share of our fruit and vegetables is picked by migrant farmers, and by their wives and children. Unfortunately, migrants have no reason to want to know very much about reading and writing. In my experience most of them are illiterate, and they suffer not at all for it. Their lives go on without newspapers, books, even letters. They have no mailing address anyway. And they are ineligible to vote or even own library cards.

Not only our political life is grounded in the laws of the local community. Our educational system consists of thousands of separate systems, and what coordination they have is supplied (and limited) by the individual states. Ruth's family travels from state to state, and Ruth as a child comes under the jurisdiction of many schools. Though legally few of them would deny her a desk—in truth, they would assert her obligation to come seek one—in point of fact, thousands upon thousands of children like Ruth slip through our countryside, attending school in the most desultory fashion, if indeed at all.

If we are concerned about such a state of affairs, then I would imagine we would have to ask how we might come to meet and educate the rural poor. However, in order to be of help to people who often are not actively seeking it (and are suspicious when it does come) those in a position to be of service must try hard to learn the assumptions which they as middle-class citizens do and do not share with the poor and the needy. Untold millions of dollars can be earnestly sent to try to help people who see the offering only as a devilish plot.

The experience of many ministers, doctors, social workers, and nurses indicates that it is not always easy to obtain the gratitude and cooperation of those people, even when such attitudes would seem to their evident advantage. Well-intentioned efforts to treat sick people, or change their diet for the better, have been seen by migrants as senseless intrusions at best; often they are feared and rejected outright as harmful. When people daily learn that they have little in common with the lives and habits of "others," they yield to outsiders slowly and reluctantly. To a migrant, for example, the presence of a doctor may indicate the increased likelihood of death. Similarly, the desirability of sending his children to school is by no means apparent. Nor do migrant children escape the doubts, fears, and suspicions held so fixedly by their parents.

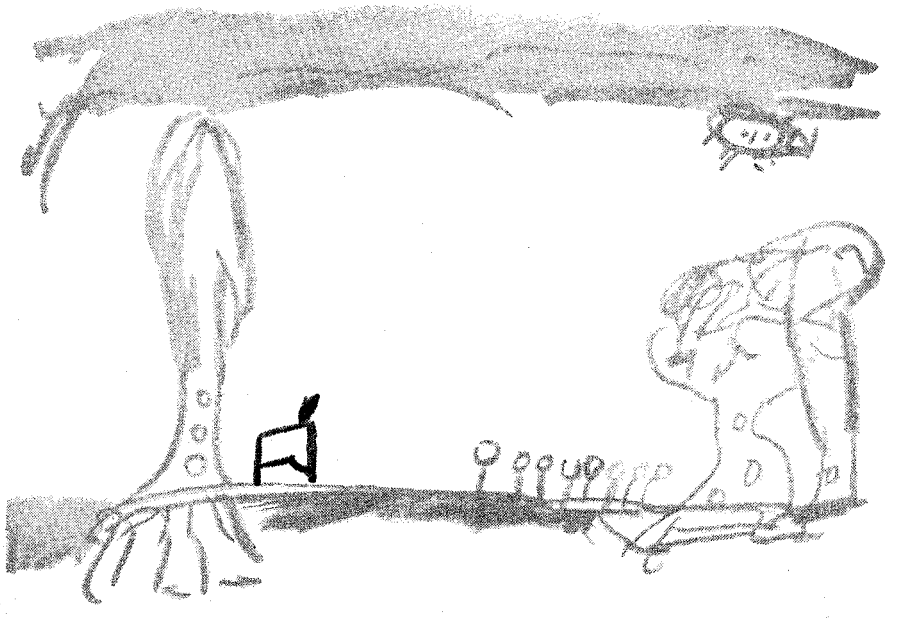
FOR the past two years I have been interested in the family life of migrant farm and sharecropper children, the work life that occupies their parents, and often them, too, and the relationship between such social and environmental influences and the quality of thinking and feeling in the children. I have been particularly anxious to learn how such relatively impoverished and isolated farm children—there are still millions of them in America today—manage at school. Again and again, from growers as well as those concerned with the living conditions of the people who harvest their crops, one hears that vague word "education" summoned in rare unanimity as an "ultimate" answer to a vexing problem. What, in fact, do migrant children learn when, and if, they go to school? Moreover, what relationship does such learning have to those other lessons that inevitably come upon them?

Ruth's sister, for instance, is not illiterate. At ten she can print her name and she knows about half the letters of the alphabet. A word or two come readily to her as she tries to read, but it is generally tough going. Like her parents, who also had a sporadic kind of education, geared to accomplishing a signature and a rather limited recognition of words, she now knows more than she will know in the future; for older migrants soon slip back when it comes to reading and writing. In the words of Ruth's mother: "I learned the writing and reading in school, but I left off when I was old enough to work steady and not be bothering my folks. Now, to tell the truth, I've forgotten all I learned. . . . We don't have no use for writing and reading."

Ruth's drawings, or those of her sisters and brothers, show quite clearly what she expects of life. I repeatedly asked her to draw a school. She responded with silence and a few aimless gestures of the crayon in her hand. She could draw woods and fields, birds and a nearby lake, but not a school building. Nor could she easily draw her home; she told me quite directly that there were many, and asked me casually which one I had in mind. Eventually she was able to draw one, a composite of many nondescript cabins she knew. Nearby, indeed touching the home, was a car. She clearly intended to let me know that the car, too, was her home. I was struck at how naturally she could draw the terrain on which the house stood; the house itself was sketched quickly and very poorly, then ignored—as if she had obliged me at the price of her own annoyance. "I'd rather sleep outside than in the car," she told me as she pushed the drawing in my direction. I was being pointedly told that the family car really meant more to her than the succession of temporary shacks I might call her various "homes"; and, in any case, she was more tied to the outside world than *any* quarters.

The school building Ruth finally managed to draw was distinctly small, dwarfed by a giant pine tree and off to one side of the paper. Ruth drew it hastily as she had the house. She used a black crayon, and supplied no win-

(*Continued on page* 88)



**"The school building Ruth finally managed to draw was distinctly small, dwarfed by a giant pine tree and off to the side of the paper. In fact, it was an isolated box, essentially irrelevant to the carefully drawn landscape."**



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David Selden

PERSONAL OPINION

# Needed: More Teacher Strikes

*On this page, each month, a distinguished educator, writer, or critic of education will be given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed may differ sharply from those of the editors.*

By DAVID SELDEN, *Assistant to the President of the American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO, and formerly Director of Organization of AFT Local 2, New York City.*

WHAT American schools need most is more teacher strikes. Instead of putting work stoppages by teachers in the same category as matricide and spitting on the flag, school board members and superintendents should be delighted when they have a group of educators who care enough about the schools and their own professional status to lay their jobs on the line in order to bring about improvements.

By every standard of measurement—drop-out rate, reading retardation, overcrowding, teacher academic training—our schools have failed to keep pace with the demands placed upon them. Yet year after year, most of our school systems go along on a business-as-usual basis.

And teachers, who have had first-hand knowledge of the neglect of our educational enterprise, have gone along, too, protesting weakly, grumbling to each other in teacher rest rooms—and all the while "making do" with what they have been given to work with.

What is so terrible about a strike by teachers? The traditional answer is, "Think of the children!" Yet it is often more harmful to the children for teachers *not* to strike than it would be to close down the schools for a while. When New York City teachers were criticized for striking in April 1962, Charles Cogen, then the union president, declared, "It is better for a child to lose a few days or weeks of schooling now than go through life handicapped by years of inferior education."

As a result of the one-day shutdown, $13,000,000 was added to the school budget. Most of the new money was used to expand direct services to children.

During the course of a year schools are closed for a dozen holidays of varying significance, and they are shut down for two weeks at Christmas time, a week at Easter, and two to three months in the summer. No one thinks of these "work stoppages" as harming the children. But let teachers close the schools for even one day, for the purpose of making the schools better, and the pillars of society tremble.

Perhaps some of this public opposition to strikes by teachers comes from the public's proprietary interest in the schools. No employer likes a strike. But this doesn't tell the whole story. Strikes by bus drivers, for instance, are not regarded as affronts to the dignity and status of the government. Bus drivers are expected to take drastic action when negotiations break down, but the pedagogues are expected to keep right on working.

Should our children be taught by spineless economic illiterates lacking enough professional commitment to insist on decent school buildings, classes of teachable size, proper instructional materials, and salary schedules that can enable school systems to recruit teachers from the top of the graduating class instead of the bottom?

Where the right—and the willingness—to strike exists, most disputes will be settled without an actual walkout. Both sides then have an incentive to negotiate in good faith.

There are four alternatives to the strike, and all are much worse than a possible work stoppage. Disputes can be "settled" by: 1) continuing the status quo, 2) carrying on a cold war between teachers and school authorities, 3) political action, or 4) arbitration. The first of these alternatives, the "don't complain" philosophy, is unthinkable if we really want good education. The second, the long-festering contest of little meannesses between teachers and school authorities, erodes morale and seldom results in any real solution to the problems confronting the schools. The other two alternatives require more detailed discussion.

Teachers certainly have a *right* to appeal a school board's action to the voters. But political action is often far different in practice than in theory. Frequently the choice of opposing candidates offers little hope for improvement. Furthermore, politics is a two-way street; it is often hard to discover who has more control, the politician who depends on teachers for votes, or the teachers who depend on the politician for favorable action.

When teachers have the right to strike, very real political decisions must be made by the authorities. Issues are dramatized, and the way the board resolves them becomes a factor in the next election.

The final alternative, a pet panacea of the no-strike supporters, is a devastating influence on negotiations. Neither side will bargain if it knows that the dispute is going to wind up in the hands of an arbitrator. It is not good tactics to yield any points in advance. The arbitrator functions within the limits set by the two parties to the dispute, and he is apt to issue Solomon-like judgments that are mere compromises. Arbitration turns negotiations into a debating contest, and the outcome is seldom the kind of meeting of the minds that results when each side has something to gain from good-faith negotiations, and something to lose from unreasonable stubbornness.

B. Frank Brown, one of the nation's leading school administrators, told a recent meeting of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, "Administrators are demurrers who are afraid to expose themselves to dangerous and heady ideas." Not only administrators but teachers, too, suffer this disability.

It is time teachers were released from their conformist bondage. Anyone who really worries about education ought to kick, prod, cajole, wheedle, and exhort teachers to far greater militancy. When teachers are willing to stop work rather than continue under substandard conditions, they will have gone a long way toward attaining the professional status to which they have given lip service for so many years.



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# Readers View the Pressure Cooker

OUR MARCH 20 editorial, "Education in a Pressure Cooker," brought impassioned response from hundreds of readers in thirty-five states and Canada. Many of the letters were much longer than the editorial that stimulated them, and the total correspondence would fill a large book, one that perhaps deserves to be published. Letters came from high school and college students, parents, high school and college teachers, college entrance examiners, deans and presidents, school psychologists, high school principals, and unidentified readers. While some of the writers consider the present emphasis on grades and test scores inevitable and a few think it highly desirable, the great majority agree that the academic world has suffered a serious loss of time for quiet contemplation, leisurely reading, and discussion of the kind that leads to deeper understanding of the things that matter most. They agree, too, that the change has occurred within the past four to eight years.

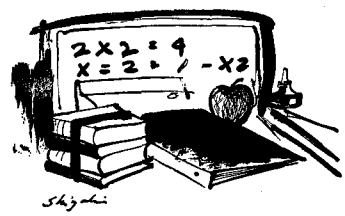
The letters from students make it clear that the pressures mentioned in our editorial are felt by students in all kinds of colleges and in many high schools as well. Jean McKay, a student at Acadia University in Nova Scotia, says, "You don't have to go to the 'most highly selective' colleges to find this pressure. I have been here at Acadia now for four years, and I know the workings of the University of Maine fairly well, having lived in Orono for fifteen years as a 'faculty brat.' . . . Intense pressures are to be found on both campuses." Lee Lanza, a high school sophomore in Arlington, Massachusetts, says, "With all the pressure on students now, something will give. That something, unfortunately, seems to be exactly what should be encouraged, not lost: time for original and creative thought." The pressures have reached even the junior high school. Leslie Ellen Shear, a ninth grade student in St. Paul, says, "Grades are arbitrary. People are in school to learn, not to earn grades. This idea seems to have been lost somewhere along the way." But Michael F. Wilcox of Springfield, Massachusetts, comments ironically, "Education in a pressure cooker may be an effective preparation for life in a pressure cooker. If such a life is the American ideal, then our colleges are doing a great service."

It is obvious that the students who responded to the editorial are not slow learners. Their number includes Phi Betas, winners of National Merit Scholarships, and members of many scholastic honor societies. Several mention College Board Scores of over 700—scores that would admit them to any college in the land. Their letters are literate and often wise; anyone who still believes that this generation of students does not read and cannot write ought to read our mail.

The educators who responded see the problem through different eyes, of course, but they, no less than the students, are concerned about the consequences of excessive academic pressure. William L. Wheaton, director of admissions at Pomona College, says, "It would be foolish to deny the existence of the 'pressure cooker' atmosphere on many an American college and university campus. Whatever its source—grades, worries about future success, parental expectations—it unquestionably robs many students of the leisurely contemplation of ideas and values which traditionally is part of a good liberal education." Martha Truax, principal of a high school in Oklahoma City, says, "I am increasingly disturbed by the growth of fear and apprehension in academically able young people." And, speaking of the pressures on college entrance, Margery R. Bernstein, school psychologist in Mamaroneck, New York, says, "Although there is nothing wrong with setting high academic standards, there is something devastatingly cruel in telling large numbers of eager, well-qualified youngsters that there is no room for them when the reasons are highly irrelevant: not enough beds, not enough money, geographical distribution."

Arthur H. Brown, Jr., physics teacher at Dearborn High School in Michigan, observes, "The dramatic change of the past decade has affected every aspect of our national life, not just education. With the launching of Sputnik I, we began a competitive binge which has left the nation reeling."

Burton Shapiro, chairman of the English Department at the Baldwin School in New York City, attributes the pressure to a lack of teaching skill. The able teacher, he says, can deepen understanding without overloading the schedule; the less skilled teacher, when the heat is on, turns to more and more work for his students.



Several letters were from adults who attended college before the coming of the pressure and have observed the change. Mrs. Cynthia Engman of Philadelphia, who attended Pembroke College ten years ago, left at the end of her junior year, and is now resuming work on her degree at the University of Pennsylvania, comments, "I can say that certainly college has changed but I can't say it has changed for the better. As a freshman of seventeen I could never make it through college today." Mrs. K. W. Patterson, a countess educated in Switzerland who now lives in Washington, D.C., expresses concern over the pressures in American schools. "The pressure my children are experiencing [in an American high school] is staggering to the imagination. It is impossible for them to explore the possibilities of quiet contemplation." (Her comment should be of interest to Admiral Rickover, who has written a book setting forth the thesis that Swiss schools are more rigorous—and hence better—than ours.) One possible solution is offered by Mrs. Rose H. Agree of New Hyde Park, New York: "I say 'Ban the test.'"

But not all parents agree that the pressures are undesirable. Mr. Alfred D. Rosenblatt of Laconia, New Hampshire, has sons who have recently attended or are now enrolled in many different types of institutions: public schools, Philips Exeter, Harvard, and Brandeis. "Our boys," he says, "are all Honor students. . . . I think they work many times harder than we did, they know infinitely more, in sum they're simply much better educated than we were at their age. . . ." And Emily Shultz of Neosho, Missouri, urges us, "Please do not take education out of the pressure cooker! Too many college graduates are underdone already."

Many of the parents and teachers who expressed concern over the pressure cooker atmosphere asked, "What can be done?" We are not at all sure of the answer. We surely do not wish to lower the level of achievement or to eliminate all competition. But college professors and high school teachers who set out to raise standards might well ask themselves whether they are increasing the depth of the student's understanding or merely piling on more work. And perhaps the best advice to be given to parents who seek status through the achievements of their children is summed up in the words that provided the title for one of our articles a year or so ago, "Get Off Johnny's Back."



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—George S. Zimbel.

**"Education consists of a growing and changing blend of learning, understanding, and skill that an individual acquires and with which he combines the habit of advancing his own learning."**

# Our Colleges Aren't Ready for Today's Students

By HAROLD HOWE II, *Director, Learning Institute of North Carolina and former Superintendent of Schools, Scarsdale, N. Y.*

THERE HAS BEEN so much talk in the United States about the preparation of students for colleges that we have neglected, to our loss, the preparation of colleges for students. Unless these two endeavors go hand in hand, the educational system is out of joint.

The past ten years have seen a radical change in the preparation of high school students, a change amounting to a curricular revolution in the American high school. Under the influence of mathematicians from the universities, the content and the reach of secondary school mathematics has expanded dramatically. In the sciences, new national programs in physics, in chemistry and in biology are affecting a high percentage of those who study science in secondary school before going on to college. Foreign language teaching and learning have moved forward under the impact of federal support and of new American responsibility on the international scene. Significant changes in the English curriculum and in social studies have been slower in coming, but are currently upon us. Through the College Entrance Examination Board's Commission on English and through Project English, financed with federal funds, the years immediately ahead will give students vastly better preparation in that field. Probably because social studies concerns itself with our image of our past, it has been slower to move. It is more controversial and more difficult to change. But there are now across the country at least two dozen significant efforts to connect the content and the methods of social studies teaching to the styles of learning familiar to historians and social scientists.

Each of these curricular excitements has been accompanied by significant changes in the standard of high school work as well as in the content. More and more high school classrooms have moved from an undue concern with life adjustment education to a growing interest in a quality of learning that places the teenager in "Scholars' Country," even though on the periphery of it.

The most significant development of the decade in this respect is the Advanced Placement Program. A very short time ago this was a narrowly based, experimental venture in a few very specialized public and private schools. In ten years the number of students taking Advanced Placement Examinations to validate college level work done in school has grown by 3,000 per cent. Some 29,000 students wrote Advanced Placement Examinations in May of 1964, and the growth continues. This exciting development has been accompanied in the schools by new honors programs not connected with college credit but certainly connected with higher quality learning.

Taken all together, the curricular changes, the Advanced Placement Program, and the growth of honors courses, are sending a larger group of more able students to the colleges. Improved counseling and financial aid programs have swelled this number. The whole series of developments constitutes a revolution in the flow of quality students to higher education.

A paradox of this revolution is that among the initiators have been college professors whose institutions have changed relatively little in response to the dramatic alterations these professors have sparked in the schools. They have used their firm knowledge of their subjects as a fulcrum to move secondary education, but they have found no fulcrum to move the faculties of the majority of American colleges. For this reason it is important to consider the preparation of colleges for high school students.

It is a sweeping and unfair generalization to say that no colleges have adjusted. But the colleges that have been most active in redesigning their programs, in offering flexible placement arrangements, and in trying to set up a system of education that is designed to carry the student on from where the



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high school has left him, have been those institutions which already had the highest standards, the greatest flexibility, and the largest percentages of extremely able students. Harvard moved early to give both advanced placement and actual credit at the college level to any student who scored a three or above on an Advanced Placement Examination. Less prestigious institutions with a good deal less to protect have been much less adventurous in welcoming this significant advance in school standards. They may, thereby, have developed a further momentum toward mediocrity and allowed the colleges and universities already attracting the most able high school graduates to seem even more attractive to those coming along with better preparation from the schools.

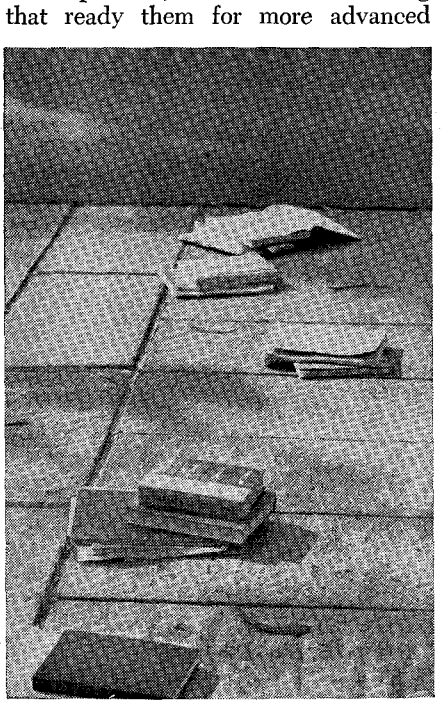
Those who have been working in high schools during the course of the curricular revolution have continually received feedback from their graduates in college to the effect that the freshman and sophomore years are in some respects repetitious and boring. Whereas youngsters of this age are prone to exaggeration and to harsh judgment on their elders, particularly when these are involved in education, the growing flood of such comment leaves little doubt that there is fire in the midst of the smoke.

Perhaps it would be fairer to say that while some colleges have tried hard to adjust, others have made relatively little effort and a good many have had little success with the efforts they have made. Collegiate reaction to the improvements in the schools presents a wide spectrum. There is some truth, however, in the assertion that a department of a college or a university is one of the hardest organizations to change. It has a degree of independence that insulates it from the leverage of deans and presidents, and it easily gives refuge to self-satisfaction and to the yearly continuation of accustomed routines. The professor who has his notes all made, complete with jokes, for the past five years, is familiar to most of us. Too frequently in our colleges today he is confronting young people with an experience that is either obsolete or repetitious because of the changed education they have experienced in the high schools.

The required course in the freshman year needs a re-examination at least every four years to see if it should be abandoned, continued, or changed. One wonders how often colleges make such a re-examination and how frequently they invite able high school teachers to participate in it. College departments viewed from the vantage point of the high school don't seem exactly eager for conversation across the "sheepskin curtain" that divides them from the schools.

In this context, it is pertinent to inquire what the colleges ought to be doing that they are not doing. One answer certainly is that they should be placing a great deal more emphasis on the placement of students they receive from the high schools and less emphasis on the requirement of specific courses commonly regarded as essential to general education. The burden of general education has more and more been accepted by the high schools—but the colleges have been unwilling to give up any of their responsibility. Out of this development comes a high proportion of the duplication that stultifies education for the student. Colleges must make an increased effort to put students where they should be in terms of their learning and to avoid requiring specific learnings of them just because they have normally been a part of the college program in the freshman and sophomore years.

A MORE radical proposal is that the colleges abandon the idea that education consists of a series of courses to which a student must be exposed. Education, instead, consists of a growing and changing blend of learning, understanding, and skill that an individual acquires and with which he combines the habit of advancing his own learning. Education thus defined may be attained in a variety of ways. Some may require a course and the discipline of frequent weekly meetings accompanied by appropriate small doses of assigned work. But the more mature and more able students now coming from high schools don't need their learning "measured out . . . in coffee spoons." They will achieve on their own, more quickly than the usual course makes possible, levels of understanding that ready them for more advanced work. Colleges need to learn from the university tradition in Great Britain that there is nothing magic about the typical course organization we use in this country. Our British friends have more interest in finding out what a person knows and can do as demonstrated by the results of searching examinations. They care much less than we do for the fact that a student spent three hours a week for a period of a year reaching the level of expertise that he can demonstrate.



—*M. D. Patterson.*

**"One hundred and twenty semester hours and a four-cornered cap with a tassel just don't add up to an education."**

Just as a good photograph is the product of the length of the exposure plus the intensity of the light, the outcome of an education is the product of the time of the learning experience plus its nature and effectiveness. Our system of required semester hours for everybody, which unimaginatively places students on a production line, fails to recognize the intensity of the academic light and of the student's capacity to receive it. The least we could do is to allow students to cut classes so that they can pursue learning on their own. A person who has acquired the invaluable capacity to do this doesn't need to waste time on excessive spoon-feeding in the company of less capable peers.

There is evidence in the recent action of two major universities, Cornell and Yale, of the adjustability which needs to be pursued by many more collegiate institutions. Both these high quality universities have recently decided that it is possible for some students to achieve the equivalent of a master's degree after four years. They could have gone even further and made the privilege available after three years for a few outstanding youngsters with no harm to the standards of the degree. Such policies may interfere with the social and athletic whoop-de-doo that characterizes so much campus activity, particularly in residential institutions. But those colleges will have to ask themselves the difficult question of what they are here for—to offer a good education for people who are seriously intent upon receiving one, or to provide a pleasant stopping place for post-adolescent youth in a combination marriage mart and Chatauqua session?

Much of this discussion is directed toward the relatively able student and not at all toward the large group of students with whom some colleges are having more and more difficulty. But if we can develop the adjustability which will serve the able student well, we can transfer it to the interest of the less able. The college with the open door admissions policy can, for example, set up programs that start the learning of its entrants where they are in educational development, rather than imposing upon them a system that is full of social waste because of the failures it causes. Perhaps we shall someday come to a definition of



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standards in terms of the hurdles each individual should surmount with his particular background, abilities, purposes, and needs rather than in terms of rigid requirements that fail to challenge some and overchallenge others, thereby focusing our institutions on a kind of level mediocrity which all must reach in the same period of time.

Although colleges may have failed to adjust as rapidly as they should to the curricular revolution in the high schools, there is no need for them to ignore the next revolution, which is just in its early stages and which will become evident in the high schools about six years from now. This revolution I would describe as the move toward independent learning in secondary education. Typically, our high schools have been institutions for the perpetuation of both intellectual and social adolescence. Although the latter characteristic may be continued, I suspect that one of the effects of the curricular revolution will be to change the methods as well as the content of teaching and learning in the schools. As subject matter becomes more mature, there will be a tendency to use more mature procedures.

The first signs of the independent learning revolution are already appearing. Leading high schools in the country are placing increased emphasis on self-education for their able students. Some schools are reaching into the lower levels of student ability and finding, to their surprise, that the level of subject matter is not always a measure of the individual's capacity to take some responsibility for his own education. Forward-looking schools are placing new emphasis on the building of libraries to support and encourage self-education, and we have just the beginning of the rehashing of the high school schedule to make it less rigid and to provide more time for independent study. Six or eight years from now the colleges will be confronting a new group of students with more dependable habits of learning and greater capacity to work independently. One wonders whether the abandonment of the ten-minute quiz as a daily goad to textbook mastery will disappear first from the high school or the college to be replaced for a large proportion of learners by more significant motivation. A rational forecast of current trends in the high schools would indicate that students will come to college ready to work on their own in the library, to present relatively long papers based on extensive units of work, and to operate in a style typical of the name we use to describe them, "students."

It is interesting, in looking at the whole spectrum of American education, that only at the extremes do we really trust the students to work on their own. In the graduate school and in the elementary school independent study dominates learning. While the teacher of the third grade works on reading with a group of six or seven, the other eighteen in the class go about their business with high motivation and with generally excellent results. The student pursuing a Ph.D. does likewise and is likely to check in for an hour or two of individual consultation with his advisor from time to time. But in the vast middle ground of our schools and colleges, there is a totally different series of assumptions. Education becomes something that is done *to* the student rather than something he is learning to do *for* himself. Colleges should reach for changes and experiments to encourage the latter process.

To advance the commitment to self-education in college we need more experimental colleges and more colleges engaged in experimental programs. There is a tendency for colleges to become more like each other rather than to present the diversity of characteristics that would reflect an imaginative approach to challenging students. There are, in general, two settings within which to achieve this diversity. One is the large complex institution such as the state university that has within its boundaries a great variety of programs with many objectives and many levels of expectation. This institution must loosen its internal regulations in the interest of individual students. Another is the smaller college that can focus on specialized characteristics to give it true individuality rather than the kind of similarity to others it typically writes about in its catalogue. Some of the statements colleges prepare to attract all comers are masterpieces of double talk. Here is an actual example: "College 'X' combines the stability of an essentially conservative institution with the pioneering vigor and enterprise of the West."

Having wounded a good many sacred cows already in this discussion, I would now like to turn my shotgun on a few others. In doing so, I would like to ask the question, "What is the most important outcome of a college education?" Is it the ability to practice a vocation for which one has been trained, the capacity to demonstrate specific knowledge through taking a series of examinations, the decoration we call a degree, admission to medical or law school, the friends one makes at college—or is it something more general, more elusive, and more personal than any of these? Probably the most important outcome falls in this latter category and has something to do with the student's feeling about himself and his relationship to the world. It is perfectly possible for a young person to spend four years in college, to get all A's, to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and even to collect a husband or wife in the bargain, and still to avoid any experiences which make him a truly mature and truly educated person. One hundred and twenty semester hours and a four-corned cap with a tassel in the right position just don't add up to an education.

The high schools are finding out that an added concern for the intangibles of personality growth pays off in the student's attitude toward and success in academic achievement. (The best independent schools have known this for a long time.) Encouraged by federal funds from the National Defense Education Act, the schools have made progress in recent years in the field of guidance. Schools are gradually taking more and more responsibility for helping teenagers think about such persistent and recurring questions as: "Who am I? What should I expect from my education?" and "Where am I going?" While schools have a long way to go in opening up these problems, they are sending to college today a group of young adults who have given more than passing thought to their personal development.

Colleges need to do more thinking and planning about this personal and nonacademic side of student life, for it is an element in the educational process that has much to do with whether students achieve any solid belief in themselves and in worthwhile values. Colleges need, particularly, to examine the interaction of faculty and students in the college environment to see whether it is building maturity or whether institutional authority is being used in a way to prevent the growth of truly responsible attitudes among college students. There is a special danger that the rapid growth in enrollment now confronting colleges will lead to educational arrangements that provide housing and course work for the new thousands of students, but which ignore the spirits, the hearts, and the emotions of young people. Education is sorely handicapped when it becomes a series of routines for faculty and students who have no genuine sense of community.

If colleges can find new ways to work on these problems, American education will profit. In the process, the colleges may help solve one of the major difficulties they now confront, the vague dissatisfaction, particularly of the most able students, with what goes on in college. We have all known intelligent, promising young people who, in the sophomore or junior year, pull out of college for something more real, more personal, and more related to the world. If and when they return, they do better. One wonders whether as many would experience this dissatisfaction if college presented the opportunity that it might for independence of mind and inde-

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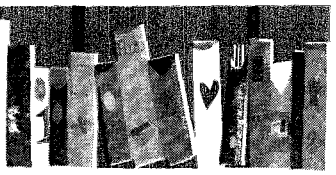
# the Editor's Bookshelf



**Addressing** the Association of American Colleges a year ago, Robert Maynard Hutchins said of our institutions of higher learning: "Their standards are undecipherable, their accomplishments dubious, their pretensions insufferable, their independence a sham, and their appeal to their constituency irrational and degrading." In ***The Sheepskin Psychosis*** (*Lippincott*, 190 *pp.*, $3.95) John Keats quotes Hutchins and then adds some 70,000 harsh words of his own on the same general theme. But, while Hutchins bases his judgment on forty years' close experience with higher education, Keats confesses in his foreword that he has no credentials as a critic of higher education other than United States citizenship. Perhaps he is a bit too modest, for Keats, who is a writer of best-sellers (*The Crack in the Picture Window, The Insolent Chariots*), has interviewed students, parents, and college officials and has made tape recordings of their views in homes, at employment offices, and on college campuses.

He has discovered that many students are profoundly dissatisfied with the college experience and are prone to hold the faculty responsible. "A college," says Keats, "is a collection of adolescents left largely on their own resources. Most of today's faculty members have little more than an impersonal classroom acquaintance with their students. This is particularly true at a large university. It is less true at a small college, but the general rule is that the college teacher is no longer—if he ever was—the kindly, wise, old professor who is the inspiring friend of youth to whom the students can apply for advice. He is much more likely to be a smug young graduate student single-mindedly pursuing a degree or a self-centered young associate professor looking for another job." Keats joins the chorus of critics who attribute poor college teaching to the fact that professors almost everywhere are promoted on the basis of their publication record without much regard to the quality of their teaching.

Keats shows a little more sympathy for students, though he believes that many of them are status-seekers more interested in the prestige of a degree than in learning and that many of them do not belong in college at all because they have no real need for higher education and little aptitude for it. He doubts that they make good use of their college time. "They are there," he says, "essentially because there is no longer any socially acceptable place except college in our society for bright boys between eighteen and twenty-two years old. . . ."

In a chapter titled "Desire Under the Elms," Keats reworks the familiar problem of sex on the campus. From his interviews with students and faculty he concludes: "Nearly all students and most faculty members today believe that sexual intercourse is not subject to moral judgment. They subscribe to psychiatry's general view that mutually agreed-upon coitus is harmful only when the act leaves one or both partners filled with doubts, fears, and a sense of guilt." He quotes a Bryn Mawr girl, "Actually, sex is just the friendliest thing you can do"; a University of Michigan coed, "Having sex with a boy is the only way you can really find out everything about him"; and a Harvard boy, "The only thing I'd miss by dropping out of college is regular sexual intercourse. Actually it's the only thing keeping me here." In contrast, a Reed professor says, "There's a lot more virginity around here than you would expect." But Keats leaves the problem of campus sex just about where he found it—confused and confusing. Nothing he says will startle an experienced dean of women or help her in her difficult task of bringing the mores to bear on undergraduates.

There is much more. Keats has discovered that parents as well as students are more concerned with the prestige of a college than with the quality of education that it offers and that employers who prefer the graduates of prestigious colleges care little about whether the candidate for a job has learned anything of an academic nature.

In a concluding chapter he comes to a rather obvious conclusion: "Not all adolescents are going to profit uniformly from either the formal or the informal education a college can provide." For many, he recommends what he calls "some reasonable alternatives" to a college education: a trip to Europe, apprenticeship training, or a hitch in the army. It seems unlikely that the number of students who choose to follow his advice will greatly reduce enrollment pressures.

Keats's basic thesis—that the American people are oversold on education and prone to demand more of our schools and colleges than those institutions can deliver—is sound enough. The problems Keats presents are real and some of them are appalling. But little that he has to say about them is new. His book lacks the depth of analysis and interpretation that would make it helpful to those who are trying to solve the problems. It will have its greatest appeal to relatively uninformed readers who have been unaware of the difficulties facing higher education.

**Readers who desire** a more scholarly and sophisticated interpretation of the problems of higher education will find it in William DeVane's ***Higher Education in Twentieth Century America*** (*Harvard University Press*, 211 *pp.* $4.50). DeVane, who is Dean Emeritus of Yale College, sees the problems in historical perspective and consequently is able to take a calmer view than does Keats. "Crisis," he says, "is the chronic condition of higher education."

He concedes that the current difficulties are great and that "wiser heads in the academic profession are deeply concerned." But he also observes, "The visible change in higher education in America since 1900, quickening yearly since the end of World War II, has been so swift that one is likely to underestimate the deeper continuity that persists."

Some of the problems also persist. DeVane discusses the fragmentation of knowledge and the two cultures that divided the academic world long before C. P. Snow called attention to them. And some are becoming more serious—for example the demands made by the federal government upon universities for research on the problems of national defense and health. These, says DeVane, have far-reaching impact throughout higher education.

The calm and scholarly tone of the book tends to conceal the fact that it contains some strong criticism. Speaking of the need for better teaching at the college level, DeVane says, "It is necessary for the health of all higher education that the graduate schools include in their aims the dedication to the dissemination as well as the advancement of learning, that in particular they rethink their position in the matter of preparing teachers for the nation's colleges. This will require a broader outlook, understanding and sympathy, and possibly some sacrifice of pride."

From where DeVane sits, the pressures on today's students do not appear to be a cause for alarm. He says, "The undergraduate of the sixth and seventh decades of the twentieth century is a much more serious person than his predecessor of forty years ago. If he is the son of a graduate of the college he is probably not innately abler than his father, but he is better motivated toward achievement in his studies and recognizes that his world is a grim place. He



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is conditioned to compete." (To an editor who has just read several hundred letters in response to our "Pressure Cooker" editorial, this view seems a bit too complacent.)

DeVane concludes that improvement in higher education will require leadership from the kind of men "who will extend their view beyond their devotion to their own work in their own fields to the large problems of higher education. The whole academic world needs to put its mind to the problems of leadership for the universities and colleges of the country. Those who are close to administration in higher education have begun to realize that perhaps our greatest need is academic statesmanship; for now, as always, without vision the people perish." —PAUL WOODRING.

# Diagnosis and Prescription

***Compensatory Education for Cultural Deprivation,*** *by Benjamin S. Bloom, Allison Davis, and Robert Hess (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 179 pp., paperback $1.75), reviews current knowledge about the problems of education for the culturally deprived and makes recommendations for action. The reviewer is Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, and editor of the book "Education in Depressed Areas."*

By A. HARRY PASSOW

IN THE MARCH toward a Great Society, the war on poverty, and the civil rights cataclysm, education is the common denominator. A new lexicon is emerging which includes such terms as *cultural deprivation* and *compensatory education*. These are really new labels for old ideas, three of which have concerned educators for years: that large numbers of children are unsuccessful in coping with the school's academic demands; that cumulative scholastic retardation is widespread; that the retention rate is lower and failure is higher among children from families of low income and ethnic and racial minority groups. When youngsters have failed in school, certainly the school has failed equally in attempting to develop the kinds of programs which might open equal educational opportunity for all. Schools have made efforts—dropout prevention, life adjustment education, mental health programs, all were aimed partly at differentiating instruction in order to reverse patterns of retardation and failure.

With the confluence of social, economic, and political torrents roaring through the nation, it seems hazardous for reasonable men to launch debates as to the real nature and dimensions of the educational problem, the possible roles schools can and should play, and the relationships of schools to other social and welfare agencies. Last June, a one-week conference of distinguished researchers and educators was held "to review what is already known about the problems of education and cultural deprivation, to make recommendations about what might be done to solve some of these problems, and to suggest the critical problems for further research." *Compensatory Education for Cultural Deprivation* is the conference report prepared by three participants.

In the first section of this two-part conference report, the authors attempt to describe the nature of cultural deprivation, indicate the implications for school practice, and make recommendations for dealing with the problems encountered by the school. This part consists of forty pages of text, a dozen more of supporting "notes," and another dozen of bibliography. The second section, the remaining 132 pages, consists of 116 précis of pertinent studies, half of which pre-date 1960 and range back to 1935.

While the writing is terse, the over-all impression is that the authors have set out the "big idea," leaving it to the reader to fill in the details. With large sums of federal and philanthropic foundation funds being tabbed for action and research programs, what the practitioner wants and needs are specifics—he already has the big idea. Had the descriptions been less general, the implications not so obvious, and the recommendations more creative, the publication would have been more helpful for the teachers, educational specialists, and community groups for whom it is intended. Curiously, there is no report of the delegates' deliberations—assuming the conferees did discuss the critical problems for further research. The net result is a document whose chief strength lies in its annotated bibliography, which offers more leads for practice than the text itself.

The conferees clearly support the position that cultural deprivation, especially in the first five or six years of life, handicaps the child's functioning in the school setting, leads to cumulative failure and dropout, and limits realization of individual potential. This position is not universally accepted: some who fully concur with the tragic consequences of scholastic retardation for both the individual and society charge that the notion of cultural deprivation lacks meaning or basis. They argue that if teachers really expected the child to succeed and taught him as if he could achieve, then the resulting attitudes, aspirations, and self-esteem would prevent the establishment during the primary grades of an irreversible failure pattern. The need, as these individuals see it, is one of recruiting school personnel—instructional, administrative, and service—whose commitment is to high standards of expectation and of competencies increasingly equal to the rising demands of maturity and economic attainment. The authors of this report interpret available research data from a different angle. To them, the problem is too complex to yield simply to changing attitudes within middle-class teachers or to humanitarian aims alone, helpful and essential as such changes might be.

The crucial influence of early experiences on the child's growth and development is stressed. This section of the report is obviously buttressed by the findings contained in a book published earlier by the senior author (*Stability and Change in Human Characteristics*, John Wiley and Sons, 1964). Bloom analyzed and interpreted data from some 1,000 studies dealing with the shaping of specific characteristics of individuals from infancy to adulthood—physical characteristics, intelligence, scholastic achievement, interests, attitudes, and personality. Among Bloom's most significant generalizations is one concerning the effects of early environment—what goes on in the home and the interactions between parent and child—on the development of key human traits. Bloom is pessimistic about producing major behavioral changes after a high level of stability has been reached. It is possible, he speculates, "that very powerful environmental and/or therapeutic forces may overcome and alter the most stable of characteristics—this is yet to be demonstrated." Because much of the research Bloom reviewed involved studies under "normal" circumstances with no special program provisions, the consequences of intervention programs—especially early ones at the pre-school and primary level—have probably not been taken fully into account. Some of the studies cited in the present bibliography strongly support such therapeutic or compensatory provisions.

The analyses and recommendations of *Compensatory Education for Cultural*



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*Deprivation* parallel the conventional school pattern of nursery and kindergarten, elementary school, and adolescent education. One section is devoted to the special case of the Negro pupil. The conferees support specially designed nursery and kindergarten programs emphasizing language development, growth in thinking and reasoning abilities, stimulation in learning-to-learn, and increased attention span. For the detailed elements of such programs, readers are referred to six citations.

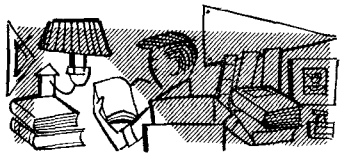
The discussion of the elementary school summarizes the differences between the advantaged and disadvantaged child in terms of youngsters' readiness to deal with some unspecified "conventional curriculum." Readers are reminded of the disastrous effects of initial and continuing failure on the child's image of himself and his attitudes toward school. Recommended are early diagnosis of the child's development—language, perceptual, attentional, and motivational; varied approaches to introducing reading and other basic subjects; and sequential development of curriculum to avoid failure. There is at least indirect support for no-failure, ungraded programs to speed accomplishment of clear-cut tasks and goals. The authors favor continuing emphasis on language development, reading and arithmetic throughout the elementary school—even if other aspects of the curriculum need to be sacrificed for higher attainment. Schools are urged to test an extended school day, summer programs, smaller group instruction, additional teacher assistance, tutoring by specialists, and different kinds of instructional materials.

The authors of the book assume special problems for the Negro child. Both de jure and de facto segregated education have ended in inferior education, since their by-products have been a poor self-image and even self-contempt. Either open hostility and aggression or withdrawal and apathy follow. However, the three recommendations are almost deceptively simple: select teachers who can be warm and supportive and are enriched with in-service training in human relations, hasten integration, and provide up-to-date occupational information and vocational guidance by sympathetic and insightful counselors. When one considers the complexities educators face in desegregation, and correction of racial balance; the building of instructional programs to deal with the cognitive, attitudinal, and aspirational problems of integration; the political considerations that may supersede educational planning—this brief section seems totally inadequate.

Not surprisingly, the adolescent period intensifies problems among the disadvantaged. These range from severe reading disabilities affecting all other learning, to lack of clear vocational goals, to alienation from school demands. The conferees urge that school planners combine their efforts with those of other community agencies, industry, and government for maximum impact. Special efforts are needed to help the sizable portion of youth who could profit from further study to obtain this higher education. Because many disadvantaged youth struggle to achieve the basic language and reading skills, the report recommends that, beginning with the ninth grade, the emphasis be shifted from general education to specialization. There are educators who draw the opposite conclusion, arguing for general education for disadvantaged youth throughout the secondary school, along with remedial help and work-orientation experiences. Other recommendations include suggestions for work-study plans, closely supervised with frequent counseling; establishment of peer societies over the age period 14-19, providing opportunities for social relations, service to others, and examination of values; and enrichment programs of the "higher horizons" type.

The disappointment of the book is that none of its proposed major revisions would drastically modify conventional school patterns. Many of its recommendations are already being supported by the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, and other recent federal legislation—*e.g.*, pre-school and early childhood programs, tutorial and remedial programs, preservice and in-service teacher training for disadvantaged areas, and development of more appropriate instructional materials. The prescriptive suggestions support the wisdom of such programs but fail to give the practitioner what he wants and needs—operational freshness.

We are beginning to marshal the talents and energies of many individuals and agencies toward a unified effort. The essential problem is one of focusing on a tremendously varied group under the rubric of educationally disadvantaged while maintaining a perspective and a balance in the pursuit of the broad goal of adequate and appropriate education for all. Bloom, Davis, and Hess have presented a fine working paper with a useful, annotated bibliography. The reader willing to pursue the suggested leads will be well rewarded. Yet, it is the bibliography, not the body of the report, which indicates that we do indeed know a great deal about the problems of educational and cultural deprivation.



# An Urgent Concern

***An Adventure in Human Relations,*** *by Muriel Crosby (Follett Publishing Company, 365 pp., $6.95), describes a three-year project designed to counteract the demoralizing influences of rapid urban change on a city's school system.* ***Negro Self-Concept,*** *by William C. Kvaraceus, John S. Gibson, Franklin Patterson, Bradbury Seasholes and Jean D. Grambs (McGraw-Hill, 186 pp., cloth $4.95, paperback $2.45), presents three position papers on the relationship of education to self-concept in Negro youth. The reviewer is Director of the Center for Human Relations at New York University.*

By DAN W. DODSON

HOW TO MAKE public education an intervening force in the lives of culturally disadvantaged Negro youths is an urgent concern of both the schools and the academic scholars. In *An Adventure in Human Relations* Muriel Crosby describes a three-year project that she directed in the Wilmington, Delaware, school system. *Negro Self-Concept* is composed of three position papers plus a well-edited report of the discussions following their presentation at a conference on "The Relationship of Education to Self-Concept in Negro Children and Youth," sponsored by the Filene Center for Citizenship and Public Affairs.

Muriel Crosby portrays the cataclysmic changes besetting the inner cities of America: the flight of the middle-class white population to the suburbs with their places taken by newly arrived Negro populations; the attendant adjustment of schools—involving problems of morale of teachers, parents, and pupils; and vast urban renewal projects that bring destruction to many neighborhoods.

Into this maelstrom in Wilmington was injected a human relations project jointly sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews and the local school system. Miss Crosby, who was assistant superintendent of schools in charge of Elementary Education, served as the project director.

The book is a gold mine of material for those who wish to develop programs of their own. Between the first and second years the voluntary participation of schools increased from six to twelve and the participating teachers (again voluntary) from 65 to 165. The meat of the program is in the sections on "Curricu-



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lum" and "The Community Role." Helpful suggestions are offered on how to diagnose human relations needs of children and how better to understand children of different races and classes.

Perhaps the strongest point made by the book is not written in it. It is what it says by inference about what can be accomplished by an educational leader who is dedicated and has some charismatic quality of leadership. As one surveys significant things that are being accomplished, he almost always comes back to this factor—note the Sam Shepherd program in St. Louis. In an era when brick-and-mortar-mentality administrators are concentrating on the science of "management [manipulation] of men," and fads of "team teaching" and programed instruction are the vogue, it is refreshing to find a few leaders of the "old time type" who are "prophets" who lead rather than "priests" who are the caretakers of the bureaucracy which is the school system. Unless leadership has the capacity to "quicken the spirit" it matters little what else it does. Miss Crosby appears as that kind of leader.

The greatest weakness of the report is evaluation. One "feels" that the project accomplished much. We have little empirical proof.

*Negro Self-Concept* approaches the problem from another direction. Three position papers probe the relation of self-concept to the task of "closing the academic gap" for Negro youth. Jean Grambs elaborates the concept, Bradbury Seasholes deals with political socialization, and William C. Kvaraceus deals with the school as an agent of change. The remainder of the material consists of excerpts from the discussions of the participants. Grambs reviews the literature on self-concept and ties it to the caste hypothesis to arrive at the position that present social caste lines in America cause a lowered sense of self-esteem for the Negro youth. Seasholes relates self-concept to political sophistication. Kvaraceus deals with the role of the school as an agent of change.

But neither book posits the basic dilemma of the school. Education is an instrumentality of the present power order. It can recognize worth in children of the powerless only in proportion as they become "sandpapered" to its (the power order's) specifications. The school's major function is to teach all the children their "place" in the status ordering of the community. Its input is all the children. Its output is youths who know their place. It teaches approximately 40 per cent that they are not worthy to finish high school; hence they drop out—these receive their diplomas early. Did the school system not distribute the children in this fashion, the community would accuse it of not having standards.

No school that is too successful in teaching children not to be prejudiced can continue to be supported by the power order of the society.

This presents the minority community with the alternative of having their bright children alienated, made ashamed of their heritage, siphoned off and transmuted from their own group into the dominant group, and the remainder taught their worthlessness "or else." The "or else" is for the group itself to take power, move from self-direction, and find leverage enough to force the school bureaucracy to meet its unique needs. In the latter instance, the youths retain their identity with their group and study to make themselves worthy contributors to it. Seasholes sees this best, for political action is the major way through which power is redistributed.

In the great encounters taking place in large urban centers, much lip service is being paid to concepts of dignity and worth of all people. However, the schools demonstrate little skill in intervening positively in lives of the culturally disadvantaged, for the simple reason that educators, by and large, are mortgaged to the existing middle-class-oriented power order. So compromised, they are surrogates of a special section of society. By and large, they are inept at meeting the growth and development needs of children of any other.

Crosby's are herculean efforts to fit the powerful and the powerless into a common encounter in public schools. *Negro Self-Concept* is analytical of the impact of powerlessness. Neither, however, offers basic hopes for resolving the dilemma that schools face in the present encounters between the powerful and the powerless.

# New Books

**Guidance: An Examination.** *Edited by Ralph L. Mosher, Richard F. Carle, and Chris D. Kehas. Harcourt, Brace and World. 232 pp. Paperback,* $2.50. A symposium of critical and scholarly reviews of the field of guidance, both from within the field itself and from related disciplines such as psychology, philosophy, and sociology. The book is a revision and expansion of the 1962 special issue of the *Harvard Educational Review.*

**Melbourne Studies in Education, 1963.** *Edited by E. L. French. Melbourne University Press; New York: Cambridge University Press.* 438 *pp.* $10.50. A collection of essays concerning the historical development, philosophy, and practice of education in Australia. Sixth in the series.

**Improvement of Teaching by Television.** *Edited by Barton L. Griffith and Donald W. MacLennan. University of Missouri Press.* 238 *pp.* $4. Proceedings of the National Conference of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters at the University of Missouri, March 2-4, 1964.

**Guidance Services: An Introduction.** *By Carroll H. Miller. Harper and Row.* 418 *pp.* $6.50. A broad picture of guidance services in elementary and secondary schools, with emphasis on programs and practices, and special features on such topics as the underachiever and the gifted, the small school, and vocational development.

**Philosophy of Education: Introductory Studies.** *By Philip G. Smith. Harper and Row.* 276 *pp.* $4.75. Special emphasis on key problems of knowledge, value, man and society in relation to educational theory and practice.

**A Synoptic Philosophy of Education.** *By Arthur W. Munk. Abingdon Press (Nashville 2, Tenn.).* 267 *pp.* $4.50. Stresses a world-wide perspective, a synthesis of existing theories, and the development of the creative aspects of education in an effort to show the goal of education as the humanization of man.

**Society and Education in Japan.** *By Herbert Passin. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University.* 347 *pp. Cloth,* $5.95. *Paperback,* $2.95. Includes interpretive essays on particularly important aspects of Japanese education and a collection of primary educational documents.

**Readings for Counselors.** *College Entrance Examination Board.* 86 *pp. Paperback,* $1.75. Essays by prominent educators taken from the 1964 Work Conference on Guidance for School-College Transition, sponsored by the College Board.

**Girls at Vocational High: An Experiment in Social Work Intervention.** *By Henry J. Meyer, Edgar F. Borgatta, Wyatt C. Jones. Russell Sage Foundation.* 225 *pp.* $5. A report on a six-year experiment with 400 potentially delinquent girls in New York City.



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## Colleges Aren't Ready

*Continued from page 79*

pendence of progress in learning accompanied by a feeling of belonging to a group with some common purposes and values.

One of the sad songs we hear sung these days is that of the dirge for the liberal arts college. People see it facing extinction because of the growing influence of specialization and professionalism in the undergraduate years. One of the reasons students fall for early specialization and for an overemphasis on professionalism is that the alternative presented by the colleges is not really very rewarding. Maybe we can capture a new meaning for the liberal arts and sciences by presenting them in a way which allows the students experiencing their liberating influence to be free of the unliberal way they are frequently organized and taught. This line of thought leads directly to the contrast between teaching in high school and teaching in colleges.

Those outside of education sometimes assume that because colleges are higher on the educational ladder than high schools, the teaching found in them is better. The noneducators are mistaken in any such generalization, but it is also wrong to declare the opposite proposition. High school teachers and college professors whose capacity to cause learning ranges from the magnificent to the miserable can be found in almost every institution. But it is fair to say that the secondary schools seem more concerned about the quality of teaching and about improving it than are the colleges.

In general, no one in a position of responsibility systematically examines or criticizes the teaching skills and effectiveness of college instructors and professors. The student underground passes the word reasonably well as to whose classes to avoid, but the dean or department chairman doesn't spend much time making suggestions to associate professors on how instruction might be made more efficient, more effective, or more interesting. In many colleges any such effort would be regarded as an invasion of privacy and an affront, if not an attack on academic freedom. Maybe we need to inquire more searchingly whether the academic freedom college faculties prize includes the freedom to be a bad teacher. Right now this freedom is liberally exercised in the halls of higher education.

The high schools have these same problems. They do, however, make regular, organized efforts to help teachers plan their courses more effectively, to criticize classroom routines constructively, to initiate new teachers to the skills of the seminar, the lecture hall, and the conference, and to bring the experience of the most able staff members to the service of those who need to improve. The recent growth of team teaching practices at the high school and in earlier grades has added a new dimension to the interaction of teachers in the interest of better serving the student.

Colleges might learn something from looking at these practices in the high schools. It was refreshing to read a report a year or two ago stating that Harvard University had decided to provide a brief training program in teaching for its new instructors. Harvard has probably not tried to make any full professors attend. After all, to do so might interfere with research. But research activity, which is undeniably important, has overbalanced the teaching responsibility in many of our universities. In *The Chapel Hill Weekly* the other day appeared the following quotation from Dr. Paul Sharp, recently appointed Chancellor of the University of North Carolina: "The university exists, strangely enough, for the purpose of teaching students, but this purpose seems to have become understressed these days."

Universities that would avoid confronting the student from a good high school with a mediocre experience might try to implement four policy positions:

1) No one on the faculty is to be exempted from carrying a reasonable teaching load.
2) Everyone on the faculty should from time to time teach undergraduates, particularly freshmen.
3) Every department will have some of its senior members working with freshmen and sophomores every year.
4) Effectiveness in teaching will be considered together with scholarly success in making promotions.

Colleges that are not in a university setting need to add the following policy to those listed above: Every faculty member should spend about 30 per cent of his time on research, study, or experimentation of the kind that leads to publication.

A fly on the wall at the first faculty meeting in which the dean of the university makes these proposals will hear a lively discussion! They will call forth expressions of feeling that, if their quality and cogency could be transferred to the classrooms, would revolutionize instruction at the institution. At many smaller colleges the requirement for research activity would encounter problems of insolvency in both money and scholarship.

America is approaching the time when 50 per cent of any age group can be expected to enroll in post-high school education. Reliable estimates indicate that more than 60 per cent of the population will, before long, graduate from high school and look for further learning in the colleges and elsewhere. The schools have succeeded in large part in enrolling all the children of all the people; they have succeeded, in addition, in a revolution of quality for the benefit of the most able. Throughout the years of these endeavors they have been continually exhorted by the colleges to improve the preparation of college-bound students. This they have done although many tasks remain unfinished. The schools have a right to ask that the colleges prepare to absorb what the schools have accomplished.


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## Charwoman at St. Patrick's

**By Jean Burden**

FROM the door, a city block away,
she is a priestess
intent on some ritual of her own,
blessing the chancel marble
with water and a rod.
Or if I look again
she is a Javanese dancer,
leaning to left and right
in long, slow gestures
of an old ballet.

If I move toward her
will she change to some grotesque
out of Daumier,
an old crone aslant upon her staff;
or merely an Irish Martha,
furious and tired;
a harpy raking stone?

Neither the shadows, innocent
or guilty,
nor the streaming sun,
tell us who we are.
A nave away
I watch her dance my dream—
clearer than waking,
nearer by far.



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# Job Corps

*Continued from page 69*

academic attainment will enter training centers of approximately 2,500 located in or near metropolitan areas on excess government facilities. These centers are being operated on a contract basis by private corporations and universities, often in conjunction.

A major source of recruitment will be referrals made by local agencies and individuals concerned with disadvantaged youth. Interested youths fill out and mail "Opportunity Cards" to the Job Corps in Washington. The Job Corps then plans local interviews with the youths and administers a few short tests. The Job Corps will seek out those who show patterns of past failure but potential for development, and for whom the best prescription is a change in environment and routine. The Corps will not take a person unless there is a reasonable assurance that in one or two years he can be trained sufficiently to earn a decent living.

R. Sargent Shriver, director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, told the 88th Congress that the Job Corps "must do more than provide basic education, skill, training, and work experience. It must also change indifference to interest, ignorance to awareness, resignation to ambition, and an attitude of withdrawal to one of participation." Enrollees, in other words, must come to believe that there is a rightful and useful place for them, and that they can do remunerative work and make a contribution to themselves and to society.

The proposals that the Job Corps is receiving from industries to operate training centers is a first indication of the movement of industry into the field of education, as government begins shifting funds from defense to education.

One of the ironies of our times is that the high school drop-out and the defense contractor, both victims of shifting patterns of employment, are now helping each other out of their respective economic holes through the Job Corps.

The establishment of the Job Corps also signals a new era in the relationship of the federal government with universities. In the last century Congress established through the Morrill Act land-grant colleges which have answered the agricultural needs of the nation with embarrassing success. After the Second World War federal funds for science and defense flowed into what have become our major universities. Now, combining the public orientation of the land-grant movement with the federal funds of the research-grant movement, many universities are solving not defense or agriculture problems, but human problems. This shift of emphasis may herald the rise of a new group of universities oriented toward the creation of the Great Society.

The design and operation of Job Corps Centers by universities is an indication of this trend. At these university-run Centers, students may fulfil their teaching requirements or conduct research. Thus the two ends of the educational spectrum—the university student and the high school drop-out—will be brought together to solve one of the nation's most difficult educational dilemmas.

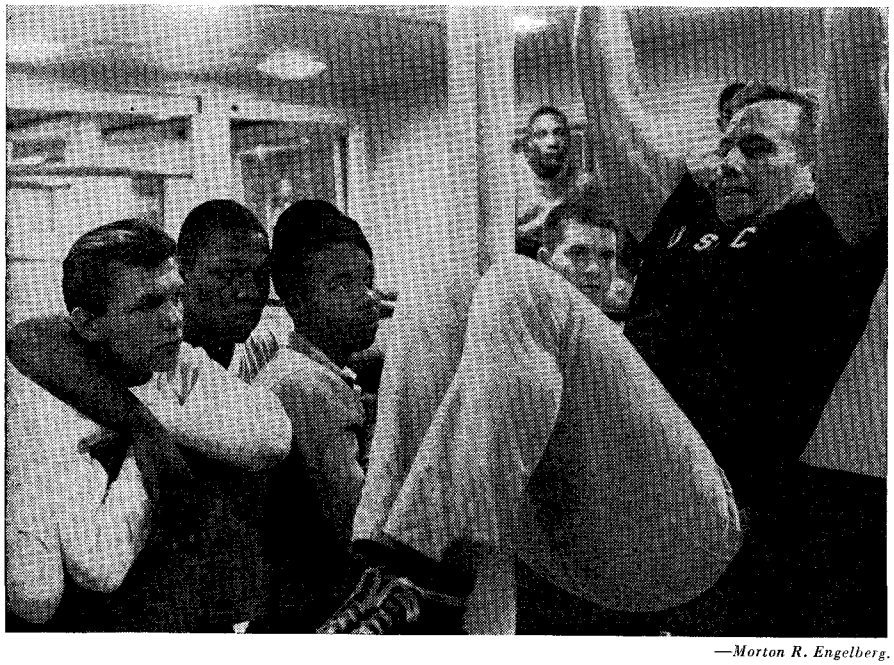
Although each contractor is developing its own curriculum, Washington-based consultants have already pioneered a curriculum for the federally operated rural camps. It is a significant advance in education technology. The curriculum team is under the direction of Wade Robinson and Lewis Eigen, and has included such consultants as Douglas Porter of Harvard, Jerome Kaplan of Fairleigh Dickinson, David Gottlieb of Michigan State, John Hodges of Ohio University, and Stuart Margulies of Basic Systems Incorporated.

The curriculum is designed for young men poorly equipped for living in American society. The enrollees will be limited in academic achievement, self-discipline, and work skills. Many will be victims of an environment which has made their adjustment difficult. They will come from families with a long history of poverty, dependence, and illiteracy. They may not even be able to read the application for the Job Corps.

The instructional system is flexible enough to fit the wide range of academic achievement of the enrollees. There will be no prescribed area of teaching. An enrollee will be gauged at the time at which he enters the camp for his level of reading and interest and will begin to study at that level. The planners have relied heavily on self-instructional materials, or programed instruction.

These materials have a special value in the Job Corps. Part of the reason for the failure of the child in school has been that his environment has put him behind his class. Since his overburdened teacher cannot give him enough special attention, he never catches up. Self-instructional materials that allow the student to proceed at his own pace and that insure a high degree of success will help overcome this disadvantage. While traditional materials "lecture" the student, programed materials conduct a dialogue with him. A program "walks" the student through the text, asking questions each step of the way. When the Job Corps enrollee finds that his answers are correct at least 90 per cent of the time, his interest can be stimulated and maintained. The self-administering nature of the materials allows a small staff to meet individual needs of the enrollees with individual attention.

The most dramatic example of the use of programed materials as rehabilitation has been at the Draper Institute of Correction at Elmore, Alabama. The school, completely supervised by the inmates, is based on programed material ranging from basic reading to advanced electronics. There is even a program in elementary trumpet playing. Some inmates who are experts in the science of programing write materials for the other inmates' use. The course in programing itself is taught by program. Of those inmates who complete this curriculum successfully only 8 per cent return to prison. Of those who do not enter the curricu-



*—Morton R. Engelberg.*

**Marine Corps Gunnery Sergeant Sam Griffiths demonstrates pull-ups for Job Corps enrollees at Camp Catoctin, Maryland.**



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lum the rate of recidivism is as high as 70 per cent.

The Corps will provide a series of valuable experiences which the neighborhoods and homes of the Corpsmen rarely afforded. A primary duty of the Job Corps is to teach the enrollee fundamental processes he must understand if he is to be the master, not the victim, of his environment. The Corps realizes that ignorance of the mechanics of society cripples him as badly as his lack of basic education and job preparation.

He cannot gain employment if he does not know how to complete an application blank. He cannot take advantage of distant job opportunities if he does not know how to use transportation. His life is complicated, not simplified, by his inability to use a bank, send a telegram, read a road map, make a long-distance phone call, buy insurance, plan a budget, or fill out forms. Schools rarely teach these skills, for they presume that the child has learned from his parents. But the disadvantaged child's parents often do not have this knowledge. As a result, the child is an outsider in his own culture. The Corps will therefore give the enrollee an understanding of simple procedures, concepts, and forms he must know to function effectively on the job and in his personal activities.

Part of the Job Corps' educational component is designed around the enrollees' job aspirations. The occupational training program covers many tasks that are common to a wide range of jobs, such as driving, typing, business machine operation and record-keeping. To learn record-keeping the enrollee may be given an envelope containing account books, bills, and checks for a month of operation of a typical store or gas station. The enrollee keeps the accounts. There are similar programs for data processing.

Because the camp has been planned as a microcosm of society, the corpsman will function in it as a usefully employed citizen. He will hold a variety of jobs in the operation of the camp, which will train him in a battery of such skills as filing, typing, office machine operation, bookkeeping, and supply store management. He may receive up to $20 per month extra for these efforts, deposit these earnings in a bank (run by enrollees), and draw his expense money by check.

Trades requiring several grades of ability will be taught. The Corps will ensure that even the more limited enrollees can acquire marketable skills. In the automotive trades, for example, training is planned for mechanics, gas station attendants, and drivers. Many will prepare to pass the civil service examination. Some will be trained in key-punch operation and wiring for data processing machines. Others will be trained in teams to purchase and run franchised motels, restaurants, and car-rental agencies. Other occupations for which an enrollee might be trained include shipping or file clerk, salesman, hospital orderly, appliance repairman, meat cutter, machine tool operator. Training for women includes typist, receptionist, switchboard operator, beautician, practical nurse, and library aide. Finally, the Corps will provide information about job opportunities and will help graduates settle in new homes. The graduates will thus help to fill the shifting labor demands of the nation.

The Job Corps is, in this way, planning for the enrollees' immediate interests: but it will plan for more than that. It is not merely a trade school to teach enrollees a particular skill. Alfred North Whitehead has said that "Training should be broader than ultimate specialization, and . . . the resulting power of adaptation to varying demand is advantageous to the workers, to the employers, and to the nation." Today's skills will not meet tomorrow's demands. The value of the Job Corps is that it will sharpen the mind and the body so that the enrollees can cope with the changes imposed by a rapidly changing world.

Poverty has robbed too many of their place at high school commencement, their place in the nation's army, their place at a desk or work bench, and even their place in a training program. It is these children of poverty for whom the Job Corps has been designed.

The Corps is offering new horizons to all youths, black or white, rural or urban, from all parts of the country, whose escape from poverty has been blocked by educational deficiencies.

But at best the Job Corps can be only a stop-gap operation. The Corps accepts a young person only after he has failed in the environment of school. By that time the educational and psychological damage is not easily repaired.

THE Job Corps has a function in our society, but only because we have not created adequate school systems. We are now paying the price for disregarding such men as Walter Lippmann, who have warned that a "second-rate system of education is no more tolerable than a second-rate system of national defense."

Luckily the people of the United States have realized this, and are now beginning to take steps to make our national education as strong as our national defense. The Education Bill now before Congress is encouraging evidence of the determination of our people to improve our public education.

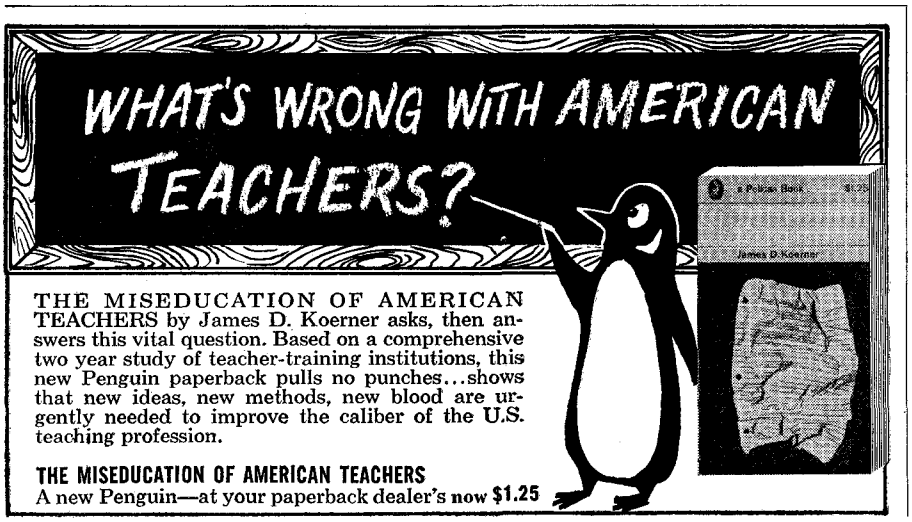
The Education Bill will help to set up Centers open to all children with special educational needs. It will supply funds through a formula based on the number of deprived children in a community.

But until the community can cope with the problem, the Job Corps will continue to be the last chance for thousands of alienated young people.

There have been other efforts in the past to train disadvantaged young people. Robert Hutchins once said that the Civilian Conservation Corps "is a somewhat confused extension of the educational system. It is an attempt to meet the defects of that system. At present, schools are for those who can learn by traditional methods and the CCC is for those who cannot."

The Job Corps, however, is more than "a confused extension of the educational system." It is helping to treat not only the symptoms but also the disease by providing a testing ground for new teaching techniques and materials, and a training ground for a new generation of teachers devoted to the special needs of the deprived. Thus it may contribute to the improvement of our public school systems around the nation. The results of Job Corps experiments that are adopted into the school systems may help our schools to educate all students regardless of their background.

If the transfer of this educational technology succeeds, the Job Corps should be able to put itself out of business in less than ten years.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# Appalachia's Schools

*Continued from page 71*

claimed. Another student interrupted to say "In Hazard they don't care . . . if they cared they'd fix it up."

"It's not that bad," a third student said. "You just don't appreciate what we have."

"That's because there's nothing to appreciate. . . ."

"All the money goes to the hifalutin' big shots. You know the clothes they sent in after the flood, it didn't go to the people that needed it. They got a little bit so they could take pictures for the newspapers."

Discussions like this are rarely encouraged or channeled. Some teachers are nervous because others have been exiled to one-room schools, and because the community tolerates few heresies. The textbooks are safe and therefore irrelevant—the best teachers will admit privately that "we're not giving the kids what they should have."

Many teachers and principals are now making serious efforts to keep children in school. Sharon Barnett challenges her students to visualize themselves in ten years. "I ask them about what kind of job and home they think they'll have, and I tell them that the drunks on the street once had dreams like theirs. They've been protected by their parents and by the mountains. They don't know what the world is like. The mountains are terribly high." These efforts sometimes mean that a principal must find shoes for a boy who has none, or a loan for this year's books, repayable at 25 cents a week, or a special trip to a cabin in a ravine to convince a family that staying in school is important.

MANY of the mountaineers value education even though most never went beyond the eighth grade themselves. They want lives for their children that are better than they have had, but they do not know, and cannot know, what a good education is, or the kind of effort it requires. Although eastern Kentucky, with substantial amounts of state aid, has made great progress in education in the past five years, eliminating one-room schools, raising teacher salaries, and increasing the proportion of teachers who are certified with a degree from a college, the education its schools provide is still far behind most of the nation. Perry County has some new elementary schools that are bright and well-equipped, and the Hazard Vocational School, which children from the county high schools can attend, provides training in a number of useful trades. But even the most recent advances have failed to bring education in Appalachia to an effective level. In an age of technical sophistication, most high schools in eastern Kentucky have little laboratory equipment, and sometimes no laboratories at all. A biology student in one school said that his experimental work in biology consisted of "looking through a microscope once." There are few school libraries and few schools with gymnasiums, language laboratories, films, tapes, or records. For many, the most elaborate equipment is the coke machine, and in an area as carbonated as Kentucky, there are many of those. Meanwhile, school authorities confront incredible problems of transportation. Schools open in mid-August because snow in the winter often makes the roads impassable, forcing the schools to close sometimes for several weeks. Perry County, with about 7,800 public school children, spends $144,000 a year busing them.

DESPITE these difficulties, the respectable citizens of the county towns—some of which have separate school systems—remain smug and provincial; many of them deny that there is any poverty in Appalachia, and they resent outside help. Hazard, which is surely one of the ugliest small towns in America, is ringed with signs, sponsored by a local bank, proclaiming "We Like Hazard" and "We Like Perry County." While thousands of tons of coal flow almost untaxed from mechanized mines, and the region's topsoil flows down the muddy rivers, and the ambitious kids move to the north, no one takes much local interest in the problems of education in the county. School officials shrug with a kind of hopelessness about their overcrowded, inadequate buildings, saying they are "bonded to the hilt," but rarely mentioning the incredibly low county tax structure; the town burghers say the schools are fine, that "they're doing a good job," and the women's church groups resent the idea that some of the clothing they gave for the poor was actually returned to the same counties in which it was donated.

Local pride rests in high school football and basketball teams, but few take any active interest in the minds of the kids. In those schools where Parent-Teacher Associations are active, the parents help raise funds for library books and team athletic equipment, without much protest about the fact that the Board of Education provides neither books nor a program in physical education. With the exception of the Hazard *Herald*, which has criticized some of the more flagrant manifestations of school politics, there is not one organization in all Perry County that is critical of the schools. Ever since the coal companies began to exploit eastern Kentucky and its people, outsiders have been suspect, and no one wants their advice now. Thus even those with the best intentions must work carefully and cooperate with the local politicians. To do otherwise is to be ineffective.

Although large amounts of state and federal money are going into public education and welfare programs in Eastern Kentucky—90 per cent of the Perry County School budget comes from the state—attempts to achieve educational reform on the state level have been frustrated. Harry Caudill, the Whitesburg attorney who is the author of *Night Comes to the Cumberlands*, was a member of a special legislative committee that proposed, among other things, a strong educational Hatch Act to prohibit teachers from engaging in school politics, and the election of school board members on a countywide basis, rather than from intra-county districts. "A great howl went up," Mr. Caudill said. "We were called agents of the Pope and a whole lot of other things." Since other political issues diverted the attention of those who might have supported them, the committee's proposals were never enacted.

Despite its poverty, Appalachia remains perhaps the most typically American region; its people have not entirely shaken their frontier attitudes about the conservation of resources, about the value of education, and about relations with the outside world. Rivers are polluted with trash and garbage, refuse dumps foul scenic valleys, and the hulks of abandoned cars line many highways. While most of the nation has become more European, more cosmopolitan, Appalachia has changed but little, remaining behind its protective mountains. Thus there remains a suspicion of change, and of anything but the most conservative education.

NEVERTHELESS a few voices have been raised recently to challenge the old isolation, the brightest of them being Harry Caudill's. And even conservatives like Mrs. W. P. Nolan, the editor of the *Herald*, are expressing a new consciousness. Like some of her fellow citizens, she is worried about Communist infiltration and outside interference in Kentucky. But she also concedes that something is drastically wrong with the schools. "Someone should talk about short-changing the kids," she said. "If we'd had good education in this state fifty years ago, we wouldn't be so embarrassed now before the nation and the world. A lot of this welfare money goes down the drain. We really need help on just three things: flood control, highway construction, and education. If we got that, we could take care of ourselves." Indications are that federal support will be forthcoming for the first two items. If it is, then perhaps there is also a chance for the schools.



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# Migrant Children

*Continued from page 74*

dows or doors. In fact it was an isolated box, essentially irrelevant to the carefully drawn landscape.

What can one make of such productions, after all, but the work of one child? In the first place, Ruth's view of both home and school is shared by other migrant children I have studied. Moreover, the drawings of these young boys and girls contrast markedly with those I have accumulated over the years from children I have treated from middle-class suburbs, or Negro and white children I studied as they attended newly desegregated schools in the South. Comparing the sheaves of drawings collected from migrant farm children with hundreds of others reveals how specifically children learn to define the make-up of their world. Those from comfortable, suburban neighborhoods lavish attention on the homes they draw, fill their pictures of schools with windows and doors, plants and flags, people and books; for that matter, they sometimes sketch pictures within pictures, so that the corridors of the buildings will faithfully resemble those real ones they daily walk. Even the very poor Negro and white children I have come to know so closely these recent years in cities like New Orleans or Atlanta, see their homes and schools as central to their lives, worthy of concern and care in representation.

Migrant farm children, on the other hand, live in a number of makeshift homes and see schools as ultimately irrelevant to their future. As a matter of fact, so do many of the earnest, hard-working teachers who watch them come and go. Those windowless, doorless schools in Ruth's pictures tell the observer that for such a child there is little connection between anything that happens in school and the events of the world. Windows and doors, after all, connect a building with its environment.

Migrant children, like their sharecropper cousins, have little connection with "our" environment. That is what Ruth meant to say with her crayons, and that is the truth of life for millions of our citizens. I have talked with growers and plantation owners, those who employ Ruth's parents—sometimes even her. Some of them are bedeviled, caught between their rude needs for quick, seasonal, cheap labor and their recognition as sensitive human beings that there is something terrible indeed about the kind of life their farm hands have. While one grower may fall back upon angry dismissal of all his workers as born fools or incompetents, lucky to survive on the pittance they earn, his neighbor, no less anxious to employ hundreds of seasonal workers, will speak with genuine concern for a way to end the predicament. A very wealthy farmer told me: "I wish we could end this by developing machines to pick every crop cheaply, and educating the children of these people. . . . Only by educating them will they get out of the rut they're in now."

Fair enough; it is not unpopular these days to recommend more "education" for our children, especially those who are poor and likely to remain so without increased literacy and skills. Much harder is the specific task of figuring out what to do and how to do it. In the case of the migrants no beginning will ever be more than a futile stab in the dark unless it is characterized by a real concern for how the people themselves see their lives, and what they make of worlds other than their own. I am not so sure that a few more days at school, a few more lessons learned, make any difference at all to those rural poor who *do* send their children to school.

People who spend their lives growing and harvesting food, whether on plantations where they live or on farms scattered over the nation, have little use at present for what education they already have. The world for them is one of sunrise and sunset, seeds becoming plants, plants producing vegetables, or cotton to be picked by their hands. Children for them come into the world as it is, and are expected to live or die in that same world. Yes, there is hope; but it is a hope unattached to specific time, to a particular generation. "Low is de way to de upper bright world," I've heard sharecroppers say, but they do not have themselves or their children in mind. If we mean to bring that bright world to them, we had best think out what its nature will be, and what strengths and values in their present world are perhaps very much worth being preserved.

FOR many of these rural children are sick in body, uneducated in mind, yet quite strong and effective psychologically, so long as their strength and capacity to manage their lives are judged by the standards—the obligations and challenges—of their own world. One migrant put the issue quite directly to me: "I don't care about books for my kids. If it be different, they could need them, but not now." A Negro, he had fled the South to find his social and political freedom in Chicago. Eventually, faced with the alternatives of the ghetto and the relief rolls, he determined that seasonal farm work, mostly in the South, offered a better life: "It's hard, I know; but we can do as we know to, and I believe it's better on you than being in the city, sitting yourself on the stairs all day." His feelings are shared by many white folk of Appalachia who also have come to Chicago and other cities these recent years, and eventually departed.

If we really wish to reach such people, we can do it. They are not clinging to what little they have out of vain contrariness or inherited foolishness. They are stubborn all right, as human beings often are when confronted with the grim alternatives of life and death, endurance or surrender. They may even be suspicious, defiant, and almost mischievously aloof in the face of our occasional generosity—those sudden, good-spirited moments when we send parcels, medicines, books, and our own high intentions. I do not decry those intentions; but I do wonder whether we all might not clarify those intentions as a prerequisite to their fulfillment.

I think hundreds of thousands of rural parents and children want a better life, *as they know life.* They want steady work, at higher wages; a chance to live in homes that are theirs, on land they know, near towns and people they know. Many of them picture their children going to school some day, learning those numbers and letters which—they vaguely know it—lead to an improved kind of existence. However, they picture that day in the *future,* and they have learned to be circumspect—even harshly doubtful—when that future comes knocking on their door. Too many valuable announcements have already come their way, only to leave them still as they are: roads bringing the traffic of people and progress; electricity lighting their homes; or social security deductions promising them a retirement with at least some income—few migrants live to collect it. It would be a further irony if more schools were built in rural areas, yet migrants and sharecroppers found their hand-to-mouth existence untouched.

What is to be done? Our cities need no more refugees, candidates for the wasted, heavy hours of the slums. Our farms will need less and less labor as machines gradually replace hands in harvesting. Still, for some years to come, sharecroppers and migrant families will continue to live on farms, or move about on them; and they will be needed. It is their children who are going to require the kind of education that will enable them to achieve that different, kinder world their parents never really dare imagine near at hand. I once heard a sharecropper tell his grandchild, "Some day the sun will shine on us all day; but that's off from now." Maybe not.

"I want my child to go plumb through school, but if he does, then what will he do?" That is the problem facing us:



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only when that mother and her child find a sensible connection between what happens in school and in their lives will they be interested in classrooms.

Until now only a few impressive and lonely ministers, teachers, or public health workers (doctors, nurses, social workers, dieticians) have cared much for the welfare of these people and earned their respect. There is no reason why more of us cannot join their company. Mobile teaching units—I once worked on a mobile medical unit—can go to people quite afraid to ask for help, quite unaware that such help might be forthcoming. Schools can be established on the basis of the needs and lives of these people, rather than the habits and interests of the rest of us.

It scarcely makes sense, for example, to expect people chronically on the move to respect the primacy of the town school. On the contrary, regional networks of schools are badly needed, many of them mobile, all staffed by teachers specifically concerned with the customs and beliefs of the rural poor, white and Negro. Also needed will be some real interest in these people on the part of business, labor, and government—interest enough to supply small, diversified industry to employ them. For if they are not to swell the ranks of the bitter, urban unemployed, or the shiftless, rural unemployed, they will, rather obviously, need jobs. Moreover, they will need education and training for those jobs. (Such remarks are clichés, worn and blunted; the reason that is the case is their continuing relevance. There is no original, beautiful way to dress up the tired but urgent facts of human distress.)

Our needs—for work, for knowledge—fall back upon one another; they cannot be considered separately. Migrant children want their own books, require their own lessons. Their special language, their ways of dressing and eating and getting along with one another, must be understood and made part of the life of the school—even as our own ideas and habits inform the spirit of our middle-class, neighborhood schools.

I do not wish to overwhelm the reader with the dismaying facts that together make for a sad spectacle in our national life. It is not alone a matter of people exploited until their backs are broken, their spirit destroyed, their minds numbed. Many incredibly poor farm families are made up of tenacious and wilful people. Theirs is the tragedy of inner strength—consolidated and tested by a hard life—in search of its own fulfillment. As a nation founded essentially by farmers and built to its present greatness by wanderers, can we continue to deny many farm children their reasonable future without losing, at the very least, a good deal of our own self-respect?

## The Unteachables

*Continued from page 72*

culty understanding Luis. He graduated from a high school like theirs, he is only eighteen, and he operates the kind of Pizza Palace with which they are all familiar. "It takes a lot of courage not to hate," Luis says, giving "the lesson of the day in one sentence."

On the test page a line drawing of Luis's face, with a broad wink, smiles beside the headline, "What Do You Know About Luis?" Sample: "According to Luis, 1) People who hate (a) are mixed up; (b) are wise; (c) don't like pizza. 2) There is no such thing as (a) 'race'; (b) a Catholic; (c) justice. 3) All people are (a) stupid and weak; (b) courageous and strong; (c) are the same and yet are different; (4) Being scared is the reason people (a) love; (b) hate; (c) sneeze. 5) It takes courage (a) not to hate; (b) to play handball; (c) to have two noses." At the bottom of the page is the line, "Do you agree with Luis? Write your opinions below." Five ruled lines are provided for that purpose.

Other sample "Springboards" include "Shall All Men Be Free?," the story of how and why the Emancipation Proclamation was created, designed to motivate the reluctant student in his social studies course; "Helen Gives a Party," a guidance article on a subject particularly dear to every teen-age student—the correct way of behaving with the opposite sex; and "Mike Shannon and the Pigeon," a "free reading" science fiction story about a boy who takes a ride on a giant pigeon, emphasizing (as in all Springboards) comprehension, vocabulary development, and other reading skills.

Kavadlo has now won the approval of the National Education Association for his program, as well as such organizations on the firing line as HARYOU-ACT and Mobilization for Youth. Other national organizations that have endorsed Springboards are the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the National Council of Churches, and the American Jewish Committee.

While his Great Society Press is organizing to meet the national problem of students to whom the written word is an enemy, Kavadlo is still in the classroom, trying out his pamphlets on the students, giving examinations after they read, discussing the stories, making alterations where experience shows him he has said the wrong thing.

To bookmen who fear that he is taking education away from books, Kavadlo answers that he is a bookman himself, but the problem is to educate a massive group of reluctant learners *up* to books, by creating a substitute literature that is accessible and from which they can learn. To a good many experts who have examined the Springboards program, he appears well on the way to doing it.

*"This time Barbara Frietsche's gone too far."*



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# Travel

*Continued from page 38*

plane. It carried eleven passengers and cruised at 120 miles an hour.

The first manual that United got together for the new stewardesses required them to perform a number of duties beyond cruising the aisles with the traditional coffee-tea-or-milk query. For one thing, they had to check the bolts on the wicker seats to make sure they were securely fastened to the floor. They had to check the cabin altimeters, now rarely seen aboard today's aircraft, and wind the clocks and set them according to the country's time zones.

The trip from San Francisco to Chicago required thirteen stops, and weather often caused delays. An important item in the satchel of the stewardess was a railroad timetable. The girls tagged all baggage and checked it aboard, punched every ticket at every stop, and kept the cabin clean. "Dust easily forms on window sills and girls should dust often," a bulletin ordered. "A small broom is provided to assist in keeping the floor clean." As Stimpson remembers it, another duty was to keep the passengers from tossing cigar butts and garbage out of the plane windows and to be careful that passengers looking for the lavatory didn't walk out the door instead.

By 1938 United had opened a stewardess training school. Degrees as registered nurses were a requirement until World War II, when young women with such specialized training were called into the services. Nowadays two years of college will do, or one year of college and one year of business school. But in truth the turnover in girls is so rapid and the airlines are burgeoning at such a rate that high school applicants may not necessarily be turned down.

United's stewardesses are now trained in a $2,000,000 air college near Chicago's O'Hare airport. More than 1,000 girls take the five-and-a-half week course every year. But every year United loses somewhere between 800 and 1,000 girls who leave to get married. Some women have been in the sky for ten years and more, but they are few. Says Continental's Mark Kramer: "We lose them fast because they are among the most desirable women in the country."

Of United's eight original stewardesses, three have returned to nursing, four are housewives, and one was killed in an auto accident. As for Ellen Church, who started it all, she went overseas as a captain in the Army Nurse Corps, won the Air Medal, and came back to the Union Hospital School of Nursing in Terre Haute. She got married last year. To the president of the Terre Haute First National Bank.

—Horace Sutton.

# Letters to the Editor

*Continued from page 24*

form barely 5 per cent of the 50,000,000 Indian Moslem population, and any acceptance by us of the pernicious communal argument would have disastrous repercussions throughout the subcontinent. . . .

Finally, I am writing this not out of any spirit of hatred or hostility toward Pakistan. Indians like me, belonging to what I call the post-independence generation (I am thirty-four), do not suffer from any of the hatreds and frenzies of the prepartition era. We are happy to accept Pakistan as an independent and respected neighbor. It is, in fact, this unhealthy obsession with Kashmir that is often used as a convenient political device in Pakistan, and that is at the root of the present tension between the two countries. There is also the growing collusion between Pakistan and the Peoples Republic of China, both of which seem to be united in a policy of enmity toward India. If only the rulers of Pakistan were to take a calm and rational view of the situation, the achievement of that friendship which is our inevitable destiny would be greatly hastened.

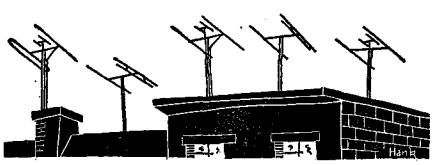
Karan Singh.

Jammu Tawi, Kashmir

### The Art of Non-Art

Alberto Moravia's article "When Art Becomes Propaganda" [*SR*, Apr. 17] is a welcome flame that helps the student of contemporary Eastern art to negotiate a path between the twin pitfalls of socialist realism and Western insularity.

A classic example of a talented artist whose works are marred by conformity to party requisites is Mikhail Sholokhov. His masterpiece, *The Quiet Don*, might have been the foremost novel of our century, had the Whites defeated Sholokhov's Reds in the Civil War. Outsiders, from Dante to Pasternak, have produced some of the world's enduring literature, and it is not unlikely that minority-party status might have heightened Sholokhov's perception of history. As it is, the occasional and unconvincing insertions of party dogma into *The Quiet Don* lessens the credibility of the tragedy that pursues Grigorii Melekhov.



Sholokhov's second novel, *Virgin Soil Upturned*, also suffers from the peculiar Soviet malady called *partiinost'*. Had Sholokhov chosen realism over the party, or at least indulged in some robust self-criticism, this work might have emerged as a work of art instead of a halfhearted justification of Stalin's agricultural policy. . . .

Howard S. Hurlbut,
Instructor of Russian,
University of Redlands.

Redlands, Calif.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*(Continued on page 92)*



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## PERSONALS

(Continued from page 91)

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**GOVERNESS, AIDE, RESEARCHER.** Elementary teacher, editorial background, seeks summer employment. Loves children, sports. Excellent character, cheerful, industrious, loyal. Prefer travel abroad. Box M-770.

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**MASTER TEACHERS**—Nursery, Primary Grades. Eastern New York. Must have master's degree and three years teaching experience. Excellent salary and retirement program. All inquiries confidential. Send vita to Box M-481.

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**SUMMER JOBS** in the Rockies! Summer Employment Guide lists over 800 dude ranches, resorts, camps and parks in six Rocky Mountain states. Also: how to get free transportation to these areas and information on our exclusive job application service. Most hiring done in late May. Hurry! Mail $2.00. Palmer Publications, Box 6013B, Denver, Colorado.

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**DUTCHESS COUNTY,** New York. Mountain cabin 60 miles from NYC. Acre land. Woods. View, stream. $4,000. Also lots for sale. ORegon 4-0343 NYC, Box M-823.

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**ELIZABETH JAMES SAYS:** The setting is magnificent on this 48 acre estate, overlooking the Delaware River. Woods, large pond, flowering shrubs, lovely grounds and an attractive group of buildings well back from the road. Included are main house, stone studio guest house with cathedral ceiling, large patio and outdoor barbeque. Offered for only $49,500. Elizabeth James, "Country Real Estate," New Hope, Pennsylvania. 215-862-2430.

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## HOUSES AVAILABLE

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**TWO HOURS NYC.** Weekend vacation cabin in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. Simply furnished. One of several secluded cabins on spring-fed, bass-stocked lake. Each cabin has dock, aluminum rowboat. For people who enjoy privacy plus the satisfactions of simple country living. Yearly rent $1,000. 914-WHite Plains 6-9382.

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**CAPE COD COTTAGES.** *Bimonthly to seasonal. Orleans-Eastham-Brewster area.* Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. C., Orleans, Massachusetts.

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## CAMPS

**TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY:** Music, Dance, Drama, Fine Arts (Coed 6-16). Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

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*(Continued on page 94)*



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## CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 93)

## RETIREMENT LIVING

**ADD MORE LIFE** to your retirement. Investigate romantic Guada'ajara. Best climate this hemisphere—culture and beauty abound. Lower living costs; medical plan; moderately priced homes starting at $6,900 and up. Box L-100.

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**LOOKING FOR** the ideal retreat? New, modern housekeeping apartments. Center White Mountains. Klock, Brooksong Farm, North Conway, N.H.

**THE PONY BARN**—Motel and apartments. Westerly, R.I. Golfing, beaching, fishing.

**VACATION** at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet. Restful. Informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Swimming Pool. Golf. May 28th to October 17th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

**BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT.** Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

**QUIET, ELM SHADED** location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open all year. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

**WESTERN ADVENTURE** on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages on operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips, all ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R 676, Livingston, Montana.

**WHITNEYS' . . .** Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

**PAINT-VACATION** — Picturesque Maine Coast, famous artists, Second Annual Workshops. June 25th-July 3rd-August 20th-August 28th. Hillcrest Inn, Ogunquit.

**WINDY HILL,** R.D. Box 160, Walden, N.Y. Records, books, lake. Informal. Telephone: 914-562-1232. Open May 28th.

**CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED**—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

**NAPLES, MAINE.** Chute Homestead. Cottages in the lakeshore pines, delicious food, lobster-bakes, fishing, photography, antiques, water skiing. Trips and trails in the green hills. Pets and people welcomed. Folder. AAA.

**SLOUCH-ON-THE-COUCH!** No mobs, snobs or mambos; weekends only. Unforgettable food! TWIN PALETTE, Mahopac, N.Y. 914-MA 8-2047 (weekends, evenings).

**MONADNOCK REGION.** Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

**RELAX.** Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

## VACATIONS

**WHY NOT THIS SPRING?** . . . Enjoy hobbyist, professional painting and crafts classes, Spanish, writing, history; MFA program. Theater season, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Mexico's finest town! Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

**THE IMPROBABLE INN** for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $56 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

**IN THE COOL ATLANTIC.** Make reservations now for a vacation with inspirational talks and interesting activities at Star Island, off Portsmouth, N.H. Conference center operated by Congregationalists and Unitarian Universalists from June 27th to September 4th. Open to people of all faiths. Lectures on religion, science, international affairs. Conference programs include marine biology, arts and crafts, sports, boating and fishing, evening entertainment, children's program, youth activities. Write Star Island, 355 Boylston Street, Boston.

**REWARDING PROGRAM,** gourmet table, schoolteacher prices: EMERSON FINE ARTS CENTER, York Harbor, Maine. Brochure: Box 111, New Milford, Connecticut.

**CRESTMONT INN,** 95 Lakeview, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Complete family resort. Heated pool, large natural lake. Programs for tots and teens. Golf (par 3, 18 holes regular). Modern rooms, cottages. Fine meals. Moderate rates. June 18th-September 20th. Folder.

**PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA**—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

**18-HOLE GOLF,** surf bathing, celebrated cuisine, feature sunny fun-filled vacations, housekeeping cottages. Brochure: Atlantis, Kennebunk Beach 3, Maine.

**PROSPECT HOUSE.** Hotel-Motel-Golf Club. Enjoy the cool, gorgeous Vermont lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's Island). GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating, riding, tennis, dancing, movies, special events. $65-$93 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Write, Color Folder. Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

**SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD.** Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach—ideal for children. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

**THE YODLER** — 4-season vacations. Charming New England Inn. Stowe, Vermont.

**MOOSEHEAD LAKE.** Famed resort, inn and cottages at edge of the great outdoors. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Delicious Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates. Open year 'round. AAA. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 12, Maine.

**FALL UNDER THE SPELL** of the sea as did writers of old at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Tel. 617-546-6321.

**EVERY SEASON** there's a reason. Fishing, boating, hunting, skiing. Pleasant Mt. Chair Lift. For FREE booklet write Box 236E, Chamber of Commerce, Bridgton, Maine.

**ENJOY YOUR VACATION** with your family at a New England lakeside resort. All facilities. Entertainment. American Plan; housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

**PEACE—BEAUTIFUL NATURE—CREATIVITY.** No TV, individualized meals. Five guests only. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-Ex 7-6218.

**RESORT LUXURY** in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

**GET AWAY FROM IT ALL** at Potter's, one of the last of the old Adirondack Inns. On beautiful Blue Mountain Lake. Roam 130 acres of our unspoiled woodland. Swim from our private sand beach and enjoy our dining room, where three good meals are served daily.

## VACATIONS

**STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER** invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

**BLUEBERRY HILL!** Apple blossoms! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

**ENJOYABLE** but not expensive. Vacation resort on Lake Wentworth. Modern cabins. Land and water sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H.

**OGUNQUIT.** Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

**FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR.** Vermont lake near White Mountains. Informal resort, also "Sleep Away" or Day Camp. Water sports. Crafts. Tennis. Trips. Golf and Dartmouth summer theater near. Bungalows. Excellent food or housekeeping units. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, New York City 10.

**ACTION AND RELAXiN',** that's New Hampshire—a great little state that packs your vacation with summertime fun. Crystal clear lakes, towering mountains, a rollicking coast, fine motels and restaurants . . . ask what you will, New Hampshire has it. For your free vacation kit write: Vacation Center, 130 State House Annex, Concord, New Hampshire.

**SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET?** Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

**LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE,** concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan.

**LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS,** Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $12.50-$23 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

**RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL.** Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

**UP-ISLAND** on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes delicious meals. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts.

**GREEN SHADOWS INN.** Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, country living. Rooms and cottages.

**EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE,** Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 25th-October 13th. Color folder.

**WINDHAM HILL FARM.** West Townshend, Vermont. Quiet country inn—books—music—good food. Folder. Phone area: 802-874-5951.

**WATERVILLE INN**—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton, P.O., New Hampshire.

**CHRISTMAS TREE INN.** AAA. Deliberate informality. Lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open June to September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

**NANTUCKET,** fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

**COLONIAL CHARM** midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.



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## VACATIONS

**RECREATE AT RAINBOW LODGE,** Mt. Tremper, N.Y. Mountains, trout streams, filtered pool. Quiet, secluded. American Plan. Private baths. Near Woodstock. Brochure.

**GRACIOUS LIVING** in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12-$15.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

**UNIQUE DEEP-WOODS LAKESIDE HIDEAWAY** near Tanglewood. Rustic lodge, cottages, honeymoon cabins, outdoor music, unorganized activities, informal serenity. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Open May 28th.

**RELAX-BY-THE-SEA** at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

**PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE** off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

**SHAWMUT INN.** AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 27th. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

**MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND.** Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

**HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN.** Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information: Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

**CHAITS.** Modern, Informal. Swimming, Tennis, Folk Dancing, Day Camp. Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

**TIRED?** Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

**IT ISN'T HOW FAR YOU GO** but where you get. And what you get when you get there. If you're wedded to TV, radio, jukeboxes, movies and bars—forget us. If you'll forego those for granite cliffs, spruce forests, the sound of surf, the sight of stars and sunset at sea, peace, quiet . . . The Island Inn, Box U, Monhegan Island, Maine.

**ONLY THE HOSPITALITY** is old fashioned. Private pool, free golf, located in the White Mountains. Bountiful Yankee meals. The New England Inn, Intervale 9, New Hampshire.

**MONBLASON COLONIAL INN** for the discriminating. French haute cuisine. Unspoiled countryside. Swimming, golf nearby. Virion, owner chef, Pine Plains, New York. 914-EX 8-9420.

**MARTHA'S VINEYARD.** Lovely old family homestead and cabins. Miles of sandy beaches. Superb cuisine. A stay is an unforgettable experience. Season starts July 1st. Emma S. Daggett, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

**MOUNTAINS BEAUTIFUL** in June-July! Plus gourmet meals: $70 week. Valley View Inn, Bethlehem, New Hampshire. Request Photofolder SR.

**WALKER'S WRINKLE,** Brooklin, Maine. View Herrick's Bay. Rooms, Home Cooking.

**PINKHAM NOTCH INN-DANA PLACE.** A New England Inn of rare charm at the foot of Mt. Washington. Enjoy your leisure, superb mountain climbing, swimming and outdoor sports in an idyllic setting. $10-$16 American Plan. R. P. Whipple, Manager, Jackson 3, New Hampshire.

**MAINE'S MOST COMPLETE** lodging complex on beautiful Rangeley Lake. Inn, Motel, and Camps. 100% pollen free. Ideal for vacations. For reservations call BE 864-3341.

**CHAMPIONSHIP ROCKEFELLER GOLF COURSE** opens December 1st. Reserve accommodations five minutes away. Summer or winter vacationing always best at The Waves, St. Croix, Virgin Islands.

**KINAPIC LODGE.** Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, tennis, beach, water skiing. Couples, families $90+ weekly. Opens June 26th. Long Island Phone 516-TN 8-4057.

**LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE,** Wolfeboro, N.H. Family cottage. $100 weekly. J. H. Stephenson, 20 Barrister Road, Levittown, N.Y.

## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

**LESLEY FROST,** daughter of Robert Frost, conducts two months' language school (Spanish, French) in her own Castle-in-Spain, near Segovia, for high school girls. Many tours of the country. Address: 129 East 10th Street, NYC.

**YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO:** Meet "Children of Sanchez"—through leisurely travel, informal study and family stays. Personally supervised by Director, Dr. Alex Lazes, 47-B Stephenmark, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 516-GEneral 7-7514.

**AUTUMN SEMESTER IN SWITZERLAND** for USA high school students. Eleven-week study program in Switzerland with three-week tour of European capitals. September through December, 1965. High school students and recent graduates may apply for 14-week program. Enrollment limited. For more information write Semesters Abroad, Dept. S., Foreign Language League Schools, Inc., P.O. Box 1920, Salt Lake City, Utah.

**GERMANY**—Two five-week summer courses for German (3 levels). Neckar Valley castle. Transportation arranged. Schiller College, 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

**EUROPE AND MIDDLE EAST.** 53 days. 15 countries. College Credit. Study-Tour, Whitworth College, Spokane, Washington 99218.

**INTERNATIONAL STUDY-DOMESTIC.** Outstanding high school youth apply for Summer Workshop of Nations. Amongst the redwoods, near San Francisco, foreign instructors from Africa, Asia and Latin America teach about the customs and cultures of their peoples. 3 weeks. An educational-recreational "once in a lifetime experience." Write: Nations Incorporated, P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley, California.

## TRAVEL

**SAIL THE MAINE COAST.** Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Cap'n Jim Sharp, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

**CARIBBEAN YACHT CRUISING**—Charter your own private yacht in the sunlit Caribbean. All ships with congenial captains, competent crews, luxurious accommodations. *One way voyages between Antigua and Grenada.* Fascinating islands, picturesque harbours, fabulous sailing. Attractive summer rates. Write airmail: V. E. B. Nicholson & Sons, Box 103, St. Johns, Antigua, West Indies.

**HOLIDAYS ON SHIPS.** New outstanding 1965 edition of this famous world ship guide now ready. Travel on freighters, passenger, cruise ships covered. Comprehensive, well illustrated. $2.00 postpaid. Bill Breniman, Box 530, Santa Rosa, California.

**SEE THE WORLD** for $15 a day . . . and less! Only modern, air-conditioned Nedlloyd Dutch passenger-freighters offer Mediterranean, Red Sea, Persian Gulf, East/South Africa, Near East, Pakistan, India, Latin America, Caribbean, Gulf of Mexico, Middle East and Great Lakes services. Members of The Interchange Lines. Regular sailings from New York, Montreal, Los Angeles and San Francisco. See your travel agent or write for detailed information to NEDLLOYD LINES, Holland-America Line, Dutch World Services, Pier 40-North River, New York, N.Y. 10014.

**MAINE COAST'S BEST!** Four safe, sandy beaches. Surf bathing. Sailing. Deep-sea fishing. Golfing. Yacht and boat facilities Smart shops. Historic Colonial Village accommodations for all tastes and budgets. For details write Chamber of Commerce, Box E, York Beach, Maine.

**WHAT IF YOU** suddenly need a doctor in a foreign city? Become a member of INTERMEDIC and receive a Directory of English-speaking doctors in 115 cities in more than 60 countries. These doctors are highly qualified, will immediately respond to emergency calls from INTERMEDIC members and agree not to charge more than $8 for an office visit. Membership in INTERMEDIC costs $5 for one person, $9 for a family. Write for free brochure and application form to INTERMEDIC, Dept. SR, 777 Third Avenue, NYC.

**SAIL AWAY** on SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

**VILLAS AND YACHTS** in Europe, North Africa, elsewhere. Rentals from two weeks. For free illustrated catalogue: International Villas and Yachts, Dept. SR-1, 28 Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

## TRAVEL

**CAR-A-DAY TOURS** of Europe, recommended by Fodor's Guides. 316 itineraries. $12.50 per day. Travel Trust Tours, P.O. Box 207, Natick, Massachusetts.

**BACHELOR PARTY®**—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 32 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

**GOING ABROAD?**—Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

**MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES**—6 memorable days carefree, exhilarating sailing on Schooners MATTIE and MERCANTILE. $99, June and September. $119, July and August. For free folder write Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 404D, Camden, Maine. Phone Area 207-236-2938.

**VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL**—*Longing for Tahiti?* There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. D-1, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

**SAIL TO THE ISLANDS** of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. *Yankee Schooner Cruise, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.*

**MUSIC.** The best of Europe's festivals at a leisurely pace. 46 days by air. 55 days by ship. E. W. Smith, 17 East 49th Street, New York 10017.

**YACHT CRUISING.** Good selection comfortable cruising yachts—Caribbean, Greek Islands and French Inland Waterways. For further information airmail: The International Marine Agency Limited, BCM/IMAL, London, W.C. 1.

**EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR!** Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

**ALAN WATTS** Japan Tour—6 weeks September 26th-November 6th, 1965. $1,950 including seminars by Dr. Watts. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Room 601, 323 Geary Street, San Francisco.

**SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP** to New York by *staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . .* we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

**A FREE "PASSPORT"** to England's stately homes and gardens. Only SWAN, Britain's big company owned network, gives all inclusive Car Rental AND complimentary facilities, to visit National Trust homes and gardens throughout the country. Full color brochure from SWAN SELF DRIVE LTD., 193 Regent Street, London W.1., also Glasgow and over 50 depots.

**NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD,** 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area. Only one block from non-stop subway to the World's Fair . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV. . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

**CRUISE CARIBBEAN JUNGLE RIVERS,** visit friendly Bushnegro, Amerindian stone-age villages; hunt; fish; tour quaint capital; stay modern hotels, guest houses. Write Surinam, Dept. SR-4, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

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**COED TRAVEL** for teens to England and Continent under adult leadership. Leaving by ship June 26th for 42 days of adventure and fun. Lydia Geer, 17 East 49th Street, New York 10017.

**TEEN TOUR** of exciting Old Mexico, July 7th-25th. Faculty guided. University City Travel Service, 3331 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**WEARY OF YOUR WORLD?** Bored with lackluster agents? Let US transport you via Air France, BOAC, Pan Am, TWA—or Magic Carpet, if you prefer. Trochal Associates, 2315 Broadway, NYC, ENdicott 2-4778.



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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1623

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Describing the perfumed *puer*, who was courting Pyrrha, in famous Ode of Horace, Book V, No. 1. | 139 16 146 82 65 169 26 155 |
| B. See WORD P. | 104 132 147 74 5 118 202 |
| C. To make somebody commit a crime by bribery. | 21 125 140 41 193 49 |
| D. Any bird of the Old World genus *Pyrrhocorax*. | 153 93 15 84 111 79 |
| E. Said of a ship, so distant that only her superstructure appears above the horizon (2 wds.) | 2 29 19 161 182 107 115 27 |
| F. Listen carefully to, with a view to learning something. | 71 185 191 3 209 101 |
| G. Nickname of Amadis de Gaul, from the emblem on his shield (comp.) | 142 90 12 50 97 158 183 14 164 120 |
| H. Instance of a *lapsus calami*. | 190 156 7 206 171 57 20 28 167 92 |
| I. Complete exhaustion of powers. | 98 113 116 192 78 170 184 63 6 196 |
| J. Assumed charge of for a second time (not in WNI.) | 177 11 197 58 133 127 |
| K. Georgian river featured in infamous land fraud, 1795. | 162 201 31 121 144 |
| L. Vespers. | 165 95 117 110 122 83 45 210 |
| M. Command for relaxation during military drill (3 wds.) | 135 187 103 141 195 179 149 24 128 |
| N. What one is able to do in a tall-backed chair (3 wds.) | 129 96 10 22 119 68 143 54 189 88 64 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| O. Where to put baby's cake after marking it with B. | 51 108 69 199 |
| P. Followed by WORD B, scarce and widely scattered (3 wds.) | 13 181 166 154 136 34 42 94 4 |
| Q. Wolflike. | 100 75 151 168 72 203 |
| R. What barbershop quartets have always done with utter delight. | 188 25 39 35 23 62 17 30 76 86 |
| S. Great circle of the celestial sphere marking the path of the sun among the stars, etc. | 33 176 18 61 175 53 123 152 |
| T. Colloq. for a task that can be accomplished without exertion; easy job (2 wds.; *Dictionary of American Slang*). | 200 148 60 207 81 163 102 48 137 73 |
| U. Where one is said to put one's money in "paying up" (3 wds.) | 8 126 43 205 114 160 198 138 87 |
| V. Specifying any voting district with less than its due proportion of inhabitants. | 70 173 67 124 36 66 |
| W. Astronomer's word for separated by so vast a distance that mutual attraction is insensible. | 109 77 204 174 85 159 130 80 180 |
| X. A variety of animal or plant the absence of which is characteristic of a given region. | 32 208 194 38 52 105 99 44 |
| Y. French name of "Hill 295," important in World War I (3 wds.) | 91 55 59 178 172 46 131 186 106 37 134 |
| Z. Something or things from among the present collection or group (3 wds.) | 112 9 56 157 145 1 47 150 89 40 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | | | | | 1 Z | 2 E | 3 F | | 4 P | 5 B | 6 I | 7 H | 8 U | 9 Z | 10 N | 11 J |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 12 G | 13 P | | 14 G | 15 D | 16 A | 17 R | 18 S | 19 E | 20 H | 21 C | | 22 N | 23 R | | 24 M | 25 R |
| 26 A | 27 E | | 28 H | 29 E | 30 R | 31 K | 32 X | 33 S | 34 P | | 35 R | 36 V | | 37 Y | 38 X | 39 R | 40 Z |
| | 41 C | 42 P | 43 U | 44 X | 45 L | | 46 Y | 47 Z | 48 T | 49 C | | 50 G | 51 O | 52 X | | 53 S | 54 N |
| 55 Y | 56 Z | | 57 H | 58 J | 59 Y | 60 T | 61 S | 62 R | 63 I | 64 N | | 65 A | 66 V | | 67 V | 68 N | 69 O |
| | 70 V | 71 F | 72 Q | 73 T | | 74 B | 75 Q | 76 R | 77 W | | 78 I | 79 D | 80 W | 81 T | | 82 A | 83 L |
| 84 D | 85 W | 86 R | | 87 U | 88 N | 89 Z | 90 G | 91 Y | 92 H | | 93 D | 94 P | 95 L | 96 N | | 97 G | 98 I |
| 99 X | 100 Q | | 101 F | 102 T | 103 M | | 104 B | 105 X | | 106 Y | 107 E | 108 O | 109 W | 110 L | 111 D | | 112 Z |
| | 113 I | 114 U | 115 E | | 116 I | 117 L | 118 B | 119 N | | 120 G | 121 K | | 122 L | 123 S | 124 V | | 125 C |
| 126 U | 127 J | 128 M | 129 N | | 130 W | 131 Y | 132 B | | 133 J | 134 Y | 135 M | 136 P | 137 T | 138 U | 139 A | | 140 C |
| 141 M | 142 G | 143 N | | 144 K | 145 Z | | 146 A | | 147 B | 148 T | 149 M | 150 Z | | 151 Q | 152 S | 153 D | 154 P |
| 155 A | 156 H | 157 Z | 158 G | 159 W | 160 U | 161 E | 162 K | | 163 T | 164 G | 165 L | | 166 P | 167 H | 168 Q | 169 A | 170 I |
| | 171 H | 172 Y | 173 V | 174 W | 175 S | | 176 S | 177 J | 178 Y | 179 M | 180 W | 181 P | 182 E | | 183 G | 184 I | 185 F |
| 186 Y | | 187 M | 188 R | 189 N | 190 H | 191 F | 192 I | 193 C | | 194 X | 195 M | 196 I | 197 J | 198 U | 199 O | 200 T | |
| 201 K | 202 B | 203 Q | | 204 W | 205 U | 206 H | 207 T | 208 X | 209 F | 210 L | | | | | | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.



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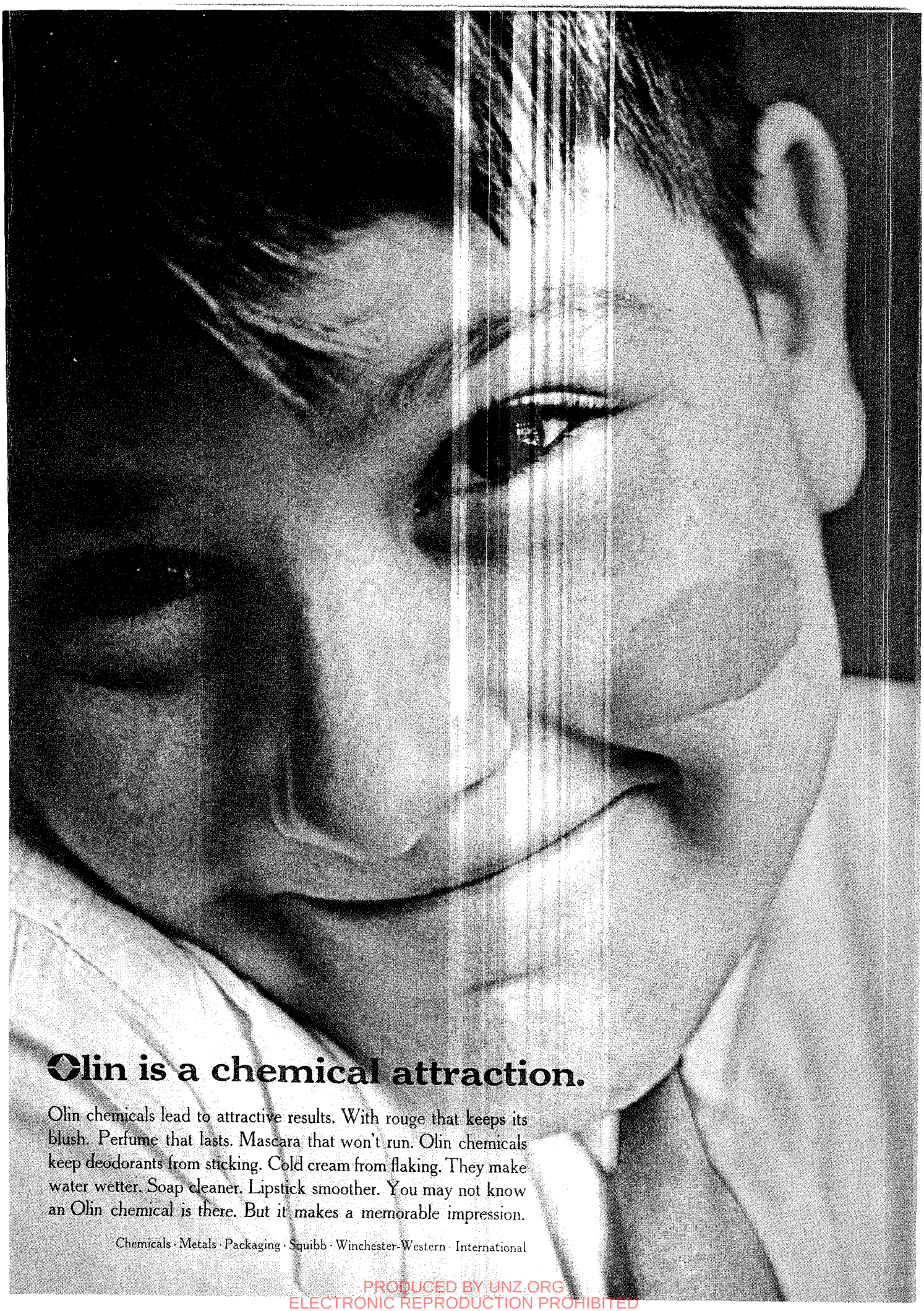

# Olin is a chemical attraction.

Olin chemicals lead to attractive results. With rouge that keeps its blush. Perfume that lasts. Mascara that won't run. Olin chemicals keep deodorants from sticking. Cold cream from flaking. They make water wetter. Soap cleaner. Lipstick smoother. You may not know an Olin chemical is there. But it makes a memorable impression.

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2,000 year old mystery: the cloud-high Inca ruins of Machu Picchu

# Discover the Pacific Coast of South America on a Caribbean cruise!

## [ Elegantly easy—on a Grace Line Caribbean Casual cruise ]

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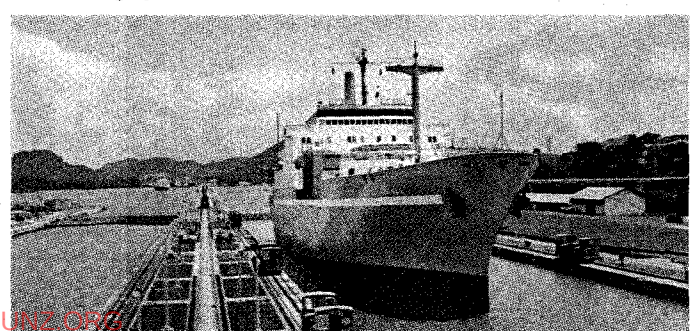
Nor does Grace Line send ordinary ships on extraordinary cruises. The sparkling new *Santa Magdalena, Santa Mariana, Santa Maria* and *Santa Mercedes* are the equal of any itinerary. Each 20,000-ton "Santa" caters to just 117 passengers; accommodations are all First Class. Every stateroom has individually controlled air conditioning and a private bathroom. Patio Decks, open to sea breeze and sunlight, overlook a tile outdoor pool. Superb food and superior service are icing on the cake.

One of the four new U.S.-flag "Santas" sails from the Port of New York every Saturday. See a Travel Agent for information or reservations. Grace Line, 3 Hanover Square or 628 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York. Digby 4-6000. Agents and offices in principal cities



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